JUNE, 1902.

THE BOOKMAN

A Magazine of Literature and Life

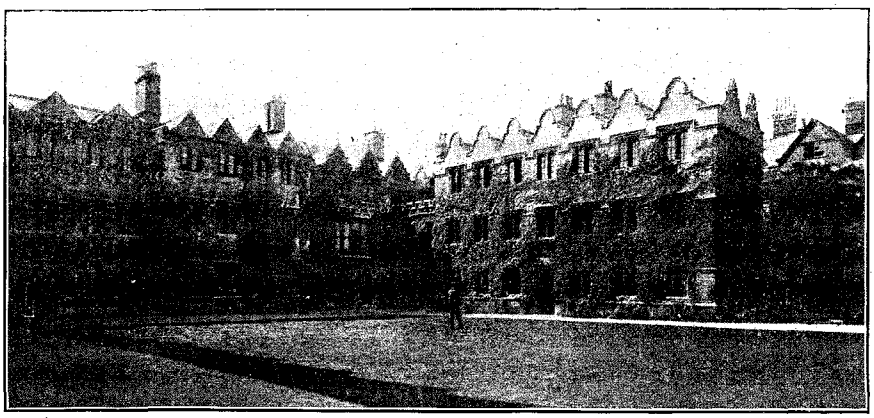
CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

Manuscripts submitted to THE BOOKMAN *should be addressed to "The Editors of* THE BOOKMAN." *Manuscripts sent to either of the Editors personally are liable to be mislaid or lost.*

Aurelien Scholl, who died in Paris a few weeks ago, had outlived his fame by several years. To put the matter briefly, he was at the time of his death a "back number." There was a time, however, when he was acclaimed and held up as the supreme type of *boulevardier*. He was a representative of the Paris of the Second Empire during the years of the Empire's greatest brilliancy and artificiality. But, dying when he did, his death made very little stir. An English weekly recently summed him up in the following brief obituary:

"His brilliant *chroniques* made the *Figaro* famous; he founded *Le Nain Jaune* and *Satan;* he wrote *L'Art de Rendre les Femmes Fidèles;* his skill with the rapier was almost unrivalled; he wounded a 'terrible adversary,' Paul de Cassagnac, in the breast; he was for a time one of the fiery spirits of the Boulangist movement, and—he married Miss Irene Perkins, daughter of the well-known brewer."

Oriel College, Oxford, which, under the will of the late Cecil Rhodes, bene-



ORIEL COLLEGE, OXFORD.

It was in this quadrangle that Tom Brown had rooms during his career at the University.

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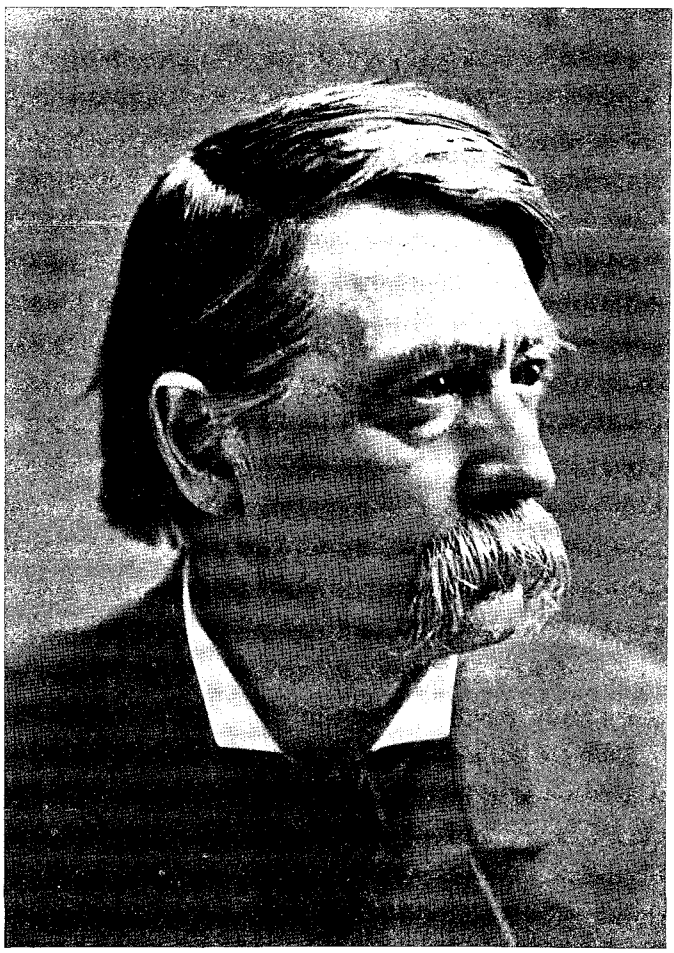
fited to the extent of one hundred thousand pounds, has a lasting connection with fiction in the fact that it was the home of Tom Brown. It was in the Back Quad, shown in the accompanying picture, that Thomas Hughes's hero roomed during his stay at the University.

The Late Thomas Dunn English.

The extraordinary success of George du Maurier's *Trilby* seven or eight years ago brought back to the popular mind the old song of "Ben Bolt," and the story of how the song was originally written in 1843 was very widely printed in the magazines and newspapers. When Dr. Thomas Dunn English died in April, the story was again dug out of the old files and received a fresh circulation. Very many pleasant things were said about Dr. English, and "Ben Bolt" was reprinted in urban and suburban newspapers all over this country and in England. We are much surprised that in the chorus of eulogy there has been no one to point out two very important and obvious facts. The first is that "Ben Bolt" owed its popularity, not to the author, but to the musician who adapted the air from an old German melody. In the second place, no one has ventured as yet to call attention to the fact that "Ben Bolt," as verse, is nothing more than sheer twaddle. Dr. English knew that it was twaddle, and for that reason always resented its persistent association with his name and work. Yet so much has been written about the song, and in such glowing terms, that there seems to have grown up a general idea that "Ben Bolt" is a lyric of great power and beauty. This is not a matter of opinion; it is a matter of fact. Read the last two verses:



THE LATE THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH.

And don't you remember the school, Ben Bolt,
With the master so cruel and grim,
And the shaded nook in the running brook
Where the children went to swim?
Grass grows on the master's grave, Ben Bolt,
The spring of the brook is dry,
And of all the boys who were schoolmates then
There are only you and I.

There is change in the things I loved, Ben Bolt,
They have changed from the old to the new;
But I feel in the depths of my spirit the truth,
There never was change in you.
Twelvemonths twenty have past, Ben Bolt,
Since first we were friends —yet I hail
Your presence a blessing, your friendship a truth,
Ben Bolt of the salt-sea gale.

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The Original of Charles O'Malley.

In one of the cemeteries of Toronto, Canada, is the grave of the original of Charles Lever's Charles O'Malley. The tomb is situated between those of Andrew Mercer and Matthew Codd (marked xx in the photograph at the head and x at the foot), and is a coffin-shaped stone of Irish granite, decorated at the corners with shamrocks beautifully worked in filigree. It bears the following inscription, now beginning to be undecipherable:

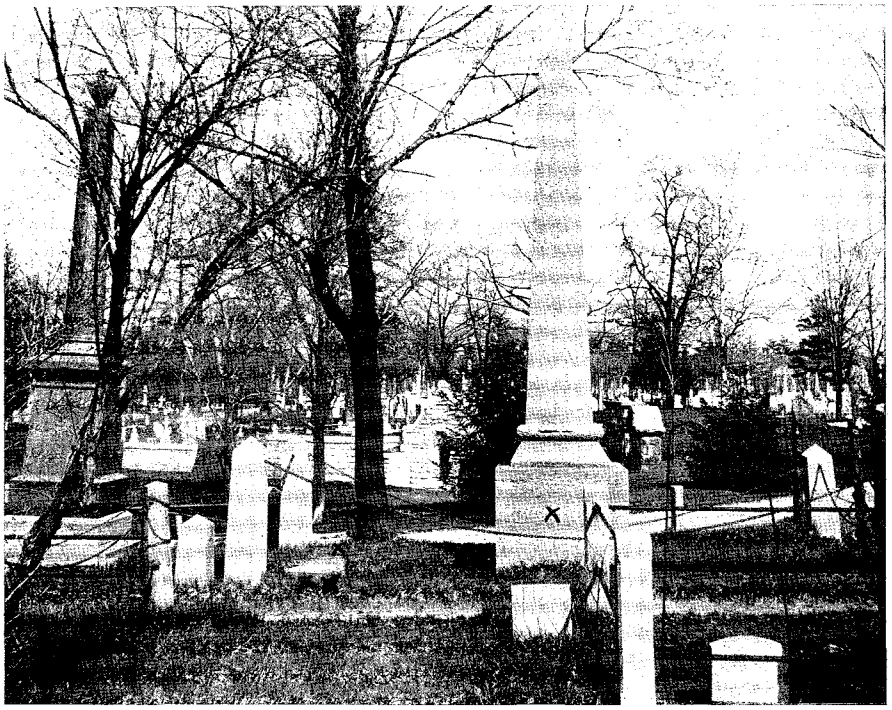
Francis Gethings Keogh Cohortis XXIX Dux Obit Jan IX MDCCCLIV Ætatis suæ lx.

Keogh, as an officer in an Irish regiment, is said to have had such a remarkable series of experiences that Lever utilised them in his famous character in the rattling and rollicking story in which, according to a *Saturday Reviewer*, "pistol shots circulated as freely as claret, the one being generally a consequence of the other." Keogh retired from the army and came to America after the book appeared, living with friends in Buffalo. A resident of Toronto, Matthew Codd, took a great interest in the man, either from a personal knowledge of the family or knowing of him having been the original of the O'Malley character, and when Keogh fell ill in Buffalo, Codd had the sick man removed to Toronto, where he died and was buried in the plot adjoining Codd's. The obelisk over the Codd grave (marked x in the illustration) is likewise of Irish granite, with shamrocks carved around the base. Both memorials, however, are proving unequal to the Canadian climate and are crumbling away. The above reminder of Lever recalls the visit of the novelist to Canada when he walked through the streets of Quebec with moccasins and feathers, in addition to his ordinary attire.

We present on the following page portraits of Henry Wallace Phillips, Anne Douglas Sedgwick, Beulah Marie Dix and Emerson Hough.

The Death of Ethna Carbery.

The Gaelic revival movement and Irish literature suffered a severe loss in the recent death of Ethna Carbery. For the last ten or twelve years Ethna Carbery has been



THE GRAVE OF THE ORIGINAL OF LEVER'S CHARLES O'MALLEY.

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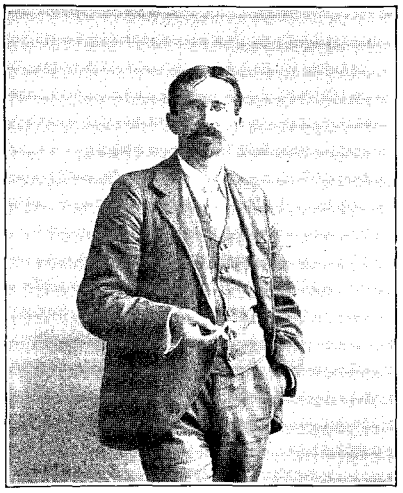
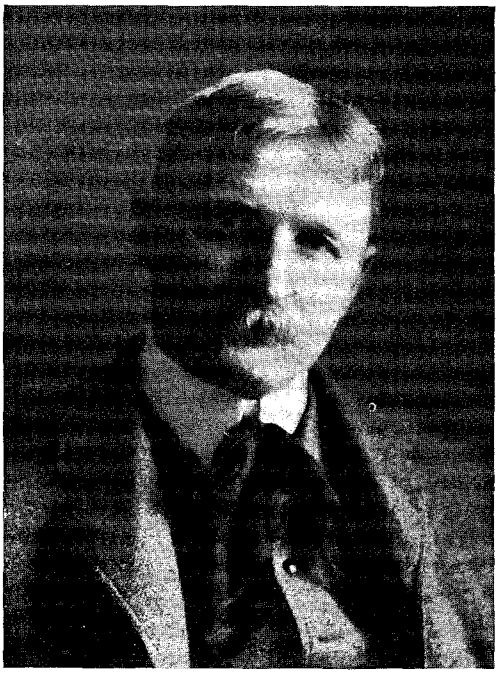


HENRY WALLACE PHILLIPS, AUTHOR OF "RED SAUNDERS."

ANNE DOUGLAS SEDGWICK, AUTHOR OF "THE RESCUE."

BEULAH MARIE DIX, CO-AUTHOR OF "A BEAU'S COMEDY."



EMERSON HOUGH, AUTHOR OF "A MISSISSIPPI BUBBLE."

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contributing to the newspapers and magazines much admirable verse and prose, almost invariably on Irish subjects. In this country her work was known, and she has written for many of the more important American magazines. Her marriage to Seumas MacManus, whose sketches of the life of the Donegal peasantry won a considerable success a few years ago, took place about a year ago. We print below the last two poems written by Ethna Carbery:

CONSUMMATION.

In a sheltered, cool, green place
You and I once stood together
Where the quickens interlace.

Then it was our love declared
(Thro' a throstle's silver chiming)
All the passion that it dared.

Then you called me by my name,
And the answering eyes I lifted
Flashed a flame unto a flame.

Hushed, we watched the eve descend,
The rose-flecked stair of day to see
Our hearts' probation fitly end.

Stars and mist and dew-wet flowers
Scented, shielded and made holy
That sweet hour of the hours.

Oh! Dear Heart, life holds no gift
Half so precious, half so brittle,
As this Love-cup that we lift.

And remembering, down the years
All my songs shall echo sighing,
All my laughter trill with tears.

I-BREASIL.

There is a way I am fain to go—
To the mystical land where all are young,
Where the silver branches have buds of snow,
And every leaf is a singing tongue.

It lies beyond the night and the day,
Over shadowy hill and moorland wide,
And whoso enters casts care away
And wistful longings unsatisfied.

There are sweet white women, a radiant throng,
Swaying like flowers in a scented wind:
But between us the veil of earth is strong.
And my eyes to their luring eyes are blind.

A blossom of fire is each beauteous bird,
Scarlet and gold on melodious wings,
And never so haunting a strain was heard
From royal harp in the Hall of Kings.

* * * * * *

But I move without in an endless fret,
While somewhere beyond earth's brink, afar,
Forgotten of men, in a rose-rim set,
I-Breasil shines like a beckoning star.

SEUMAS MACMANUS AND MRS. SEUMAS MACMANUS (ETHNA CARBERY.)

Paul Leicester Ford.

The place which Paul Leicester Ford won in American letters, though in no way a permanent one, was in very many respects enviable. He was representative, perhaps above any other man or woman, of his day of the success of the modern American novel, and of all which that success implies. His books won for him a great income and a wide popularity. While in no sense a literary artist, he brought to his work

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a mind of singular alertness and brilliancy, and a very intimate knowledge of the popular taste. His novels were not of the kind which provoke the analysis of the literary critic, but they possessed qualities which won for them the attention and the liking of many hundreds of thousands of readers. For above all, he knew how to be interesting.

Bret Harte.

Francis Bret Harte died at Camberley, near Aldershot, England, on May 5, from a hemorrhage following an attack of throat trouble. He was born in Albany, New York, August 25, 1839, received a common school education, and when fifteen years of age went to California, when the gold fever was at its height, to seek his fortune. He was in turn a school teacher, a miner, an express messenger, a printer and a newspaper editor, but he was a comparative failure in everything he undertook until he tried his hand at literature. He began by writing about what he had seen out in the Sierras, and he submitted his first sketches to the editor of the *Golden Era,* for which he was then setting type. Soon after he became connected with the *Californian,* in which his "Condensed Novels" appeared, and

PAUL LEICESTER FORD.

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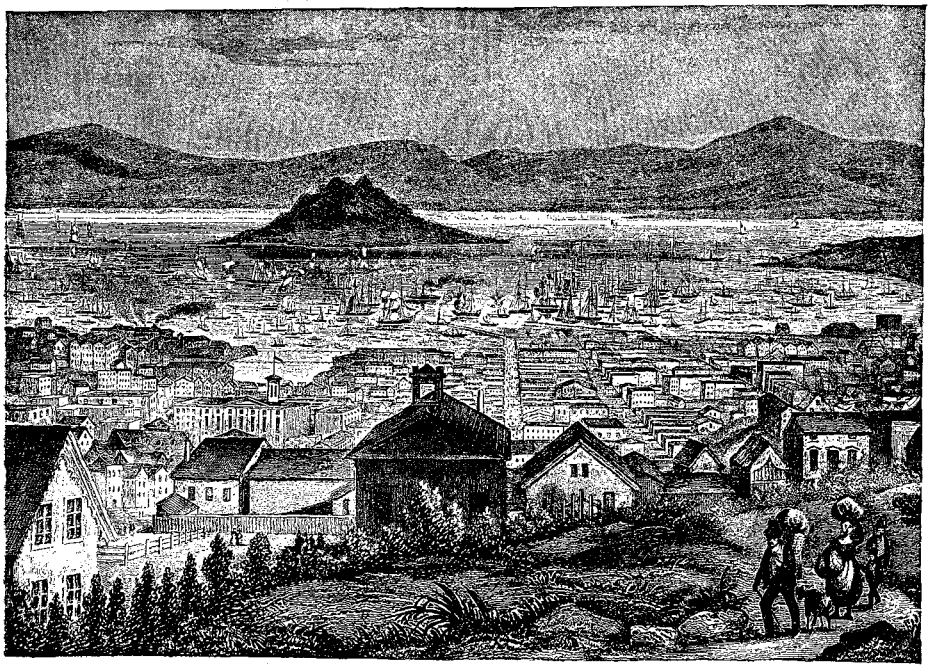
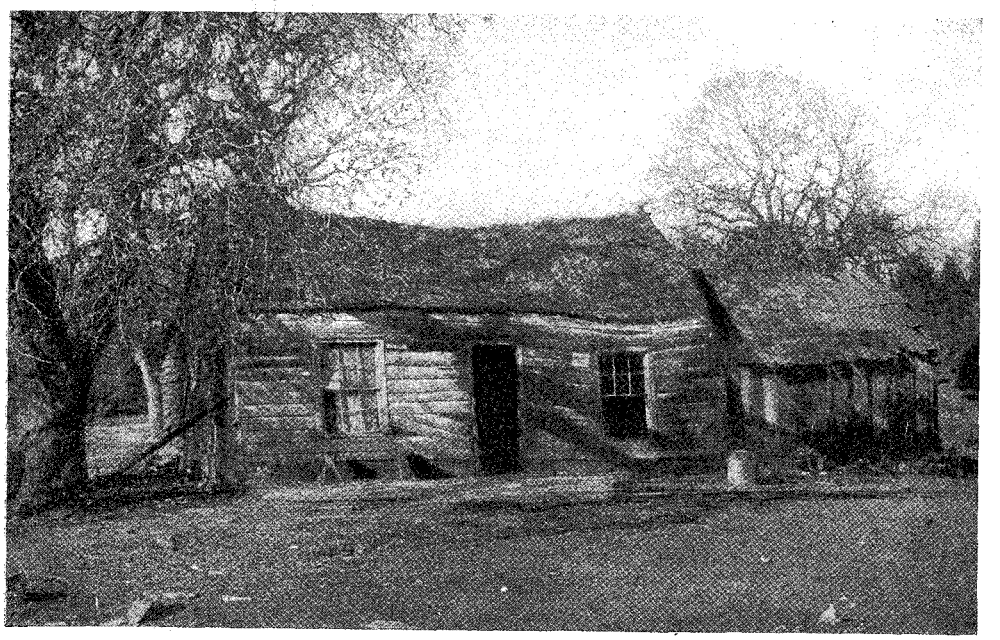


SAN FRANCISCO.
(*Early in the Mining Era*, 1850–1851.)

"The Cliff House and Fort Point did not then exist."—*The Man at the Semaphore.*



THE HOME OF BRET HARTE'S "TRUTHFUL JAMES" ON JACKASS FLAT, TUOLUMNE COUNTY, CALIFORNIA.

"Stands to-day half hidden among the trees, a poor, ill-shapen old ruin of a house."

SCENES FROM BRET HARTE'S CALIFORNIA.

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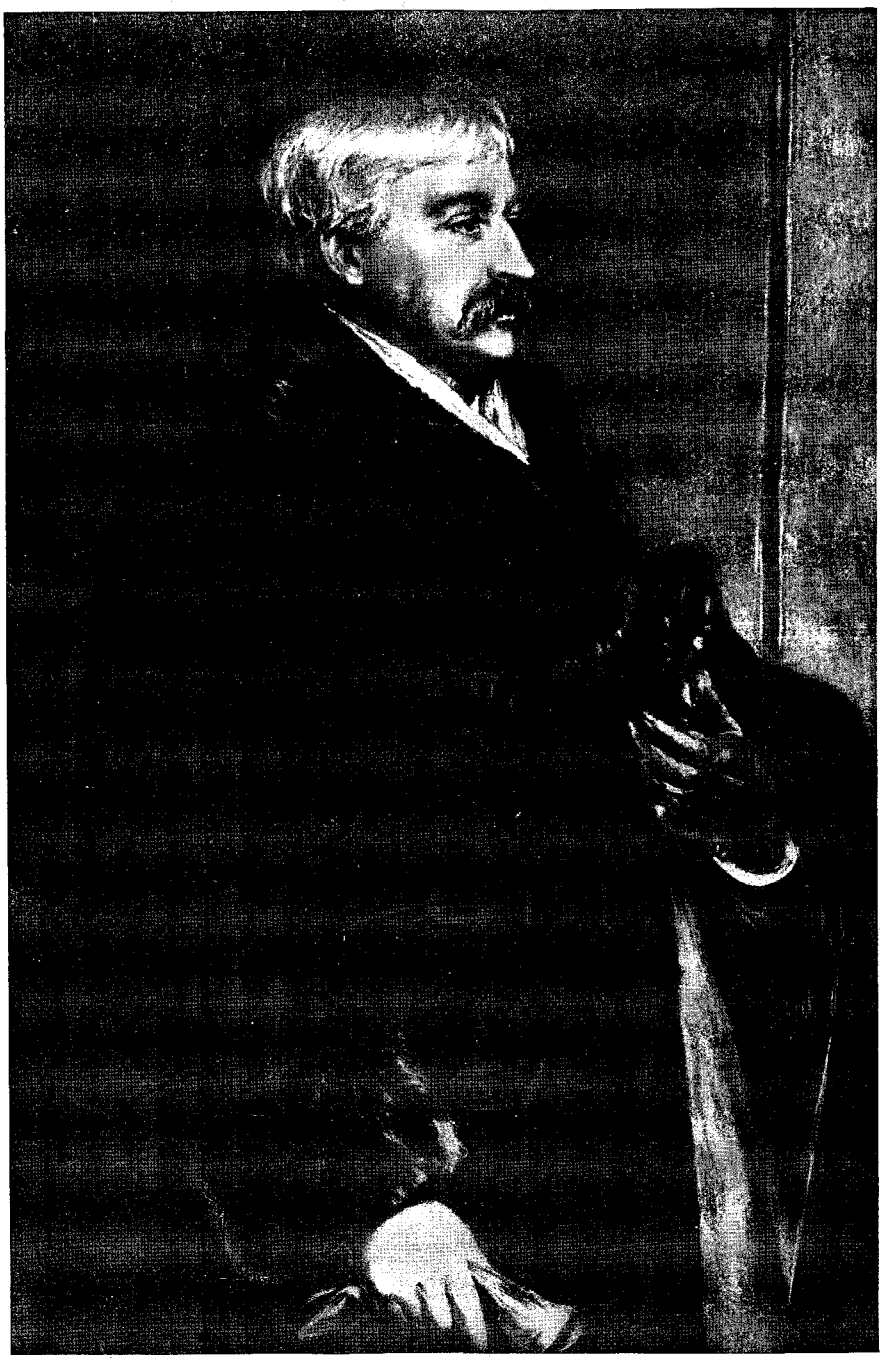
in 1864 was made secretary of the United States branch mint in San Francisco, during which time he wrote *John Burns of Gettysburg, The Pliocene Skull, The Society Upon the Stanislaus* and many other poems. *The Luck of Roaring Camp,* his first great success, was not published until 1868. The *Overland Monthly* had just been started. Harte was one of the editors. He was asked



FRANCIS BRET HARTE.

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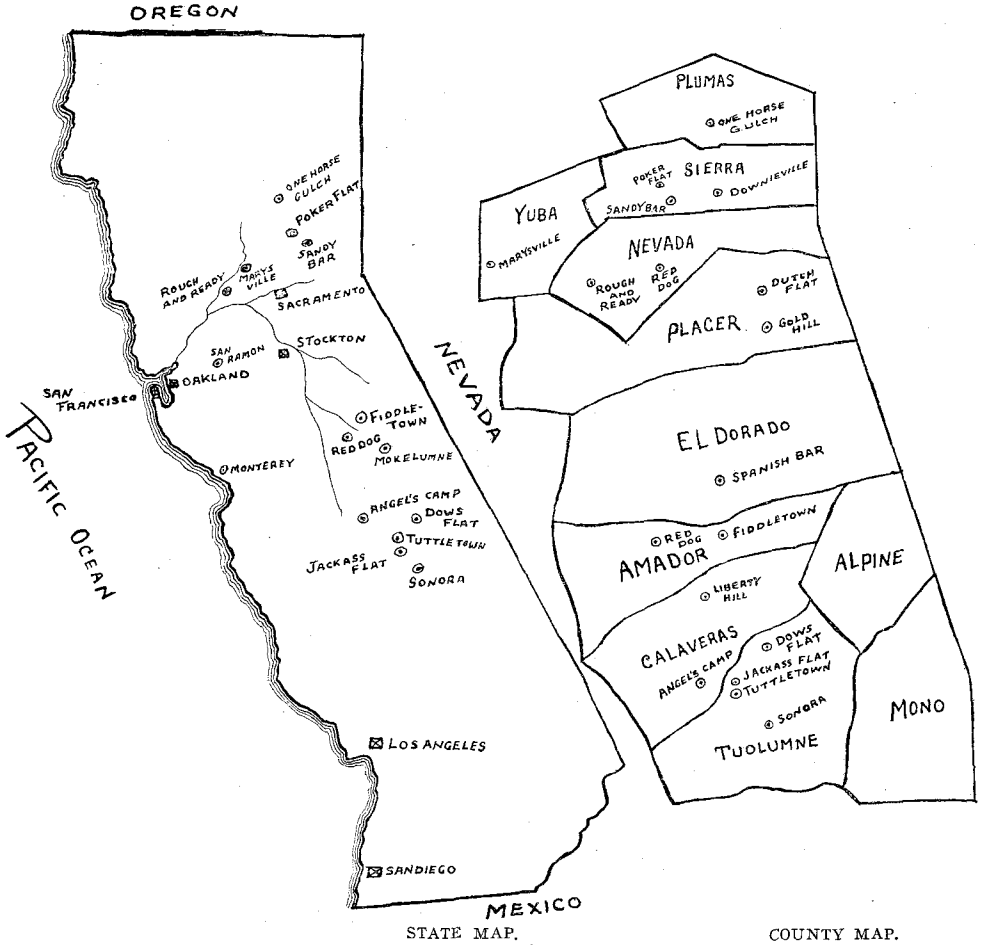
to write a story for the August number. The publisher, upon reading the proof sheets of the story, said that it would be ruinous to the magazine to publish it. Harte still wished it to be used, and after much discussion the story appeared in the August number. Immediately after a letter was received from James Russell Lowell, at that time editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*, addressed to the unknown author of *The Luck of Roaring Camp*, in care of the editor of the *Overland Monthly*, making a request for a similar story for the *Atlantic*. This request brought with it the *cachet* of the East, and Bret Harte sprang at once into a wide fame.

The celebrated poem, *The Heathen Chinee*, dates from 1869. Bret Harte continued as editor of the *Overland Monthly* for a number of years. Much of his time was spent in New York, where he was employed as a writer on the staff of the *Evening Post*, and in 1878 he accepted a consulship to Crefeld, Germany, which in 1880 was exchanged for a similar post at Glasgow. Since 1885 he has lived in London. In 1870 and 1871 a number of Harte's poems made their appearance. Other writings followed in this order: *Mrs. Skagg's Husbands*, 1872; *Echoes of the Foothills*, 1874; *Tales of the Argonauts*, 1875; *Gabriel Conroy* and *Two Men of Sandy Bar*, 1876; *Thankful Blossom*, 1877; *Story of a Mine* and *Drift from Two Shores*, 1878; *The Twins of the Table Mountain*, 1879; *In the Carquinez Woods*, 1883; *On the Frontier*, 1884; *By Shore and Sedge*, 1885; *Snowbound* at *Eagle's* and *The Queen of the Pirate Isle*, 1886; *A Millionaire of Rough and Ready, Devil's Ford* and *The Cruise of*



STATE MAP. COUNTY MAP.

MAP OF BRET HARTE'S CALIFORNIA.

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the Excelsior, 1887; *A Phyllis of the Sierras* and *Drift from Redwood Camp,* 1888; *Cressy,* 1889; *A Waif of the Plains* and *A Ward of the Golden Gate,* 1890; *A Sappho of Green Springs* and *Sally Downs,* 1892; *Susy,* 1893; *Three Partners,* 1897; *Tales of Trail and Town* and *Stories in Light and Shadow,* 1898; *Mr Jack Hamlin's Mediation,* 1899; *From Sandhill to Pine,* 1900; *Under the Redwoods,* 1901. *Openings in the Old Trail,* his latest book, was published very recently.

Bret Harte has himself told the story of his first literary effort. "It was a poem," he said, "called 'Autumn Musings,' written at the mature age of eleven. It was satirical in character, and cast upon the fading year the cynical light of my repressed dissatisfaction with things in general. I addressed the envelope to the New York *Sunday Atlas,* at that time a journal of some literary repute in New York, where I was then living. I was not quite certain how the family would regard this venture on my part, and I posted the missive with the utmost secrecy. After that I waited for over a week in a state of suspense that entirely absorbed me. Sunday came, and with it the newspapers. These were displayed on a stand in the street near our house, and held in their places—I shall never forget them—with stones. With an unmoved face, but a beating heart, I scanned the topmost copy of the *Atlas.* To my dying day I shall remember the thrill that came from seeing 'Autumn Musings,' a poem, on the first page. I don't know that the headline type was any longer than usual, but to me it was colossal. It had something of the tremendousness of a three-sheet poster. I bought the paper and took it home. I exhibited it to the family by slow and cautious stages. My hopes sank lower and lower. At last I realised the enormity of my offence. The lamentation was general. It was unanimously conceded that I was lost, and I fully believed it. My idea of a poet—it was the family's idea also—was the Hogarthian one, born of a book of Hogarth's drawings belonging to my father. In lean and miserable and helpless guise of 'The Distressed Poet,' as therein pictured, I saw, aided by the family, my probable future. It was a terrible experience. I sometimes wonder that I ever wrote another line of verse."

Speaking of *The Heathen Chinee,* Mr. Harte said: "I was always fond of satiric verse, and the instinct of parody has always possessed me. *The Heathen Chinee* is an instance of this, though I don't think I have told anybody, except a well-known English poet, who observed and taxed me with the fact, the story of its metrical origin. *The Heathen Chinee* was for a time the best known of any of my writings. It was written with a satirical political purpose, but with no thought of aught else than its local effect. It was born of a somewhat absurd state of things which appealed to the humorous eye. The thrifty Oriental, who was invading California in large numbers, was as imitative as a monkey. He did as the Caucasian did in all respects, and, being more patient and frugal, did it a little better.

"From placer mining to card playing he industriously followed the example set him by his superiors, and took cheating at cards quite seriously, as a valuable addition to the interesting game. He cheated admirably, but instead of winning praises for it, found himself, when caught at it, abused, contemned and occasionally mobbed by his teachers in a way that had not been dreamt of in his philosophy. This point I put into verse. I heard nothing of it for some time, until a friend told me it was making the rounds of the Eastern press. He himself had heard a New York brakeman repeating:

> "'Yet he played it that day upon William and me in a way I despise.'

"Soon afterward I began to hear from it frequently in a similar way. The lines were popular. The points seemed to catch the ear and hold the memory. I never intended it as a contribution to contemporary poetry, but I doubt, from the evidence I received, if I ever wrote anything more catching. The verses had, however, the dignity of a high example. I have told you of the English poet who was first to question me regarding the metre, and appreciated its Greek source. Do you remember the threnody in Swinburne's *Atlanta in Calydon?* It occurred to me that the

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grand and beautiful sweep of that chorus was just the kind of thing which Truthful James would be the last man in the world to adopt in expressing his views. Therefore I used it. Listen," and he quoted, marking the accents with an amused smile:

"'Atalanta, the fairest of women, whose name
is a blessing to speak—
Yet he played it that day upon William and
me in a way I despise.
The narrowing Symplegades whitened the
straits of Propontis with spray—
And we found on his nails, which were taper,
what's frequent in tapers, that's wax.'"

The Story of Franklin's Autobiography.

The two greatest manuscripts in America are the manuscript of the Declaration of Independence, which is in the Government archives, and which has become illegible, and the life of Benjamin Franklin, written by himself (the only manuscript entirely in his own handwriting), which changed hands a few weeks ago and was added to a private collection in New York City. The story of the discovery of the Franklin manuscript is substantially as follows:

The Hon. John Bigelow was appointed minister to France at the breaking out of the Civil War. His studies had called his attention to the fact of the existence of this manuscript, and had convinced him that the original manuscript was probably in existence somewhere in France. One of the first acquaintances he made upon arriving in Paris was that of Laboulaye, a French author, and a member of the Institute. It was while breakfasting with him one morning that he spoke of his belief that the manuscript probably existed in France, and was very likely in the town of Amiens. "If that is the case," Laboulaye said, "I can easily find out about it for you, as I know very well a member of the Institute who lives in that town." Mr. Bigelow heard nothing more from Laboulaye in regard to the matter. He was leaving Paris, and one of the last calls that he made was upon Laboulaye, and he again spoke of the Franklin manuscript. Laboulaye at once expressed his regret that he had not secured the information that Mr. Bigelow wished, but promised to see what could be done about it without further delay. Mr. Bigelow left his English address and also his American address, and there the matter rested.

Shortly after his arrival in London, on his way home to America, he received a letter from Laboulaye, which began with the word "Eureka." Laboulaye went on to say that he had found the manuscript in the hands of the descendants of the man to whom Franklin's grandson had given it. Before his departure from London he had consummated the purchase of the manuscript, together with a very interesting portrait of Franklin painted by Duplessis, and a few letters. This original manuscript belonged to William Temple Franklin, Franklin's grandson by his natural son; but Franklin himself had given to Monsieur Le Vaillard a copy of this manuscript. William Temple Franklin had been made Franklin's library executor, and when he came to edit for publication his grandfather's writings, knowing of the existence of this fair copy in the hands of Monsieur Le Vaillard, and thinking that for printer's copy it would be easier to use, proposed to exchange the original manuscript with Monsieur Le Vaillard for the fair copy which his grandfather had given him. The Frenchman very wisely accepted the exchange, and thus it came about that the original was in France instead of in this country or in England. Monsieur Le Vaillard was killed in the French Revolution, but the manuscript which Franklin had given him was handed down to his descendants. The original manuscript, however, differed from all the fair copies, in that it contained a continuation which was never published until Mr. Bigelow's edition of the *Autobiography* was issued. Franklin wrote the autobiography at different times, commencing with the year 1771, and at different places. The last pages were written in 1789.

"Did you have a good time?" a French woman of the people was once asked after returning from the theatre. "Oh, yes, dear," was the answer. "I cried the whole evening." This woman belonged to the class for which Xavier de Montépin, who has just died in Paris, wrote his novels and his plays. Few writers

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are so well known in France by the people. For years he was almost identified with *Le Petit Journal,* which was almost sure to publish in every issue an installment of one of his novels as a *feuilleton.* He was the favourite novelist of every janitor and every janitor's wife through the whole of France. It need hardly be said that he laid no claim to literary excellence. His novels all resemble each other; he took advantage of the inborn love of the popular classes for the innocent and downtrodden, and all his stories are of some poor girl or young boy who has to be rescued from the hands of unscrupulous and hard-hearted tyrants. Providence always appears in the shape of some incident that no human wisdom could foresee, and virtue always triumphs at the end of several volumes. His dramas are of the same nature as his novels. As a specimen of the latter, we could name *La Porteuse de Pain,* and of the former, *Marâtre.* Montépin belonged to a noble family, and possessed the title of Count, but his heroes all belong to the popular class. He has had imitators whose success almost rivalled his—Émile Richebourg, Fortuné du Boisgobey—but he remained *facile princips* in his own line. He was seventy-eight years old when he died.

ELEANOR HOYT.

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A book which is deservedly being widely read and widely discussed just now is Miss Eleanor Hoyt's *The Misdemeanors of Nancy*. Of the book and the author we shall say more in the next number of THE BOOKMAN.

Charles Warren Stoddard.

A year or so ago the Parisian critic, Th. Bentzen, wrote an enthusiastic article in the *Revue Deux-Mondes* on "The Pierre Loti of America." By the Pierre Loti of America she meant Charles Warren Stoddard—of the South Seas—the friend and comrade of Walt Whitman, the Stevensons, George Eliot, Tennyson, in fact, of a great many of the most brilliant minds in the world of letters of our time. Of late, in spite of the blare and riot of modern self-advertisement, a new work by this writer has been winning its own way among readers of discrimination. In *In the Footprints of the Padres* Mr. Stoddard goes back again to the scenes of his early life on the Pacific coast; he takes the reader across the Isthmus and shows the very beginning and growth of San Francisco, and tells sympathetically the story of the spoliation and decay of missions of Lower California.

A wanderer from his boyhood days,

CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

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Mr. Stoddard has much to tell of many curious places and people. For years he made his home with the aborigines in the islands of the Pacific; he has been of the Samoan household of the Stevensons, and *persona grata* at the high-jinks of Hawaiian royalty. For some years past Mr. Stoddard has been Professor of English Literature at the Catholic University in Washington, where, in his curious house, "The Bungalow," among souvenirs of "Christian, pagan or man," of Father Damien, and Tahiti, of Kalakaua, and the Stevensons, he has received visitors that represent the culture and distinction of all parts of the world.

A New Chapter in Rochefort's Life.

In a recent number of the *Revue Bleue* Émile Blavet narrated an incident in the early life of Henri Rochefort, of which no mention is made in *Aventures de ma Vie*. This adventure, which he calls "The Adventure Rochette," has, explains Émile Blavet, never before been printed. The reason was that there were but four witnesses: Rochefort, the printer Rochette, Victor Noir and Blavet himself. It was at the time when the *Lanterne* was first winning its great circulation. Blavet and Victor Noir were writing on the *Figaro*, and it was their custom, every morning after their work had been done, to breakfast in company with Rochefort. One of these mornings Rochefort, pale, wild-eyed, and trembling all over, burst in upon them and threw on the table a newspaper, of which the ink was not yet dry. "Read!" said he, in a stifling voice.

The astonishing success of the *Lanterne* had been responsible for the establishment of twenty other sheets of the same character, that needed, to enjoy the same prosperity as did the *Lanterne*, only the biting wit and the personal popularity of Rochefort. In one of these, *L'Inflexible*, Rochefort and his home were being attacked daily in the most outrageous manner by one Charles Marchal (de Bussy), who some time later died of delirium tremens, and over whose death Villemessant (the founder of the *Figaro*) preached his famous grotesque funeral sermon. This particular number of *L'Inflexible* went beyond all bounds, referring in the most infamous manner to a member of Rochefort's family. The blow had struck the latter in his most tender spot and he was wild with rage and indignation. But, to the astonishment of Blavet and Victor Noir, he ignored Marchal and expressed his intention of killing Rochette, the publisher of *L'Inflexible*.

"Kill Rochette," cried Blavet; "you don't think of it! Rochette is but the publisher, and perhaps unaware of this infamy. It is not him, but Marchal, with whom you have to deal."

Rochefort interrupted him.

"What, deal with that escaped convict! Cross my sword with his pen! Sign for him even with his blood a certificate of moral decency! Never! I am going to kill Rochette!"

In this determination he could not be shaken, and, accompanied by Blavet and Noir as witnesses, he entered a cab and was driven to the office of the offending newspaper. After a few minutes Rochette appeared. He proved to be a physical giant. Victor Noir, himself a man of great height and strength, appeared puny beside him. As he caught sight of his visitors his lips curled into a sneering smile. There was no preamble.

"Monsieur," began Rochefort in a calm and firm voice, "my name is Henri Rochefort. Telling you that makes it unnecessary for me to explain why I am here."

"I protest," muttered Rochette, "that I do not understand."

"You will understand. Do you remember having published in the newspaper *L'Inflexible*, for which you are responsible, an article injurious to Mademoiselle Rochefort?"

"I accept the responsibility of all that I print," replied the other, bridling up.

"In that case," said Rochefort, still calm, "if you are a man of honour, as I wish to believe, matters will go better. One who is responsible is held to account. Consequently—"

Rochette burst into laughter.

"Ah, ah," cried he, "I understand. It is a duel that you are proposing."

"At least it is not a rigadoon,"* said Rochefort, his anger rising.

"But, my dear Monsieur," replied the giant, growing playful, "you are ignorant

* Rigadoon is a dance of Provence Editors.

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of one detail that I am obliged to teach you."

"And what is that?"

"I am a Spaniard, and in my country the only kind of duel understood is that which is brought body to body, the knife in the right hand and the cape wound round the left arm."

The conversation was becoming farcical. Rochefort shrugged his shoulders, but always conciliating.

"Hé! Monsieur," he said, "what does that matter? With knife, dagger or poignard, or cannon even, just as you wish, only let us finish it. The boulevard is deserted at this hour. There we can settle the quarrel without fear of being disturbed. My friends, MM. Victor Noir and Emile Blavet, whom I present to you, will be very glad to act as my seconds. Two of your workmen will render you the same service, so it is understood. Come!"

Rochette did not laugh any more. He stammered unintelligently.

"Yes or no!" thundered Rochefort. "Do you wish to give me justice for these infamies published against my daughter?"

A timid refusal was hardly uttered when Rochefort struck the giant in the face, hurling him to the ground. Then, leaving his card, Rochefort and his friends withdrew. But the giant never challenged. He sent for the police.

Author's Sensitiveness to Criticism.

The greater part of a recent paper on "Certain Ultimate Differences Between Men" "Claudius Clear" devoted to the subject of the sensitiveness of literary men and women to criticism. He points out that George Eliot and Charles Dickens (at least in his later period) could not bear to read reviews. Lewes used to read to George Eliot such criticisms as he thought would please her. There is no evidence of Dickens having read any criticisms of his last books. Claudius Clear has been looking up some of these criticisms, and he has found that not a few were evidently written with the desire to give pain, and in a spirit of insolent ingratitude for the lavish gifts of the author's genius. It was no doubt just as well that he did not see them; and yet, one wonders that so great a man could have cared. We have had political leaders apparently unaffected by newspaper attacks. As his autobiographical chapter shows, Mr. Gladstone was not invulnerable. The joint in his armour could be found, but it is safe to say that very few of his foes discovered it. On the other hand, there have been, and there are, politicians whose happiness was at the mercy of journalists, whether the journalists might know it or not.

Carlyle was one of the bravest of men in some ways, and had a real scorn of what is called public opinion. But he was human. He was told once by a nobody that the papers were abusing him violently. "I never read them," said he. "I care nothing what they say. They have sunk to the lowest stage of putrescence and degradation. The state of journalism indicates only too sadly the state of the country. And—what are they saying about me?" It will be remembered that Carlyle once made a journey in Ireland. He wrote a particularly ill-tempered diary about this visit. There was at least one reason for his ill-temper. For part of his journey he had as his companion Charles Gavan Duffy. Duffy wrote the story himself years after, and three typical anecdotes will be sufficient for the discerning. Duffy tells us that as Carlyle and he were riding in the mail coach to Sligo they were joined by a young bride and bridegroom on their honeymoon. The bride was charming, and Carlyle courteously talked to her about sight-seeing and the pleasures of travelling, mounting at times to higher themes like a man who never had a care. He got out of the coach for a moment at a roadside station, and the bride immediately exclaimed: "Who is that twaddling old Scotchman, who allows no one to utter a word but himself?" Duffy "burst into a guffaw of laughter which was not easily extinguished," and told Carlyle the story, "expecting him to be as much amused as I was." Carlyle, however, was as much disconcerted by the incident as a beau of four-and-twenty. "The absurdity of her judgment he refused to see, and was disposed to insist that she was merely a charming embodiment of the *vox populi*, for undoubtedly he was an old Scotchman, and probably twaddled a great deal to no purpose." After-

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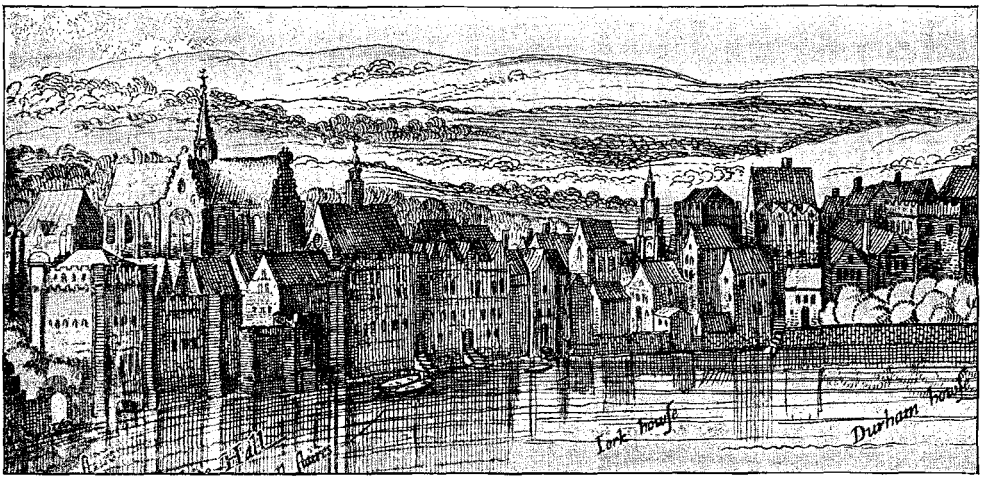

OLD WHITEHALL FROM THE THAMES.

ward Duffy told Carlyle a story about somebody who confused him with the infidel publisher Carlisle, who had a shop in Fleet Street, and insisted on the identification. Poor Carlyle said that the bagman was better informed than his class. Opinions and criticisms about himself were things he heard with little satisfaction. They were for the most part unutterably trifling and worthless. He was known in some small degree to a few men whom he knew in turn, and that was all that was needful or salutary. Once more, Duffy told Carlyle that at a dinner table the talk fell on the philosopher of Chelsea. After puzzling for a while to identify him, the official asked his neighbour in a whisper: "Is not that the man who wrote the *French Revolution*—with a Scotch accent?" Carlyle, says Duffy, laughed heartily and imitated his unknown critic in various banal phrases, always ending with a Scotch accent.

An important addition to the literature of the London of the Tudors and the Stuarts is *The Old Royal Palace of Whitehall,* by Edgar Sheppard, Sub-Deacon of H. M. Chapels Royal and Sub-Almoner to the King. In the London of Shakespeare's day and the London of Evelyn and Pepys, the name of Whitehall stands but with equal significance. It is frequently mentioned and discussed by both of the diarists, and in Shakespeare's *Henry VIII.* it is at a masked banquet given by Cardinal Wolsey, at Whitehall, that the dramatist represents Henry as first meeting Anne Boleyn.

The Late Frank R. Stockton.

For future reference we print a brief biography and bibliography of the late Francis Richard Stockton. He was born in Philadelphia, April 5, 1834. It was the design of his father, who was a Presbyterian minister, to make him a wood engraver; but young Stockton's literary bent soon manifested itself, and he drifted into journalism, working on Philadelphia and New York newspapers. Afterward he joined the staff of *Scribner's Monthly*—which became the *Century Magazine* of the present day, and later was the assistant editor of *St. Nicholas.* During the later years of his life he spent most of his time in New Jersey and West Virginia, frequently residing in New York City during the winter. His books are: *Roundabout Rambles, Tales Out of School, A Jolly Fellowship, Captain Chap, The Story of Viteau, Ting-a'ling Stories, What Might Have Been Expected, The Floating Prince Kobel Land, The Bee Man of Orne, The Clocks of Rondaine, Personally Conducted, Stories of New Jersey, Buccaneers and Pirates of Our Coast.* All these were juvenile books. His other novels and stories are: *The Lady or the Tiger, The Young Master of Hyson Hall, The Late Mrs. Null, The Great War Syndicate, The Hundredth Man, Stories of Three Burglars, A Chosen Few, Adventures of Captain*

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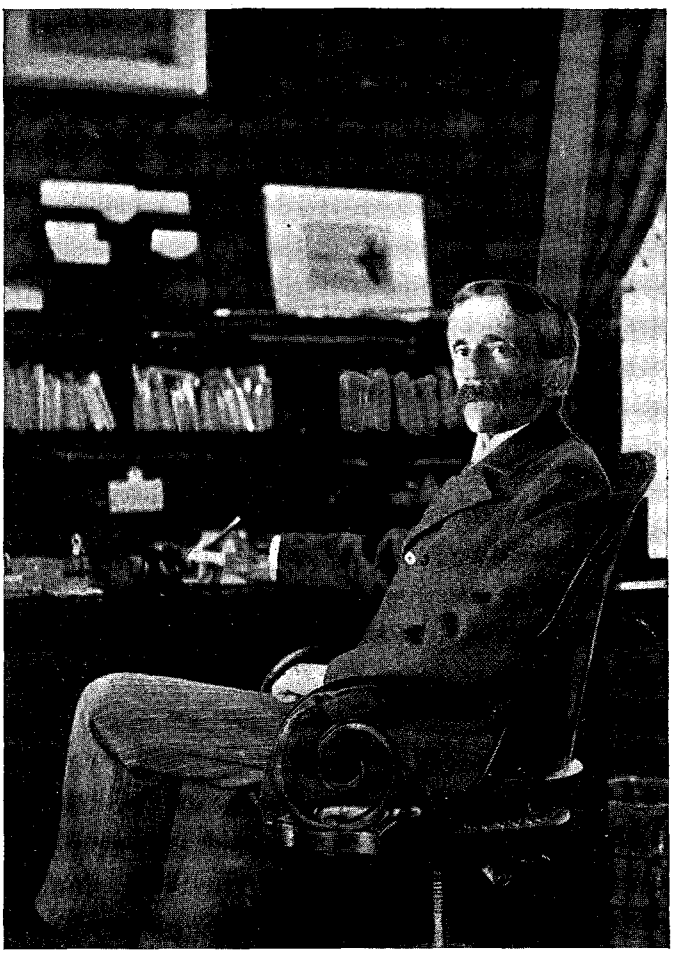
Horn, Mrs. Cliff's Yacht, Pomona's Travels, The Great Stone or Sardis, The Girl at Cobhurst, Rudder Grange, The Rudder Granges Abroad, The Casting Away of Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine, Christmas Wreck and Other Stories, The Dusantes, Amos Kilbright, Ardis Claverden, The Merry Chanter, The House of Martha, The Watchmaker's Wife, A Story Teller's Pack, The Associate Hermits, The Vizier of the Two-Horned Alexander, Afield and Afloat, Bicycle of Cathay and *Kate Bonnet.*



THE LATE FRANCIS RICHARD STOCKTON.

The following story appeared originally in THE BOOKMAN for May, 1896:

"Speaking of Mr. Frank Stockton reminds us of a little tilt that we once overheard between him and Mr. Rudyard Kipling. The two gentlemen met at an author's reception, and after some preliminary conversation Mr. Stockton said:

"'By the way, Kipling, I'm thinking of going over to India some day myself.'

"'Do so, my dear fellow,' replied Mr. Kipling, with a suspicious warmth of cordiality. 'Come as soon as ever you can! And, by the way, do you know what we'll do with you when we get you out there, away from your friends and family? Well, the first thing will be to lure you out into the jungle and have you seized and bound by our trusty wallahs. Then we'll lay you on your back and have one of the very biggest elephants stand over you and poise his ample forefoot directly over your head. Then I'll say in my most insinuating tones, "Come now, Stockton, which was it—the Lady or the Tiger?" What would you do then?'

"'Oh, well, that's easy enough. I should tell you a lie.'

"'Thanks, awfully! That's just as good as the truth, now that you've told me that it's to be a lie. If you say "the Tiger" I'll know it was the Lady; and if you say "the Lady" I'll know it was the Tiger. Good!'

"Then both of them drifted away from the interested group, and were presently observed to be standing in the immediate vicinity of a large china bowl with something pink in it."

A year ago last winter the Authors' Club of New York, of which for years he has been one of the most loyal members, gave a reception to Mr. Stockton, and in the course of the evening there were told many stories of more or less humour. Mr. Richard Watson Gilder,

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for instance, narrated his experience with a young and ambitious author who aggressively invaded the office of the *Century Magazine*. The young author said that he had come not to be a casual contributor, but to write for the magazine every month. Asked what he intended to contribute, he replied that he had decided to write for each number a story like Mr. Stockton's *The Lady or the Tiger*. Mr. George Cary Eggleston, who was associated closely with Mr. Stockton during many years, tells another Authors' Club Stockton story. At the club's watch night, on the occasion of the outgoing of the old and the incoming of the new year last winter, the subject to be discussed was "Fame and Its Blunders." Each member received the privilege of explaining why he was not so famous as he should be, or why some other member was more famous that he. Mr. Stockton, when his turn came, said that he was quite satisfied. Referring to his long drudgery upon magazines and newspapers and his final breaking loose into literature, he illustrated his point by reciting the following lines:

There was an old monk of Siberia
Whose life it grew drearier and drearier
Till he broke from his cell
With a hell of a yell
And eloped with the Mother Superior.

Two or three days later Mr. Stockton went to Mr. Eggleston with a long and melancholy face, and asked:

"What did you understand me to mean by the verses I recited here the other night?"

"Why, there was only one interpretation possible," Mr. Eggleston replied. "You meant that for a space you made wages by editing other people's matter, and that at last you broke your bonds and went to making literature on your own account."

"Well," he answered, with his droll drawl, "that is what I think I meant. But perhaps others know better. That is what I meant to mean, anyhow, but perhaps I was wrong. You see, one is so often wrong in these matters concerning himself. To-day in a bisexual club Mrs. Stockton and I were greeted with the exclamation: 'Why, I never knew that your marriage was a runaway one!'"

A Royal Preference in Literature.

Royal preferences in literature, probably for reasons easy to guess, are rarely given such open utterance as has been expressed both by His Majesty the King and His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales in the case of Mr. Arthur Morrison's novels. It is now fully two years since the King, then Prince of Wales, in his speech at the opening of the new County Council buildings at Shoreditch, made a strongly appreciative reference to *A Child of the Jago;* the only occasion, it is said, on which His Majesty has taken public notice of the work of a living novelist. On the 8th inst. the library of *H. M. S. Ophir* was sold by auction at Stevens's rooms, and it was then seen that in the copy of *Tales of Mean Streets,* which was one of the very few volumes of fiction selected to travel round the world with the Prince and Princess of Wales, His Royal Highness had written against the tale *Lizerunt* the remark: "This is very powerful. George."

In an article in THE BOOKMAN for April there appeared the statement that Sir Laurence Alma Tadema and Edmund Gosse married daughters of the manufacturer of Epps's Cocoa. We regret the publication of this statement, because it happens to be absolutely erroneous. Lady Alma Tadema and Mrs. Edmond Gosse were the daughters of a physician, Doctor G. N. Epps, of South Audley Street, London, and have nothing whatever, even distantly, to do with Epps's Cocoa.

Literary Advertising.

A novel and curious scheme of literary advertising is being used in *Le Journal,* the most literary and best written of the one *sous* newspapers of Paris. *Le Journal* has just hatched a beautiful prize scheme for readers of its new serial story, *Les Fétards de Paris.* A thousand prizes are to be bestowed upon the thousand sophisticated devourers of *feuilletons* who shall first send correct answers to a string of questions about the personages of the romance, and on the back page of the paper is displayed a huge examination paper headed, "What Becomes of

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Them? Here are a few of the questions:

LOUIS LACOURRIÈRE:

1. Combien de fois quitte-t-il Zizi?
2. Reste-t-il garçon?

MARIE:

1. Se marie-t-elle?
2. Meurt-elle au cours du roman?

CATHERINE, LIANE, GERMAINE, MARIE ET ZIZI:

1. Quelle est, de ces cinq femmes, celle qui meurt empoisonnée?

Le Journal's pearl, however, touches the future of one Germaine Lajaille. Here it is:

1. Quel sera son mari?
2. Le trompera-t-elle?

EFFIGIES

Here do they lie like mute engraven psalms,
Crossed feet and smiling lips and folded palms,
  Where travellers pass and pause and muse awhile,
Struck to the heart by the remorseless calms
  Of those draped feet, that fixed, unsmiling smile.

Uncounted springs have leaped to tender flame,
The years have wheeled to centuries since they came,
  Dead, proud and smiling to their stone repose.
What do they reck of youth or love or shame
  Or the red heart of yonder English rose?

Death, it can never be that as they lie,
So shall this eager, passionate burning I,—
  Thrilled through and through with life's magnificence,
Drunk with my birthright, stung with ecstasy,—
  Death, I'll have none of thy vast insolence!

Florence Wilkinson.

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THE GREAT NEWSPAPERS OF THE UNITED STATES

The Boston Newspapers.

Boston enjoys the distinction of having had the first newspaper in what is now the United States, and that is equivalent to saying in America; for neither Mexico nor French Canada, though they had printing presses in the seventeenth century, employed them in newspaper printing. A London bookseller who had been set in the pillory under Charles II., either for selling a "Protestant Petition" or for asserting English liberties in some other way, Benjamin Harris by name, issued this first paper in 1690. But he did not get beyond the first number, for the vigilant Puritan authorities, William Phipps being Governor, practically suppressed it by ordering it not to print anything "without license first obtained from those appointed by the Government to grant the same." Not that *Publick Occurrences* (such was its name) got anything into its number of September 25, 1690, that was scandalous or especially objectionable, but the Bostonian magistrates, like that ambitious English philosopher, Benjamin Kidd, in our day, had an eye strictly to the future. They did not intend that any harm should come to what Marvel calls

Their sore, new-circumcised Commonwealth

from such a dangerous novelty as a monthly newspaper; and so they nipped Harris in the bud as journalist, though they allowed him to print the laws which they were so fearful he would disobey. He did not expect to be a very frequent disturber of the peace by his sheets; for in his advertisement he only promised a paper once a month, "or, if any glut of Occurrences happen, oftener." Moreover, he there promised to take special pains to correct false reports, "if any well-minded person will be at the pains to trace any such false report, so far as to find out and convict the first raiser of it." All would not do. Harris must cease printing the news, and in a few years he goes back to London, where Dunton, a more eminent bookseller, met and travelled with him, about 1700, and gave this account of him:

LOOKING DOWN BOSTON'S NEWSPAPER ROW.

Having a deal of mercury in his natural temper, Harris travelled to New England, where he followed book selling, and then coffee selling, and then printing; but continued Ben Harris still. He is now, 1705, both bookseller and printer in Gracechurch street, as we find by his *London Post*. His conversation is general (but never impertinent) and his wit pliable to all inventions. In once travelling with him from Bury Fair, I found him to be the most ingenious and innocent companion that I had ever met with.

Harris's return to London was before 1695, and the Boston magistrates were left undisturbed in their provincialism, and the Boston ministers in their dictatorship from the pulpit, until the year 1700, when a sin-

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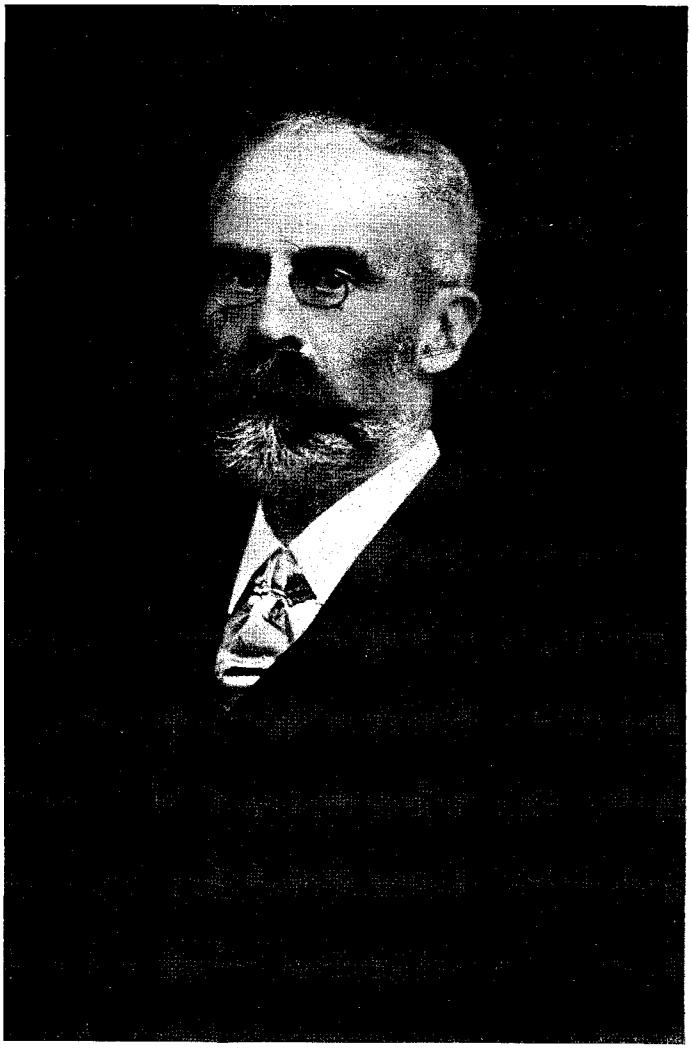
gular event disturbed their serenity. Increase Mather, President of Harvard College, which was already a sort of annex to Boston, published a treatise in defence of the Puritan order of worship, which he entitled *The Order of the Gospel.* A few clergymen, taking issue with the venerable champion of an order already decaying, wrote an essay in reply; but when they sought for a printer in Boston—Harris having returned to assert English liberties in London—they could not engage one. Accordingly, they issued their answer from a printer's in New York, with this explanation:

> The Reader is desired to to take Notice that the Press in Boston is so much under the Aw of the Reverend Author whom we answer, and his Friends, that we could not obtain of the Printer there to Print the following Sheats; which is the only true Reason why we have sent the Copy so far for its impression, and where it is Printed with some Difficulty.

The Mathers, and particularly that Boanerges or son of imprinted thunder, Cotton Mather, the persecutor of old women at Salem as witches, took up the challenge thus thrown down, and a lively war of abusive pamphlets followed, and thus prepared the way for the next Boston venture in newspapers — Postmaster John Campbell's *News-Letter,* issued first on the 24th of April, 1704, and continuing until the evacuation of Boston by the British garrison in March, 1776. But in 1719 Campbell lost the post-office, and his successor, William Brooker, started a new weekly paper of his own, the Boston *Gazette,* which lived for more than twenty years, and introduced the Franklin family to the world as printers and journalists. Its printer for the first two years was James Franklin, elder brother of the illustrious Benjamin, and when he lost this job he at once commenced a third Boston paper, the *New England Courant,* in which Ben Franklin, then a boy of fifteen, began his long-continued labours at enlightening and amusing the world. The Franklins at once encountered the grim form of Dr. Mather, rising up almost from his dying bed (for he had an apoplectic stroke in 1719 and died in 1723) to initiate that



GENERAL TAYLOR, EDITOR OF THE "GLOBE."

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formidable custom of "Stop my paper!" which has been held *in terrorem* over Boston editors ever since, even to this day. Increase Mather gave forth this "Advice to the Publick" in the autumn of 1721:

Whereas a wicked Libel called the *New England Courant* has represented me as one among the Supporters of it; I do hereby declare, that altho' I had paid for two or three of them, I then (before the last *Courant* was published), sent him word I was *extreamly offended* with it: In special, because in one of his *Vile Courants* he insinuates, that if *the Ministers of God approve of a thing, it is a Sign it is of the Devil;* which is a horrid thing to be related! And he doth frequently abuse the Ministers of Religion, and many other worthy Persons, in a manner which is intolerable. For these and such like Reasons I signified to the Printers that I would have no more of their *Wicked Courants.* I that have known what New England was from the Beginning, cannot but be troubled to see the Degeneracy of this Place. I can well remember when the Civil Government would have taken an effectual Course to suppress such a

STEPHEN O'MEARA, EDITOR OF THE "BOSTON JOURNAL."

E. B. HASKELL, FORMER EDITOR OF THE "HERALD."

Cursed Libel! which if it be not done I am afraid that *some Awful Judgment* will come upon this land, and *the Wrath of God will arise, and there will be no Remedy.* I cannot but pity poor *Franklin,* who tho' but a *Young Man* it may *be speedily* he must appear before the Judgment Seat of God, and what answer will he give for printing things so vile and abominable? And I cannot but advise the Supporters of this Courant to consider the Consequences of being *Partakers in other Men's Sins,* and no more Countenance such a Wicked *Paper.*

Mather's hint to the General Court of Massachusetts to suppress the "wicked paper" soon took effect, for on the 14th of January, 1722, that body ordered "that James Franklin be strictly forbidden by this Court to print or publish the *New England Courant,* or any other pamphlet or paper of the like nature, except it be first supervised by the Secretary of this Province; and the Justices of His Majesty's Sessions of the Peace for the County of Suffolk, at their next adjournment, be directed to take sufficient bonds of the said Franklin for twelve Months' time." Or rather, this was the recommendation of a committee of the Legislature, which became a definite order in February, 1722, "that James Franklin no

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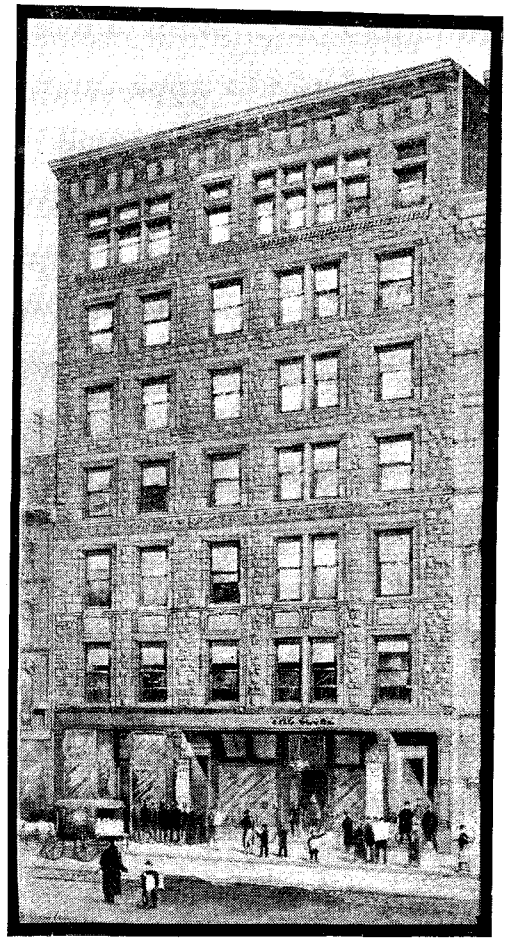
longer print the newspaper." Whereupon Benjamin, not yet sixteen, became the publisher of the *Courant*, for which he had already been a contributor. Whether he wrote the salutatory in the *Courant* of February 11 may be questioned, but he must have had a hand in this description of the main editor and his composite photograph:

> There is one person, an inhabitant of this town of Boston, whom we honour as a Doctor in the chair as a perpetual dictator. The Society had designed to present the public with his effigies, but that the Limner descried nineteen features in his face more than he ever beheld in any human visage before; which so raised the price of the picture that our Master himself forbid the extravagance of coming up to it. Besides, the Limner objected a schism in his face, which split it in a straight line from his forehead down to his chin, in such sort that Mr. Painter protests it is a double face; and he'll have four pounds for the portraiture. However, though his double face has spoilt us of a pretty picture, yet we all rejoiced to see *Old Janus* in our company. There is no man better qualified than *Old Janus* for a curanteer—or, if you please, an Observator,—being a man of such remarkable optics as to look two ways at once.

If ever a Bostonian was gifted with foresight, it was Franklin; for in this parable of Janus he delivered the character of the Boston newspapers one hundred and fifty years later than 1722. About 1872 they began to look two ways at once, politically and religiously, and have continued the practice increasingly for the past thirty years. Well did my old neighbour, Frederic Hudson (from whose invaluable "Journalism in the United States" I have taken most of this antiquarian lore), say of the young wit and philosopher who soon found Boston too narrow for his genius: "Franklin was only sixteen at this period; but even then he seemed to combine all the elements of a modern newspaper establishment—brains, courage, steam and electricity."

Gradually the agitating and liberalising spirit, represented by Franklin, Samuel Adams, James Otis and Jonathan Mayhew, got fairly good control of the newspaper press in Boston, as it did of the once repressive pulpit, and the American Revolution found its first voice in the utterances of several journals there. Samuel Adams and a few of his friends established the *Independent Advertiser* in 1748, of which Daniel Fowle, who later set up the *New Hampshire Gazette* at Portsmouth, N. H., was the printer and Mayhew a contributor. He was then a young preacher, and his sermons were occasionally published in Adams's newspaper—one in particular, about 1751, advocating a republic in America. Soon after, the *Advertiser* undertook to censure the General Court, and Fowle, its printer, was sent to jail for its freedom of comment. Then came, in 1753, a new organ, the Boston *Gazette and Weekly Advertiser*, which was replaced in 1755 by the final trumpet of the patriots, the Boston *Gazette and Country Gentleman*,



THE HOME OF THE "BOSTON GLOBE."

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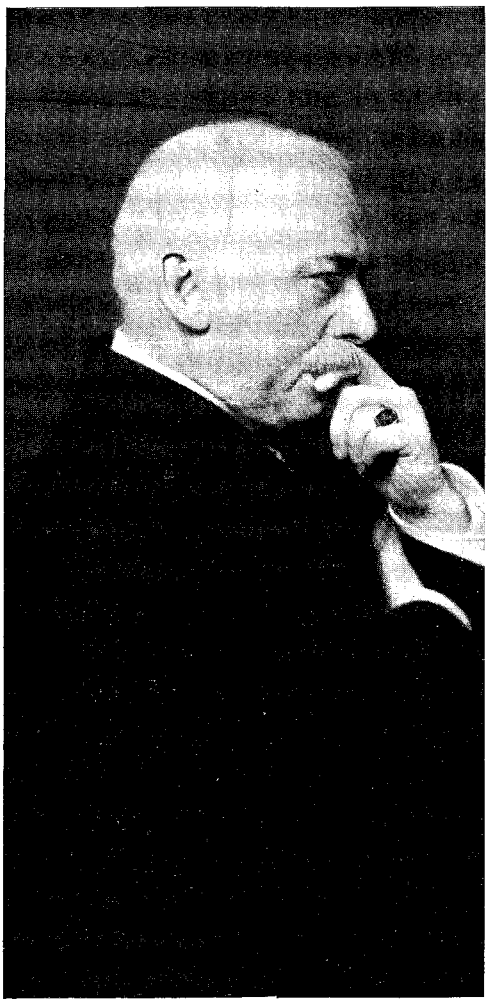
published by those staunch revolutionists, Edes and Gill. For this paper the contributors were both the Adamses, Otis, Mayhew, Dr. Warren, Dr. Cooper, Thomas Cushing, Sampel Dexter, Josiah Quincy, Joseph Ward (the grandfather of Thoreau's "Gentle Boy"), and Oxen-



E. H. CLEMENTS, EDITOR OF THE "BOSTON TRANSCRIPT."

bridge Thacher. Most of these were "Sons of Liberty," the organisation of Samuel Adams, and in 1760 the cut at the head of the *Gazette* dispensed with "Britannia" (a portrait of the beautiful Duchess of Richmond, of Charles II.'s time) and substituted a "Minerva," "holding a spear surmounted with a liberty cap in her left hand, while with her right she opens a cage and liberates a bird" (parent of the American Eagle), which instantly flies to a Liberty Tree. Old Janus had then been dethroned, and Liberty was mounting to the chair.

The spirit and talent shown in the new *Gazette* forced the royalists in Boston to set up a paper of their own, the *Chronicle*, printed by Mein and Fleming, and edited by a local Tory wit, Joseph Green, and a customs officer named Waterhouse; but it only lasted for two years, so small was the Tory interest in the revolutionary town. Coincident with its decease, Isaiah Thomas, the most famous printer-editor in New England after Franklin, set up in Boston his *Massachusetts Spy*, which just before Concord Fight was transferred to Worcester, a four-weeks' period intervening between its last issue in Boston, April 6, 1775, and its first in Worcester, May 3. Its tone everywhere was of intense patriotism, and this led the customs officers in Boston in 1771 to forbid Thomas all access to the ship news of this port. In retaliation Thomas made these gentle observations, which may indicate his views:

> A Tyrant may be justly compared to a Polypus, of which the smallest portion broken off becomes almost immediately as big, as voracious and as deformed a thing as the original; entangling, plaguing and engulphing everything within its power and reach. Should the liberty of the Press be once destroyed, farewell the remainder of our invaluable rights and privileges! We may next expect padlocks on our lips, fetters on our legs, and only our hands left at liberty to slave for our worse than Egyptian taskmasters,—or,—or, FIGHT OUR WAY TO CONSTITUTIONAL FREEDOM.

This was said in October, 1772, three months more than a year before, as Carlyle says, "Boston Harbor was black with unexpected tea;" and it indicates the spirit of the Boston mechanics, whom Thomas specially represented, and whom Sam Adams led, in the Tea Party and elsewhere. Thomas also, after the Tea Party, copied from the New York *Courant*, where it came out in 1765, the celebrated serpent device—a snake cut into nine parts (New England and the eight other colonies), with the legend "Join or Die." The Boston *Chronicle* was re-

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BOSTON DAILY ADVERTISER.

Volume 1. WEDNESDAY, MARCH 3, 1813. Number 1.

PROPOSALS FOR PUBLISHING

THE MORNING POST,

AND

DAILY ADVERTISER.

A COMMERCIAL AND POLITICAL JOURNAL

EDITED BY HORATIO BIGLOW.

WHILST every other city on the continent is teeming with dailies, we will not, by unnecessary apology, anticipate the charge of presumption in offering to the patronage of the citizens of Boston the plan of a Daily Commercial and Political Gazette, nor betray, by the weakness of precaution, a diffidence to that candour and liberality which has ever characterized the inhabitants of this ancient and respectable metropolis. We might, however, find a sufficient justification in the features of the times, which are of an extraordinary an aspect, and so varying a hue, that whilst every interest is absorbed in political anxiety, every hour gives a different complexion to the cameleon-like object of our solicitude. By delaying the impression of our paper till the arrival of the southern mail, we shall be able to insert an abstract of congressional debates, and to communicate the earliest intelligence of any portentous movement in the cabinet or court. The frequency of publication will prevent the accumulation of important matter, and leave us ample room for the favours of our advertising friends.

In taking upon himself the conduct of a political journal, the editor is fully aware of the solemn nature of the engagement into which he enters with the publick; and to the discharge of the arduous duty thus voluntarily assumed, he pledges his best and sincerest endeavours. His political opinions he has at no time condescended to disguise, nor can he ever consent to sacrifice the honest convictions of his judgment to the shar of expediency.

Quo semel est imbuta recens, servabit odorem

Educated in the purity of the primitive faith, and early imbued with a sacred reverence for the character and precepts of WASHINGTON, it is his pride to be enroled among the number of his disciples.

In the exercise of our *judicial* powers we shall not pretend to infallibility; nor will we peremptorily pronounce every man a *fool* or a *knave* who refuses to acquiesce in the justice of our decision. In canvassing the measures of administration, we will endeavour to forget the source from which they emanate—and if we do not always acknowledge the wisdom of a plan from the event of its success, we will not invariably ascribe the failure of a project to the folly that conceived it. In scrutinizing the pretensions of candidates for office, we shall religiously abstain from personal obloquy. We will never wittingly aber intrigue, nor sanction dishonesty. It will not be enough to entitle any man to our support, that he has wriggled himself into favour with the one party, nor to subject him to our reproach, that he has incurred the good will of the other.

Boston January. 1813.

CONDITIONS.

The Morning Post and Daily Advertiser will be printed on paper of the size of the Boston Gazette, and issued every day (except Sunday) at 9 o'clock, A. M.—after the arrival of the southern mail.

Subscription—eight dollars per annum—one half payable in advance.

For the accommodation of distant commercial subscribers, a Price Current will be inserted every Saturday.

The publication will be commenced as soon as the necessary arrangements can be made.

2d Edition of Perpetual WAR!

The Policy of Mr. Madison!

FOR sale by WM. WELLS, No 97, Cornhill, price 25 cents single, and 2 dollars a dozen—"Perpetual War, the policy of Mr. Madison:" being a candid examination of his late Message to Congress, so far as it respects the following topics, viz. The pretended negociations for Peace, the important and interesting subject of a Conscript Militia, and the establishment of an immense Standing Army of Guards and Spies, under the name of a Local Volunteer Force.—By a *New England Farmer*, author of a late Pamphlet, entitled "Mr Madison's War." [illegible]

ANALECTIC MAGAZINE.

THE PUBLICATION OF THE SELECT REVIEWS AND SPIRIT OF FOREIGN MAGAZINES, Is continued under the Title of the ANALECTIC MAGAZINE. Edited by WASHINGTON IRVING, Esq. of N. Y.

CONDITIONS.

THIS work will be published (as heretofore) in monthly numbers, containing 88 pages each—it will make two handsome volumes a year, each of which will be embellished with an elegantly engraved vignette title page. Other engravings will be given occasionally.

Price five dollars per annum, payable on delivery of the sixth number, or first volume, in each year.

No subscription taken for less than a year, and to begin and end with the *same year*.

NO. II FOR FEBRUARY, is received and ready for Subscribers at the Bookstore of BRADFORD & READ, No 8, Cornhill, Agents for the publisher.

☞ *The next number will contain a Portrait of Capt. HULL, and the Succeeding one a Portrait of Com. DECATUR.* feb 12

New & Valuable Family Book, now IN PRESS.

SAMUEL T. ARMSTRONG, Theological Bookseller and Printer, No 50, Cornhill has now in press, A SACRED GEOGRAPHY, OR GAZETTEER of the BIBLE, by *Elijah Parish*, D. D. minister of Byfield, Mass. This work will comprise a full and accurate description of all the countries and Kingdoms, Towns and Villages, mentioned in Sacred Scriptures or Apocrypha; containing about 500 pages, with a New Map of those countries, engraved expressly for the work. It will soon be ready for sale; Subscriptions are still received as above—Names of Subscribers will be printed in the work. ALSO in press *A History of Christian Missions to the Heathen*, in one volume, price to Subscribers $1 25—compiled by a *Gentleman in Divinity College, Andover*. Published under the patronage of the Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions. feb 22

WANTED IMMEDIATELY.

A MAN or boy from the country, to do the work of a small family—good recommendations will be required. Inquire at No 4, H[illegible] or No. 2, Phillip's Buildings, Kilby-street. Feb. 26

For New-York, through the Sound.

The schr BETSY, capt. Hearce, will sail tomorrow, having two thirds of her cargo engaged—for Freight of the residue, apply to CHARLES W. GREENE, 14, India wharf. 1p feb 19

For New-York, through the Sound.

The sloop HOPE, capt Flower, will sail in a few days. For Freight or Passage apply to the master on board opposite No 15, Long-wharf, or to TAYLOR & GAMAGE. feb 29

FREIGHT WANTED;

For the ship BELLONA, 315 tons, 2 years old, W. Newman, master. Apply to R. D. TUCKER. feb 12

For New-York and Philadelphia through the Sound.

The Schr. MECHANICK, capt Hutchinson, will sail on Thursday for N. York and Philad. For Freight or Passage apply to the master at Long-wharf, or to TAYLOR & GAMAGE, Central-st. feb 16

Schr. Julian Smith and Cargo.

TO be sold, the Delaware Pilot Boat schr *Julian Smith*, about 134 tons—18 months old—This Vessel is well found, and sails remarkably fast.

Also, her Cargo, consisting of 72 hhds } *St. Domingo* COFFEE, 292 bags, } entitled to double-depenture.

For particulars inquire of R. G. SHAW, 53, *State-street*. Feb 23

Plaister,

SEVENTY tons Plaister, on board schr. *Venelia* *ALSO*,

THE schr. VENELIA, 110 tons burthen—a good vessel—sails fast, and fitted for sea. Apply to JOHNSON & ADAMS, No. 34, *Long-wharf*, or to the master on board, at *Long-wharf*. Feb 23

FOR SALE, if applied for immediately,

TWO large BRIGS—single decked—with Cargoes of white pine boards, staves and shingles—principally on board—the residue along side, at an Eastern port—One brig 155 tons the other 145 tons, about 3 years old, well found and may be sent to sea in 4 or 5 days, with little expence. For particulars apply to R. D. TUCKER feb 12

Old Cognac.

P. P. F. Degrand, No. 20, India-street—has for sale—100 pipes Cognac Brandy, 7 years old, of an excellent flavour—

200 bales Bahia Cotton, long staple, and mixes extremely well with Upland Cotton,

2 pair 9 pound Carronades,

2 pair long do. extremely well suited for Low or tern chasers,

Cotton, grape and cannister Shot, first quality,

15000 lbs shelled Almonds—10 pipes Olive Oil,

40 pipes Cotton Bagging.

The ship Adonis, 200 tons, English measure,

3 schooners, 81, 65 & 87 tons,

The ship GLOBE, 200 tons,

The brig Argus, 150 tons,

A Barque, 300 tons.

The ship Ned and her cargo of Timber, &c.

The Hull and Spars of a Switter, 554 tons.

Feb. 27

P. T. Jackson,

No. 64, Broad street, Has for sale,

FIFTY bales Sassaparilla, suitable for the French Market—5 sacks Ceylon Cinnamon—3 do Cardamoms—40 bolts India Duck—86 bales Madras Goods, consisting of blue Guineas, Comboys, Manilla Gingrams, blue Hdkfs blue Cloths and Book Muslins. Feb 16

Shimmin & Colman,

No. 14, Central-street,

HAVE for sale,

5000 lbs. English and Spanish Block Tin,

13 hhds James River Tobacco,

20 tons clean Hemp,

American Cordage,

2500 pieces Nankins,

500 bags Pepper,

2000 Horse Hides, &c.

Exchange on London. feb 12

Peters and Pond,

Have for sale,

THIRTY hhds' first quality Molasses: 30 do good W I Rum; Boards, Shingles, and Clapboards; Russia and Ravens Duck; 5650 yds Hamburgh Duck; 200 sides Leather: 200 bbls Alewives; 300 boxes Chocolate; warranted Anchors.

Exchange on London, for 3595l. 1s. 9d. at 30 days sight. feb 12

Samuel Sandford,

No. 22, Broad-street,

HAS for sale, 5 cases Platillas,

2 do black fringed Canton Silk Hdkfs.

1 do Crapes, assorted colours,

1 do Plaid Sarsnets; 1 do coloured Sinchaws,

1 do Italian Florence Lustrings, assorted colours,

1 do Green do for Umbrellas,

4 bales Madras pattern Hdkfs.

Bales blue Gilla Hdkfs.

Blue Mamoodies do Gurrahs, Custas &c

—*ALSO*—

20 cases Bengal Indigo, first quality,

50 bags Coffee. feb 19

Taylor & Gamage,

No 15, Central street, Have for sale,

THE cargo of sloop Union, being

1700 bushels Yellow CORN.

Landing from sloop Dolphin—

700 bushels yellow Corn,

50 barrels middlings Flour;

40 kegs Richmond Tobacco.

—IN STORE—

110 pipes 4th proof Gin;

50 do 4th do Spirit;

400 qr casks excellent quality Gunpowder;

150 bbls superfine Flour;

60 bales Upland Cotton, very prime;

70 tierces Oil Bottles;

59 bolts Russia Duck;

35 pieces Ravens do;

63 bolts Calcutta do;

400 whole and half boxes Chocolate;

29 barrels Gin; Hyson Skin and Souchong Teas. feb 16

R. G. Shaw,

No 53, State-street, Has for sale,

FORTY-EIGHT pipes of Cognack Brandy, of Alexander's cargo;

300 bales N O Red River & other Cotton;

12000 lbs crude Saltpetre, of good quality;

250 casks English and American Gunpowder;

29 hhds 3d proof W I Rum;

118 casks and boxes Brimstone;

26 boxes Verdigris;

105 boxes best Claret Wine;

25 casks London brown Stout;

12 pipes and qr. casks L P. Madeira Wine;

6 hhds of Jamaica Sugar; ALSO—

12000 gunny Bags;

250 bolts of Russia Duck and Sheetings;

20 bales of English seine Twine;

100 boxes of Tin Plates;

20 tons best old sable Iron;

20 boxes of Quicksilver;

6 boxes of Bengal Indigo of first quality;

20 bales Calcutta Goods of various kinds; point Blankets, Pins, &c &c;

Likewise afloat—

800 hhds of coarse Salt of an excellent quality;

cash advanced on goods consigned for sale;

Bills on New-York and Baltimore.

nov 3 tf

Redfield & Beers,

No. 5, Long-wharf, Have for sale,

EIGHT hundred bbl. No. 2, Beef,

100 do mess do

500 boxes mould Candles,

20 chests Souchong Tea—10 cases Cassia,

2000 lbs. shelled Almonds,

4 hhds Zant Currants—5000 lbs. Coffee,

100 bags heavy Sumatra Pepper,

20 hhds James River Tobacco,

200 kegs manufactured do.

10000 lbs southern Beeswax,

50 cases Pot and Pearl Ashes,

Russia and Ravens Duck—Hemp and Sheetings—bales fine Shoe Thread, &c. feb 26

Country Geneva.

JAMES CARTER, No. 20, *India-wharf*,

HAS FOR SALE,

A few half pipes 4th proof Country GENEVA made exclusively from rye. Feb 16

Thin Tar, for Trees.

WILLIAM LITTLE, No. 2, Long-wharf, has for sale, a quantity of Thin TAR, for trees. feb 16

Fish.

FOUR hundred bbls. No 1 Alewives, in prime order for shipping—500 boxes No 1 smoked Herring, for sale by J. RIPLEY, No. 3, India-street. feb 19

Copper.

FOR sale at No 38, India-wharf—

7 cases 28 oz sheathing Copper,

2 casks copper Nails. feb 19

Sugars, Russia Sheeting, etc.

WHITE Havana Sugars of the first quality Russia Sheeting and Ravens Duck, all entitled to debenture dark blue Morocco and Roan Skins and English Copal Varnish, for sale at No 5, *Harris's Buildings, Water-street.*

Also—19 SHARES in the *Boston Bank*. feb 12

Card Wire.

A Few casks of Card Wire, from No 25 to 33—and a quantity of Coarse Wire, from No. 1 to 20, for sale at No. 2, Phillip's Building's, Kilby-st. feb 26

White Havana Sugar, &c.

ONE hundred and twenty nine boxes first quality white Havana Sugar—3000 lbs Salt Petre—50 tons assorted Swedes Iron—which Platillas, of a superior quality—Russia Duck—Ravens do—Half do—clean St. Petersburg Hemp—60,000 lbs. Coffee in hhds—for sale at No. 68, Long-wharf, by C. C. PARSONS. (2p) Feb 26

Swedes Iron, Ravens Duck, Rum.

ONE hundred and twenty tons Swedes Iron, well assorted—150 pieces Ravens Duck—10 hhds W. I. Rum—for sale by CHARLES W. GREENE, 14, India-wharf. Feb 25

Blown Salt, and Crates.

FOR sale by JOHN S. TROTT, No. 3, South side the Market-House,

A few bags blown SALT, and a few Crates Enamelled and C. C. CROCKERY WARE. feb 24

TIN PLATES, CARD WIRE, &c.

SAMUEL G. PERKINS, No. 35, India-wharf, has for sale,

350 boxes Tin Plates, assorted,

30 casks Card Wire, No. 27 to 31,

80 do. dry White Lead,

100 kegs ground do.

6 tons sheet Iron, assorted. Feb 25

Iron, Steel, Nail Rods, Scythes, etc.

FRANCIS WYMAN,

Offers for sale, (FOR CASH) At Cambridge-Port

RUSSIAN, (Old Sable and Archangel) English and Swedes IRON—German, English blistered (L) Crowley, Swedish, American blistered and Tub STEEL—Horse Shoe Shapes, Spike, Deck Nail, Horse Nail and Nail RODS—Hub-Hoop and Nail PLATES—flat and square Faggot Iron—Scythes—Sheet Iron cut and wrought Nails—Bar, Axletree and Plough Share Moulds—Cart, Chaise, and Waggon Wheel Boxes. *ALSO,*

English and American Gunpowder, Window Glass, &c. ☞ Iron bought at the above Store cut free of expence to the purchaser.

Cambridge, Feb. 19.

Molasses.

LANDING from sch. Betsey, a few hhds. best retailing Molasses, for sale by B. D. Tucker. feb 23

Pearl Ashes,

THIRTY barrels PEARL ASHES, first sort, may be had at No 1, Broad-street, Feb 23.

Just received, and for Sale,

BY WILLIAM B. BRADFORD, jun.

No. 4, South of Faneuil Hall,

PIPES—FRESH MUSTARD;

MACE—NUTMEGS—RAISINS;

Currants; Prunes; Figs; Olives; Claret in cases; Starch; Oil in cases; Entry Mats; Pine Apple Cheeses; a few sound old Cheeses, together with an assortment of GROCERIES, of the very first quality. Feb 23

Hard Ware, etc.

FOR SALE—A few packages of Hard and Japaned WARE—also, 1 cask CUTLERY—enquire of WHITWELL & BOND, No. 5, Kilby-Street. Feb. 23.

Thomas Dennie,

No 31, State-street, Has for sale,

TWENTY-FIVE hhds old Jamaica Spirit—

20 do W. I. Rum,

10 pipes old Cognack Brandy,

10 do old first proof Barcelona do.

3 do real Holland Gin,

Madeira, Lisbon, Sicily, Vidonia, and Red Port } WINES, in pipes, half pipes and qr. casks.

20 qr. casks old sherry Wine, imported in 1806,

50 do Malaga do.

100 cases first quality Bordeaux Claret,

Sweet Oil, in 12 bottle cases,

A few kegs London ground Mustard,

4 butts Palermo Sweet Oil,

Bourbon, Java & W. I. Coffee, in bags,

50 sacks best Velvet and common Corks,

3 crates Liverpool Ware, containing Wash Basons, &c.

A general assortment of first quality old Bottled Liquors.

100 empty Wine Pipes, principally Iron bound. feb 12

Stevens & Athearn,

No. 19, Long-wharf, Have for sale,

THREE Hundred kegs first quality manufactured Tobacco—just received, 200 kegs common do do—30 hhds James River Leaf do.—2000 bushels Corn—36 bales Georgia Upland Cotton, part very prime—50 bbls Baltimore Flour—2 tons Cordage—17 hhds. Loaf Sugar. feb 23

Howe & Spear,

No. 5 & 6, D. Spear's Wharf, Have for sale,

ONE Hundred and twenty dozen No. 10 Cotton Cards—50 pipes 4th proof Gin—100 bags fine blown Salt—500 wt. white Lead. feb 23

Rum, Hemp, Iron, &c.

THOMAS & EDWARD MOTLEY, No 37, India-street, have for sale, now landing from sch'r. Rhoda—40 puncheons Rum, of a very superior quality. *In Store,*

100 hhds. and 90 bags Coffee, entitled to debenture—500 hhds coarse Liverpool Salt—500 tons Campeachy and St. Domingo Logwood—30 tons Fustic—120 do old Sable Iron—Havana Sugar—Russia Duck—Jamaica and Antigua Rum—Havana Cigars—American Cordage—clean Hemp. feb 23

Isaac Mc'Lellan,

No. 41, Long-wharf, Has for Sale,

25 hhds, 7 tierces, 100 barrels, } Muscovado SUGARS, good quality.

25 boxes white and brown Brazil Sugar;

3 hhds best retailing Molasses;

87 hhds 2d, 3d, and 4th proof W. I. Rum;

3500 wt Bourbon and Java Coffee in bags;

5000 wt West Indies do

150 hhds clean white Rock Salt,

60 kegs white Lead,

76 reams demy Printing Paper,

1200 gross Corks—9,400 Ox Horns,

172 bbls superfine Flour,

95 kegs manufactured Tobacco,

Few bbls clear and mess Pork and No. 3 Beef,

250 bbls No. 1 and 2 mess Beef,

American Cordage, different sizes,

Russia Duck, Sheetings, and a few boxes Riga Balsam. Also,

41,700 W. O. pipe Staves,

80,000 W. O. hhd. do.

63,800 W. O. bbl. do.

—ALSO—

Landing from sch. Rhoda, Capt. Mc'Lellan,

23 hhds 3d proof fine flavoured W. I. Rum,

21 casks Pot Ash,

100 bbls No. 1 and 2 Beef,

100 do. superfine Alexandria Flour.

From sloop Messenger, Capt. Porter,

19 hhds best retailing Molasses,

100 bbls superfine Alexa. Flour. Feb 23

Flour, Duck, &c.

SAMUEL F. COOLIDGE, No. 4, *India-street, offers for Sale,*

200 bbls Alexandria Superfine Flour,

350 pieces first quality Russia Duck,

100 do do Ravens Duck,

55 tons do Clean St. Petersburg Hemp,

5 cases Russia Hats,

300 bags Green Coffee,

50 do Bourbon do } For family use,

20 do Java do }

100 qr. casks American Gunpowder,

1 case excellent Fowling Pieces,

5 bales Vicunna Wool,

10 tons Rochelle Camwood, suitable for the French Market,

10 pipes real Cognac Brandy,

50 boxes Tobacco Pipes,

1 case Nutmegs,

A few quarter casks London particular Madeira Wine. Feb 23

Henry Rice,

No. 2, Union-Street, Has for sale,

TEN cases common and super Calicoes,

Black, white and colored Cambrics,

Broadcloths, Cassimeres and Coatings,

60 casks patent cut Nails,

50 do English wrought do.

2 do 14 oz. Tacks,

2 do common and fine clout Nails,

3 do 4 & 5 lb scupper Nails,

4 do brass Kettles—2 do Sickles,

2 do Curry Combs,

5 cases Matheman coat and vest Buttons,

4 do gilt and silvered do.

2 do Inkpowder,

125 bbls No. 1 & 2 Beef.

Also—Dutch Coffee Mills,

Cast cut Hinges—Shoe Knives,

Knives and Forks,

Files—Awl Blades,

Patent Shot—Sheet Lead. (tf) feb 26

Rich Goods.

NOW opening for sale, by ASA DOW, *No. 1, Cornhill-square,*—

AMONG WHICH ARE—

White Satins—white Levantine Silks—Ribbons—very fine shear and leno Muslins; Black, white and coloured Italian Crapes; India Cobweb Hdk'fs.—elegant silk Shawls;—Silk and kid Gloves all of which will be sold low. Feb 23

ELEGANT GOLD MUSLINS.

LEONARD JARVIS, No. 54, Cornhill, has for sale,

A few pieces of elegant gold Muslins,

Plain and figured white Lustring,

Do. do. coloured do.

Black Sattins and Sarsnetts,

Elegant black and white lace Veils and Shawls,

Thread Laces and Edgings,

Fine cambrick Muslins and linen Cambricks. Feb 23

Black Levantine Silk.

CHARLES WINSLOW, No. 60, Cornhill, offers for sale,

A few pieces of black Levantine Silk, of superior quality. —*ALSO*—

Double Florence Silk—Ginghams—Calicoes—black Italian Crapes—Shirting Cottons—Dimoties—fine sheer Muslin—white Cotton Cambrics—black do—Cambric Muslins—black and colored Canton Crapes—Cotton Hose—long white Kid Gloves—black and white Lace Veils and Shawls—500 pieces Nankins, &c. Feb 26

Samuel S. Bradlee,

No. 24, Merchants' Row,

OFFERS FOR SALE,

5000 lb. Iron Wire assorted, from No. 6 to 18,

1600 lb. Card do. do. from No 30 to 35,

30 boxes Tin Plate,

40 dozen English Iron Shovels,

20 bundles Frying Pans,

350 boxes 9 by 7 Bristol Crown Glass,

100 Anvils and Vises,

Casks Carr Boxes, with a general assortment of Hard-Ware and Shelf Goods.

5000 lb. Sheet Iron. 1m Feb 2

Iron Wire and Emery Powder.

ABRAHAM BABIT, No. 2, *South-row*, offers for sale,

IRON WIRE, assorted sizes, from No. 1 to No. 22; EMERY, of assorted qualities. *Also*, SHOVELS and TONGS, assorted sizes.

The above Goods will be sold, wholesale and retail, at reasonable prices. feb 18

Asaph Stone,

NO. 67, State-street, under the Massachusetts Bank—*Offers for Sale,*

4 Cases Black India Sarsnetts,

1 do Rich Figured do

1 Box Elegant Damask Table Cloths and Napkins,

2 do Lace, Nett and Trimming Lace,

1 Trunk English Kid Slippers,

8 Dozen Imitation Shawls,

1 Box Buttons and Tapes,

15 do Sattin Ribbons,

2 Cases Elegant Long & Short Kid Gloves,

2 Trunks 4 4 Calicoes,

2 Boxes Linen Cambric Handkerchiefs,

6 Bales Blankets,

1 Box India Galloons,

1 Trunk No. 6 & 7 Pins,

1400 Pieces Mamo Chop Company Nankins,

1400 do Blue do do do

2 Boxes Lace Armletts, &c. &c.

1 Case Galloons,

1 do ¾ Ell Sarsnetts,

2 do White Cotton Cambrics, &c. &c. &c.

(2m) Feb 19

☞ Ladies', Gentlemen's and Misses Wash Leather and Beaver Gloves.

J. B. WINN........9, CORNHILL.

ONE case, from Auction, containing 100 dozen GLOVES, part of which are of an excellent quality, assorted, as above.

Also—5 trunks fine CALICOES, to be sold at a small advance by the package. 2m feb 5

Linens.

JOHN FOX, No. 60, Cornhill, has received for sale, a fresh assortment of extra fine 4-4 Irish Linens, of the first rate fabric—Also fine undressed French Cambrick. Feb 26

Superb Goods.

GEORGE PALMER, No. 48, Marlborough-street, has just opened, from the late French sales—a few Fichus—Silk Netting, 7-8 of an Ell—Cashemire—palm, bordered half Handkerchiefs—1 case superb Ostrich and other Plumes—10 boxes elegant Flowers and Wreaths. Feb 26

Elegant Ribbons, etc.

GEORGE PALMER, No. 48, Marlborough-street, Has just received a few boxes elegant RIBBONS, superior quality. Also—40 doz. of Ladie's long and short, coloured Kid GLOVES, extra fine—50 pieces white Milinets—together with a general assortment of GOODS. feb 23.

Elegant Black Laces.

JOHN C. DRAPER, has for sale at No. 10 1-2 *Union-street*, an elegant assortment of black patent LACES. Feb 29

John Sweet,

No. 3, Kilby-street,

HAS for sale—one case French Thread LACES, viz. white and black Lace Veils, Caps, Vandykes, &c. which cost from 20 to 750 francs each; white and black Thread Laces, which cost from 1 to 50 francs per ell. Also—125 pieces Russia Sheetings, of the first quality, and a general assortment of India Cotton, by the bale or piece, which are suitable for Sheeting and Shirting. Feb 19

White Satins,

ASA DOW, No. 1, Cornhill square, has for sale—Elegant White Satins—White Lustring—Kid Gloves—Short Silk do—Ribbons—White Cambrics—White and Colored Crapes—Black Silk Velvet—Green Lustring—Linen Cambric—Linen Pocket Handkerchiefs—White Flannels—White, Black and Slate Silk Hose—English and French, and many other articles, which are offered Cheap. Feb 19

Ball Dresses.

RICH black, white and rose coloured Silk Velvets—white Florence Silks, and English double Sarsnets—superfine white Kid Gloves—and Silk Hose—elegant black and white tambored and figured silk lace Nett, 6-4 wide.

No. 9, CORNHILL—J. B. WINN. feb 19

Blankets and Flannels.

A Few pieces of BLANKETS, and a few pieces white, red and yellow FLANNELS, *remarkably cheap*, for sale at No. 3, Cornhill-square. feb 16

Cloth and Cassimeres.

BENJAMIN WINSLOW, No 7, Cornhill, has for sale—3 bales superfine Cloths, cost from 13s3 to 18s9 sterl. of all colours; 3 do superfine Cassimeres, cost from 6s3 to 10s6.

Also—3 trunks Ladies' white Cotton Hose.

The above Goods are offered by the piece or package. feb 16

Thread Lace Caps and Vandykes.

GEORGE PALMER, No. 48, *Marlboro-street*, has for sale, a few elegant Thread Lace Caps and Vandykes, superior patterns. feb 16

English Silk Hose.

ASA DOW, No 1, Cornhill-square, has just received some elegant Silk Hose—likewise on hand, very fine Pinafores, Fancy Muslins, Shawls; Veils; Scarfs; French Ribbons, &c. feb 19

Italian Sewing Silk.

JEREMIAH FITCH, No. 27, Cornhill, has for sale,

A few lbs of the best Sewing Silk, consisting of black and assorted colours. Feb 17

Linens.

JOHN FOX, No 60, Cornhill, has received for sale, a fresh assortment of fine 4-4 Irish Linens, *Also* 5 4 Linen Sheetings, 5-4 and 6 4 cotton do Diapers, French Cambricks, cambrick Muslins, and a few ps. Law's approved cotton and linen shirting Cloths. feb 16

THE FIRST COPY OF THE "DAILY ADVERTISER." THE OLDEST EXISTING BOSTON NEWSPAPER.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
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vived in 1776 as a patriotic paper, for which Sam Adams, John Hancock and Rev. William Gordon wrote; and it became, after the Revolution, the ardent Republican paper, which favoured Hancock and Adams, Jefferson and Gerry against the Boston Federalists, whose organ was the *Centinel,* edited by the strenuous Ben Russell. His lively partisan sheet was finally incorporated in the first successful Boston daily, the Boston *Daily Advertiser and Repertory,* which began its course March 3, 1813, and a year later, April 6, 1814, passed into the hands of Nathan Hale, nephew of the "patriot spy of the Revolution" and father of the Rev. Dr. Edward Everett Hale, who, with all his brothers and sisters, was for years connected with Boston journalism.

The advent of Nathan Hale marked a gradual change in editorial management and introduced a new character, the editor who was not of necessity a printer. Franklin, Thomas, Isaac Hill, Thurlow Weed, Horace Greeley, William Lloyd Garrison and the elder Samuel Bowles, though editors of fame, had originally been printers, as was J. T. Buckingham, who founded the Boston *Courier.* But Mr. Hale was not a printer, nor were the Greenes, who established first the weekly *Statesman* and then in 1831 the *Morning Post;* nor the Walters, who edited the *Evening Transcript* for many years; nor Richard Haughton, who edited the daily *Atlas,* and guided the Whig politics of Massachusetts for a few busy years. It is true that practical printers, like William Robinson, of Concord, Charles Hazewell and George Monroe (the sole survivor of Henry Clay journalism in Boston) have risen to eminence in the journalism of Boston; but, as a rule, for seventy years past our successful editors have not been printers. The result was, in Nathan Hale's case and that of his sons, Nathan, Edward and Charles, that leading articles, written in the office and not furnished by Publius, Fabius, Laco, Nov-Anglus, Massachusettensis, Honestus and other Romans of the period of John Adams, Jonathan Sewall, Stephen Higginson and Ben Austin, began to appear in the *Advertiser,* and set the fashion for later newspapers. Upon the death of Mr. Hale in 1863, his brother-in-law, Edward Everett, remarked in a speech:

> It was said by the founder and editor of the Boston *Courier* (Mr. Buckingham) that the *Advertiser* was the first journal which systematically introduced the editorial discussion of political topics; that branch of journalism having before been left to correspondents, the most celebrated of whom are the authors of the *Federalist* and Junius. Certain it is that the columns of the *Advertiser,* for forty years, contained an editorial comment on passing affairs at home and abroad; and such comment was prepared by Mr. Hale in a manner to exercise a marked influence on the public mind.

So positive was Mr. Hale in this feature of his long-lived paper that when distinguished writers—Daniel Webster, Edward Everett, or his elder brother, Alexander—offered articles they had to go in as communications; only the official editors were to write the leaders. Perhaps in consequence of this original feature Mr. Hale's journal became a great swallower of earlier papers; besides the *Repertory,* it swallowed up before 1830 the *Chronicle and Patriot,* the *Columbian Centinel,* the *New England Palladium,* and the *Commercial Gazette.*

We have now reached the comparatively modern period of 1820, when American journalism began or continued its long flourishing period of political and religious partisanship, which, about 1870, began to give way to the phase called "independent journalism." From 1820 to long after the Civil War, partisanship was the aim of all Boston newspapers, whether religious, reformatory or ordinarily political, with the single exception of the *Transcript,* which has chiefly become partisan since the Civil War. Of journals still extant, though much unlike their originals, may be named the *Traveller,* founded in 1825; the *Post,* in 1831 (specially as an organ of the Jacksonian Democrats); the *Transcript,* a year earlier, in July, 1830; the *Christian Register,* in 1821 (organ of the Massachusetts Unitarians); the *Congregationalist* (swallowing up the earlier Trinitarian *Recorder*), in 1839; the *Watchman* (Baptist), in 1819; the *Zion's Herald,* and the Boston *Pilot,*

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the Catholic organ. I omit for the present the *Herald* and the *Globe*, both mildly partisan. The *Journal*, published first in 1833 as the *Mercantile Journal*, was started by a retired sea captain, J. S. Sleeper, who had previously been concerned in a New Hampshire weekly, the Exeter *News-Letter*, in one of the four oldest towns of that State, where then and for years after a large printing business was carried on, and great additions of popular fiction came out. Captain Sleeper assumed the pseudonym of "Hawser Martingale," and wrote tales of the sea and nautical yarns that made the *Journal* long a favourite of boys and seafaring families; which were far more numerous then, proportionately, in Massachusetts and New Hampshire than they are now, since manufacturers have so much supplemented commerce and the ocean trade has deserted the smaller

Daily Evening Transcript.

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EVENING TRANSCRIPT

L. M. WALTER, Editor.

DUTTON AND WENTWORTH......PUBLISHERS, No. 4, Exchange Street.

TERMS.—Four dollars per annum, payable semi-annually in advance.
Advertisements inserted at customary prices.

REGULAR PACKETS.

NEW YORK DESPATCH LINE.

Schr *Sun*, M. Homes, Jr. Master.
" *Turk*, D Godfrey, Jr. "
" *Trio*, J. Nickerson, "
" *Mirror*, Z. Bassett, "
" *Warrior*, Geo. Lovell, "
" *Tremont*, Isaiah Lewis, "
Sail regularly from the head of Long Wharf, every Wednesday and Saturday.

NEW-YORK NEW LINE.

Schr *Champion*, S. Baker, Master.
" *Gentile*, S. H. Howes, "
" *Boston*, R. Gould, "
" *Mohigan*, T Sparrow, "
" *General Stark*, A Baxter, "
" *Oscar*, T Baker, "
Sail regularly from the head of Central and Long Wharfs every Wednesday and Saturday.

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" *Banner* S Bulkley, "
" *Vesper*, Wakeman, "
" *Rochester*, Silliman, "
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Sail regularly from the head of Mercantile Wharf every Wednesday and Saturday.

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PHILADELPHIA UNION LINE.

Brig *Pilot*, Fisher, Master.
" *Shawmut*, Wing, "
" *Barclay*, Clark, "
" *Milton*, Howe, "
" *Flora*, Clarke, "
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" *Cato*, Percival, "
" *Chatham*, Small, "
" *Ida*, Hallett, "
" *Cecilia*, Nickerson, "
Sail regularly from Central Wharf every Saturday.

BALTIMORE REGULAR LINE.

Brig *Pocket*, Hallet, Master
" *Wm. Wallace*, Bowley, "
Schr *Reaper*, Smith, "
" *Fornax*, Chase, "
" *Spy*, Small, "
" *Classic*, R. C. Smith, "
Sail regularly from Long Wharf every Thursday

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Brig *Colombo*, Wentern, Jr. Master
" *Cathier*, Stetson, "
" *Baltimore*, Ryder, "
Sail from the T wharf every month.

ALBANY DESPATCH LINE.

Schr *Talent*, Cammett, Master
" *Balance*, Hodges, "
" *Alphion*, B. F Scudder, "
Sloop *Avon*, P. Scudder, "
" *Diamond*, Crosby,
Sail regularly from Long Wharf every week

HARTFORD REGULAR LINE

Sch. *Asia*, Flower, Master
" *China*, Churchill, "
" *Echo*, Goodspeed, "
" *Boston*, Webber "
Sail regularly every week from Long Wharf.

DOVER N. H. REGULAR LINE.

Sch. *Boston Packet*, Lindsey, Master.
" *Dover Packet*, Pearce, "
" *Wm. Tell*, Perkins, "
Slp. *Satellite*, Young, "
Sail from Long Wharf every Saturday

PORTSMOUTH REGULAR LINE

Schr. Volusia, Sloop Venus,
" Rambler, " Young Hornet
" Lydia, " Caroline,
" Dove, " Boston Packet
" Lorenzo
Sail every week from north side of Central whf

MESS BEEF. 150 bbls. 1, 2, & 3, for sale by BRIDGE & FULLERTON, 3 Long wharf

RAISINS. 33 casks Malaga, for sale by JOSIAH BRADLEE & CO 34 India wharf

MERINO CLOTHS. 1 case for sale by WHITNEY & HASKELL, 99 Washington street

SILLERY CHAMPAGNE. 10 cases for sale by ED CODMAN, 31 Congress street.

HAVANA SUGAR. 154 boxes for sale by CHANDLER & HOWARD, 16 Central wharf

VARNISH, for copper plate printers, for sale by JOHN PUNCHARD, 22 Congress street

STARCH. 50 bbls Philadelphia, for sale by STANTON & NICHOLS, 19 Central wharf

WHEAT MIDDLINGS. 300 lbs for sale by SETH E BENSON, 32 Long wharf

REFINED SUGAR. 150 boxes loaf and lump, for sale by J M BROWN, 12 Long wharf.

IMITATION ST. CROIX. 25 puncheons for sale by MUNSON & BARNARD, 17 Central Wharf.

SALT. Trapani, Cadiz, St. Ubes and Liverpool, for sale by BALLISTER & McLELLAN, 21 Long Wharf.

TEAS, NANKINS, SUGAR, & CASSIA, for sale by THEODORE D PARKER, 48 India wharf

ST. DOMINGO COFFEE. 110 bags prime, for sale by JAMES ANDREWS & SON, 8 Central wharf.

TOBACCO. 150 kegs Richmond, for sale by ROBINSON, TYSON & CO 30 Long wharf

PICO WINE, pipes—half do.—and quarter casks, for sale by A & C CUNNINGHAM, Rowe's wharf.

PORT WINE, in pipes and quarter pipes, for sale by ELDRIDGE & NICHOLSON, 14 Broad street.

SUMMER OIL. 2000 gallons prime, for sale by C W CARTWRIGHT, & CO 32 India street.

BLONDE GAUZE VEILS, 4-5 & 6-4, for sale by JAS HOBART, 91 Washington street.

EXCHANGE ON LONDON. £4000 stg on London, at 50 days, for sale by RICHARDSON & WHITNEY, 11 Central wharf.

GREEN BARAGE, GREEN CRAPE and GREEN GAUZE, for sale by FREEMAN, COBB & Co. 28 Kilby st.

ST CROIX RUM, entitled to debenture, for sale by B & C CLARK, 41 Central wharf,

RACKED OIL, suitable for lamps, for sale by MACOMBER, SAWIN & HUNTING, 28 Com st.

SULPHATE OF QUININE, warranted genuine, for sale by E. COPELAND, Jr. 65 Broad st

CHOPPAS & BANDANNAS, 17 cases, for sale by THO. WIGGLESWORTH, 16 India wharf.

HAVANA CIGARS. 75 half & qr boxes for sale by GRIGGS & WELD 12 Long wharf

REGULUS OF ANTIMONY. 7 bbls for sale by CHANDLER & HOWARD, 16 Central whf.

THIBET CLOTHS. 1 case assorted, for sale by NICHOLS & WHITAKER, Cornhill square

SPERMACETI CANDLES. 737 boxes 4's 5's & 6's, for sale by JOSIAH BRADLEE & Co 34 India whf.

RUSSIA SAILCLOTH. 130 ps. 1st quality for sale by JOSIAH BRADLEE & CO 34 India whf

SUMMER OIL. 12,500 gals. prime for sale by JOSIAH BRADLEE & CO. 34 India wharf

MANILLA GRASS. 100 Bales best white, for sale by CHANDLER & HOWARD, 15, Central whf

WOOL. 200 lbs Washed Premium, for sale by LIVERMORE & KENDALL, 27 Kilby Street

REFINED WHALE OIL. 1,530 gals. superior, for sale by C W CARTWRIGHT & CO 32 India st

ALABAMA COTTON. 99 bales, for sale by STANTON & NICHOLS, 19 Central whf

FAMILY FLOUR. 48 hlf. bbls. Gallego, for sale by PARKER & STEVENS, 24 Central whf

RETRIEVE PAPER, suitable for lawyers, for sale by HILLIARD GRAY & CO. 104 Washington st

SUMMER OIL. 1 900 gals. prime for sale by C W CARTWRIGHT & CO 32 India street.

SPERM CANDLES. 130 boxes, 4's 5's & 6's for sale by C W CARTWRIGHT & CO. 32 India st.

WOOL. 10,000 lbs. Ohio fleece, for sale by LIVERMORE & KENDALL, 27 Kilby street.

SHERRY WINE, ripened under the tropics, for sale by ABEL PHELPS, Congress st.

PORT WINE. 5 years in the wood, for sale by ABEL PHELPS, Congress street.

FRENCH WINES, of celebrated vine yards, for sale by MERIAM & BRIGHAM, Congress st.

PRIME CIDER. 300 pipes, from 2 to 6 years old, for sale by JNO. PENNO, Hanover st.

TOBACCO. 26 boxes Richmond, for sale by ROBINSON, TYSON & CO Long wharf.

PRINTING INK, Hastings Manufacture, for sale by JNO. PUNCHARD, 22 Congress st.

HAVANA CIGARS. 100 half and qr. boxes, for sale by CHANDLER & HOWARD, 16 Central wharf.

WHITE ASH PLANK. A superior lot for sale by BENJ. THOMPSON, Charlestown.

MADEIRA WINE. 10 Gross superior, O. P. for sale by ABEL PHELPS, Congress st.

MOLASSES. 140 hhds. Surinam; 300 hhds. Havana, for sale by THOMAS & EBENEZER MOTLEY.

PIPE STAVES. 12,000 White Oak, for sale by HOWARD & MERRY, 30 Central wharf.

CROOK'S COTTON DUCK. 100 bolts, for sale by JNO. PEARSON, 34 Long wharf.

CLEAR PORK & BACON. 108 bbls. for sale by COPELAND & LORING, 7 Long wharf.

SALT-PETRE & SAL-AMONIAC, for sale by HALL & WILLIAMS 35 Central wharf.

COOKING FURNACES, constantly for sale by GEO. H. GRAY & CO. 89 & 91 Water street.

ALABAMA COTTON. 186 bales, for sale by STANTON & NICHOLS, 19 Central wharf.

TRINIDAD MOLASSES. 241 hhds. for sale by BIXBY, VALENTINE & CO. 30 Commercial street.

COFFEE BAGS. 5000, entitled to debenture, for sale by B. C. CLARK, 41 Central wharf.

FROCK COATS. A handsome assortment, for sale by WM. R. KELLEY, 5 Congress street.

LUMP SUGAR. 30 boxes New-York, for sale by CHANDLER & HOWARD, 16 Central wharf.

BANK SHARES, bought at fair rates by GILBERT & SONS, Exchange street.

RAISINS. 60 casks Red Smyrna, for sale by OTIS VINAL, 42 Long wharf.

FLAX. 300 lbs. for sale by R. LINCOLN & CO 46 Central wharf.

INDIA POINT GIN. 87 bbls. for sale by E. WILLIAMS & CO, 25 Central wharf.

LOGWOOD. 70 tons Campeachy for sale by JOHN PRATT & SON.

WHEEL GIN. 40 pipes for sale by SARGENT & BROOKS, 47 Central wharf.

N. O. MOLASSES. 90 hhds. for sale, by FISHER & POWERS, 23 Central whf.

PORTO RICO COFFEE. 36 hhds. for sale by JOHN TYLER, Central wharf.

RICE. 122 casks for sale by AMI C. LOMBARD, T wharf.

BRAZIER'S COPPER, constantly for sale by H. N. HOOPER, Liberty square.

HAVANA HONEY 13 tierces, for sale by T & E. Motley, 31 India wharf.

BLOCK TINWARE, constantly for sale by G H. GRAY & CO. 91 Water st.

TOWER'S BRANDY 20 bbls. for sale by GEO. CHANNING, Water st.

PERU IRON. 15 tons, for sale by JAS FULLERTON, 1 & 2 S. Market st.

PATNA COWHIDES, for sale by EMERSON & JONES, 32 Broad st.

SALT, of all kinds, for sale by JAS. OAKES, 49 Long wharf

LOAF SUGAR. 18 boxes Philadelphia, for sale by E WILLIAMS & CO 25 Ct. whf

WOOL. 3 Sacks, for sale by WILLIAM LINCOLN, 29 India st.

FANS. 1,000 superior Palm Leaf, for sale by SAMUEL J BRIDGE, 7 Doane st.

RUM. 6 Hhds. windward Island, for sale by E. WILLIAMS & CO. 28 Central whf.

GUM COPAL. 2,500 lbs. for sale by W & S. LAWRENCE & STONE

SPERM OIL. 10,000 galls for sale by FISK & RICE, 4 Central wharf.

NEUTRA SKINS. 10,000 prime, for sale by B. HOMES, 100 Milk st.

DRY GRINDSTONES. 400 for sale by B. HOMES, 100 Milk st.

SURRINAM MOLASSES. 26 hhds. for sale by GEO. HALLET, 19 India st.

MARTINIQUE MOLASSES 75 hds for sale by BENJ. SMITH, 31 India st.

VASE FLOWERS. An assortment for sale by BENJ. JACOBS, 44 Washington st.

VESTINGS. A large assortment, for sale by JNO. WILSON & Co. State st.

CHURCH BELLS of superior tone, for sale by H. N HOOPER, Liberty square.

GENESEE FLOUR. 500 bbls, for sale by BIGELOW & BANGS, 15 Long whf.

CRASH. 4 bales for sale by FREEMAN, COBB & Co. 28 Kilby st.

SUGAR. 100 boxes, white and brown, for sale by E. COPELAND, Jr. 65 Broad st.

PORT WINE, of delicate flavor, for sale by ED CODMAN, 31 Congress st.

CHAIN CABLES, manufactured by COTTON & HILL, 30 Long wharf.

PALM LEAF. 200 bales Manzanella, for sale by JOHN FRENCH, 8 Long wharf.

RYE FLOUR. 50 bales, for sale by HORACE SCUDDER, 4 Central wharf.

PATENT CORDAGE, constantly for sale by JNO FAIRFIELD, 27 Central whf.

VIRGINIA COTTON. 8 bales for sale by WM. M. LADD, 8 Long wharf.

AMERICAN GIN. 30 bbls. 'Grose Rose,' for sale by STANTON & NICHOLS.

FRESH TEAS, in canisters of 7 lbs. for sale by G. MURDOCK & CO.

ST UBES SALT. A cargo afloat, for sale by E. WESTON, 29 Long wharf.

BROWN COTTON. 200 bales for sale by W. & S. LAWRENCE & STONE.

LOGWOOD. 85 tons St. Domingo, for sale by B. C. CLARK, 41 Central wharf.

TEAZELS. 20,000 for sale by WARREN, BARRY & PARK, 57 Water street.

SHOT. Youle's Patent for sale by WHITWELL, BOND & CO. 11 Kilby street.

SCYTHE STICKS. 200 doz. for sale by SETH E. BENSON, 32 Long wharf.

LINSEED OIL. 15 casks Dutch, for sale by JOSIAH WHITNEY & CO. Cil. whf.

LOWELL CARPETS, for sale by A. & A. LAWRENCE & CO. Liberty sqr.

FANS, black and white, Tiffany, for sale by THOMAS DENNIE, JR. 24 Kilby street.

JAMEISON CRACKERS. 300 kegs for sale by WM. G. LADD, 25 Long wharf.

OIL VITRIOL, constantly for sale by LOWELL & GARDNER, 47 India whf.

MANILLA CORDAGE, for sale by WM. F. WELD, 25 Central wharf.

FIGS. 1,806 drums, for sale by PUTNAM & PRATT, 36 Central wharf.

GENESEE FLOUR. 200 bbls. for sale by HORACE SCUDDER, 4 Central whf.

BRAZIL SUGAR. 80 cases, for sale by CHANDLER & HOWARD, 16 Cil. whf.

OATS. 1700 bushels Delaware, for sale by R. LINCOLN & CO. 46 Long wharf.

MATANZAS MOLASSES. 300 hhds. for sale at 16 Central wharf

CLEAR PORK. 75 bbls. for sale by JAMES CUNNINGHAM, 12 Rowe's whf.

CARABOURNA RAISINS, in casks and drums, for sale at 25 India wharf.

LARD. 378 kegs first sort, for sale by W. L. WHEELER, 2 & 6 Green street.

CORN BAGS. 700 large size, for sale by JACOB FORSTER, JR. 25 Long wharf.

HAIR SEAL SKINS. 5000, suitable for Tanners, for sale at 25 Foster's wharf.

HEMP. 118 bundles Kentucky, for sale by R. D. TUCKER & SON, India wharf.

PIG LEAD. 22,000 lbs. for sale by FISK & RICE, 4 Central wharf

BI-CHROM. POTASH. 1000 lbs. for sale by DELANO & WHITNEY, 15 S Market

CALCUTTA SILK. 20 cases for sale by WM. WHITNEY, 41 Broad st.

SALEM ALUM. 7,500 lbs for sale by E COPELAND, Jr.

VERDEGRIS. 2 hhds. dry Bordeaux, for sale by Wm. WHITNEY, 41 Broad st.

HIDES & HORNS, for sale by D BRIGHAM, 7 Kilby st.

PORK. 225 bbls Navy Mess, for sale by S. C. THWING, 28 India whf.

MISSOURI SHOT. 33 Casks for sale by S C. THWING, 28 India whf.

PIPE STAVES. 13 M.—W. O. for sale by S. C. THWING, 28 India whf.

HEMP. 4 Tons Kentucky, for sale by S. C THWING, 28 India whf.

GOAT SKINS. 5,000 Cunacoa, for sale by RUFUS BRACKET, 37 & 38 Market st

TAMARINDS, a supply of fresh, for sale at the Boston Infirmary, Milk st.

INDIGO. 20 cases Bengal, for sale by CHANDLER & HOWARD, 16 Ctl. whf.

FIRST ISSUE OF "THE TRANSCRIPT."

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cities, Salem, Newburyport, Portsmouth, Plymouth, etc., to centre in Boston. It may also be mentioned that the *Journal* always had a turn for literature, and the persistent, though little-read poet and prose writer, Ellery Channing, began his essay writing in this newspaper before going to Illinois and Cincinnati, where he continued in journalism irregularly and soon became an associate or assistant of Horace Greeley in the New York *Tribune,* but only for a few months. The Boston *Journal* was swept into the tide of partisan politics before 1840, and has since been one of the most extreme partisan organs, though with an occasional relapse into independence or neutrality.

A truly independent editor, though sharply partisan in his way, was the founder of the Boston *Courier,* Buckingham, who may be said to have continued the line of printer-editors begun by Franklin and carried on by Isaiah Thomas. He was born, Joseph Tinker, in Connecticut, but not liking the odd name, he added to it, before he was thirty, the maternal name of Buckingham, which he made illustrious in Boston journalism and early magazine literature. After several newspaper ventures, more or less successful, he founded the *Courier* in 1824, and, seven years after, a monthly, the *New England Magazine,* which attracted to its pages all the rising literary young men of Boston and its vicinity—Hawthorne, Longfellow, Holmes, Willis, Dr. Howe, etc., and was the real precursor of the *Atlantic Monthly.* But the *Courier* was a far more important organ of Buckingham's opinions and tastes, and distinguished itself much on several occasions, either on the right or the wrong side. When in March, 1837, Bronson Alcott, the stately but misappreciated Socrates of Boston, had published his *Conversations on the Gospels,* the book was fiercely assailed by the *Advertiser* and *Courier* as indecent and blasphemous, as well as absurd. Emerson, who was lecturing in Salem, came to the rescue of his friend, and wrote for the *Advertiser* a communication, which that bigoted journal declined to publish. He then sent it to Buckingham, who had recommended that Alcott be indicted by the Grand Jury for his book, and the candid veteran printed it with this introduction:

> The truly Christian temper and amiable disposition of the writer (R. W. Emerson) are so well known to us that it is truly a pleasure to gratify him by placing it in our columns: although our own opinion of the *Conversations* and the Schoolmaster who has adopted so singular a plan of instruction has undergone no change.

The defence of this innocent volume by Emerson in the *Courier* is worth citing in part, for never did Emerson write better than on this topic. He said to Buckingham (March 26, 1837):

> In the *Conversations* a passage or two occurs which, separated from the connection in the book, might give great uneasiness to many readers. Precisely those passages one of the daily papers selected, and, dragging them out of the protection of the philosophy and religion which hedged them round, held them up to censure. These unlucky scriptures, innocent enough to the reader of the whole book, were copied with horror into another paper, and now again have kindled the anger of your correspondent; and even your known urbanity has failed you, sir, for the moment. In behalf of the book I have but one plea to make,—let it be read. Any reasonable man will perceive that fragments out of a new theory of Christian instruction are not in the best place for examination between the Price Current and the Shipping-List. Try the effect of a passage from Plato's *Phædo,* or the *Confessions of St. Augustine* in the same place. . . . Mr. Alcott's methods cannot be said to have had a fair trial. But he is making an experiment in which all the friends of education are interested. And I ask you, sir, whether it be wise or just to add to the anxieties of his enterprise a public clamour against some detached sentences of a book which, as a whole, is pervaded with original thought and sincere piety.

The suppression of the other side of a question discussed by the Boston newspapers was a characteristic then, and still is, of this provincial journalism; for Boston only rarely has risen out of the provincial and intolerant spirit which drove Franklin to the more liberal air of Philadelphia, which mobbed Garrison, spattered Alcott, and Emerson himself, with mud and suppressed the unpopular

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side in most controversies. In the recent smallpox epidemic there it has been as difficult to get the matter discussed in the newspapers, from the scientific side, as it was before 1850 to have the anti-slavery side advocated in the Whig and Democratic newspapers, always excepting Mr. Buckingham's *Courier*. It was in his columns that young Russell Lowell, who had been converted to the anti-slavery side by his first wife and her friends, first published the immortal *Biglow Papers;* and he made his Yankee spokesman, Hosea Biglow, characterise the editor thus in the second of the Papers:

His folks gin the letter to me and i shew it to parson Wilbur and he ses it oughter Bee printed. send it to mister Buckinum, ses he, i don't ollers agree with him, ses he, but by Time, ses he, i *du* like a feller that aint a Feared.

There had been an earlier introduction of the Yankee dialect in the Boston newspapers by a writer then rather celebrated, Seba Smith, of Maine, who, under the disguise of "Major Jack Downing," had satirised President Jackson ten or a dozen years before Lowell broke out, as was said of Sir John Denham's poem, "like the Irish rebellion, forty thousand strong." The fame of the Major has departed, but he imposed on good old parsons of the Wilbur type; for Emerson, in his sketch of Rev. Dr. Ripley, his grandfather by marriage, has this to say of that venerable man, then owning and residing in the "Old Manse":

At the time (1832) when Jack Downing's letters were in every paper, Dr. Ripley repeated to me at table some of the particulars of that gentleman's intimacy with General Jackson, in a manner that betrayed to me at once that he took the whole for fact. To undeceive him I hastened to recall some particulars to show the absurdity of the thing, as the Major and the President going out skating together on the Potomac, etc. "Why," said the Doctor with perfect faith, "it was a bright moonlight night;" and I am not sure that he did not die in the belief in the reality of Major Downing.

Hosea Biglow created no such illusion, though it was some time before the young Cambridge poet was suspected of those delicious Yankee satires, with their prelections by the imaginary Parson Wilbur, and their felicitous press notices, invented by Lowell, when they came out in a book, as they soon did. In the Boston *Morning Post* of November 3, 1847, it was alleged that Lowell was the author, and he was smartly taken to task for the letter on the subject of

John P.
Robinson he
Sez they didn't know everything down in Judee.

What really excited the *Post's* ire was the fact that its own prominence as a comic newspaper, which had been great in Boston, was threatened by those lively sallies in the *Courier;* but it professed to be greatly startled by the irreligious and unpatriotic meanings conveyed in this stanza:

We wuz gittin' on nicely up here to our village,
With good old idees of wut's right an' wut ain't,
We kind o' thought Christ went agin war an' pillage,
An' thet eppylets worn't the best mark of a saint;
But John P.
Robinson he
Sez this kind o' thing's an exploded idee.

The Mexican War then being in full career, and the *Post* a Democratic supporter of Polk and the war, it was rather obliged to take the view it did; but its funny editors and contributors, one of whom invented Mrs. Partington and gave her sayings in the *Post* for years, did much enjoy this new comic writer, who put them to their trumps, and, indeed, quite beat them at their own weapons. When I first began to read the *Post* (it was its weekly edition, the *Statesman,* which dealt much in fun and in literary criticism) it was a valuable means of education for a boy in the country, with few books, and only small libraries of the "social" and "ministerial" kind open to him. With less stateliness and statistical exactness than Nathan Hale's *Advertiser* (the advocate of tariffs and banks), the *Post* was lively, and equipped with good book reviewers and satirists. The editor and founder, Charles Gordon Greene, from New Hampshire, continued

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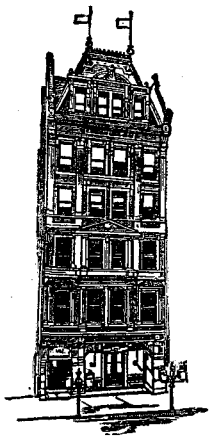

"THE HERALD" BUILDING.

at its head for some forty years, and gave it the amusing, good-natured tone which distinguished it; and I observed for many years that it was more taken at city hotels and country taverns than any other Boston paper. In time, however, the *Herald* and the *Journal* both surpassed it in this. Neither the *Post* nor the *Courier,* nor the livelier *Atlas,* and still less the *Advertiser,* had in 1846-47 developed the modern type of journalist, such as Greeley and Dana and Bigelow were in New York, and such as were the great journalists of Paris long before any American newspaper can be said to have reached a very high level. The first of this class to appear in Boston, although his career there was not a very conspicuous one, was Elizur Wright, one of the most accomplished men who ever sat at an editor's desk in New England. He was a Connecticut Yankee, a little more than four years younger than Bronson Alcott, and, unlike him, a graduate of Yale, where he was contemporary with the poet Willis. He soon went westward, and for five years professed mathematics (his specialty) and natural philosophy at the Western Reserve College in Hudson, Ohio, where John Brown, of Kansas, had ten years earlier set up his business as tanner. It was an intensely anti-slavery community, and Mr. Wright used to relate how, one day in 1831, as he was coming from the post-office and reading his newspaper, old 'Squire Hudson, the founder of the town, was overheard saying: "Thank God for that! I'm glad on't. Thank God they have risen at last!" The young Professor, inquiring what the good news was, the old 'Squire replied: "Why, the slaves have risen down in Virginia, and are fighting for their freedom as we did for ours. I pray God they may get it." Mr. Wright did not go quite so far as that, but he soon joined the first anti-slavery society and became one of its editors, issuing various publications in that cause from 1834 to 1841, when he brought out the first American version of La Fontaine's Fables, in two illustrated Boston volumes. He was a good French, Latin and Greek scholar, and a writer of singularly piquant and forcible English. In 1846 he established in Boston a small daily, the *Chronotype,* well named, and actually giving a type of the times from week to week, without being the servant of any party or organisation, although allied with the voting Abolitionists and with the so-called "Conscience Whigs," whose leaders were John Quincy Adams and his son, Charles; Samuel Hoar, of Concord, and his sons, Rockwood and Frisbie (the present Senator), and Dr. Palfrey, with his afterward Congressional associate, Horace Mann, the educational reformer. Mr. Wright was less conventional, more witty, and, if possible, more fearless than these gentlemen; his newspaper was daring and liberal in almost every direction, particularly in reporting the sermons of Theodore Parker and the speeches of Wendell Phillips. No Boston newspaper so early, I think, developed this verbal reporting of speeches and orations—the first phonographic reporters in Boston being almost all active reformers and anti-slavery men. Phonography was itself a reform, and its votaries naturally took that progressive turn.

But the *Chronotype* was in advance of the times, as Emerson's *Dial* and Freeman Clarke's *Christian World* weekly had been, and in 1850 it was merged in the *Commonwealth,* which was first issued in January, 1851, and for which Mr. Wright continued to write during the four years of its existence. This was the year of Charles Sumner's first election to the Senate, and of Mr. Boutwell as Governor of Massachusetts; and the *Commonwealth* was the organ for two years of the "coalition" which elected these two very able men, and in that period W. S. Robinson, the most able journalist after Wright, said: "The *Commonwealth* exercised during its career more political influence than any other Boston paper; indeed, the political power of these anti-slavery newspapers has always been very great; the Whig party of Massachusetts was broken down mainly by the party which they repre-

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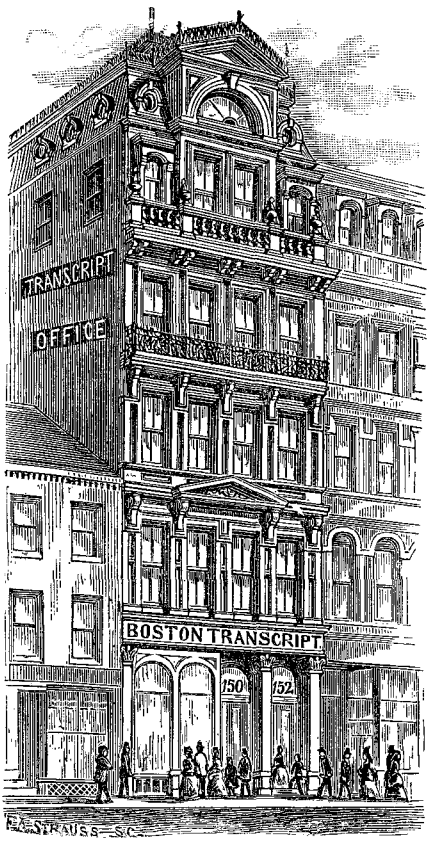
sented." It was, therefore, a marked event when Wright came into the journalistic field in Boston, although the influence of his papers was by no means wholly or mostly his personal influence. Among his varied talents was not that of a good organiser; and at that time a political newspaper must be the organ of good political leaders. Then, seven years after the decease of the daily *Commonwealth,* a weekly journal of the same name was established as an emancipationist advocate. Mr. Wright became one of its best contributors, although he had then been long Insurance Commissioner of Massachusetts, the best of her officials in that difficult specialty.

By 1845 the slavery question had become a very important one in Boston, and journalism there was deeply affected by it. Mr. Garrison's *Liberator,* since 1831, had been agitating the question and calling for immediate emancipation; but the drift of opinion in the city was, for ten years, violently against him and his cause. He was not a great journalist, but a grand moral agitator, capable of grasping the fundamental principles of a moral movement and of attracting, either as friends or foes, the most powerful minds to debate it. He mingled it too promiscuously with a dozen other reform movements, perceiving that they were related, but not that they must be carried forward, not jointly but severally. "Do not unite two weak causes," said Seward to one who was proposing to him to champion Italian unity, as well as the restriction of American slavery; and the advice, humanly speaking, was good. But when there came into the anti-slavery movement, either with Garrison or somewhat at variance with him, such men of great and varied ability as Emerson, Phillips, Theodore Parker, the Adams family, the Hoar family, the Quincys, the Danas, Henry Wilson, Charles Sumner, Horace Mann, Dr. Howe, etc., together with hundreds of earnest and accomplished women, of whom Mrs. Child and Mrs. Howe and Mrs. Dall may be named as excellent journalists, it was no longer a cause to be despised, and it speedily showed its quality in the editorial field. Garrison's *Liberator* could not be styled a model journal; it hardly aspired to be a newspaper, in the strict sense; but it had some virtues not yet universal in Boston journalism. Garrison gave in his paper, as in his conventions, an absolutely free platform, and he had one corner (which he called "The Refuge of Oppression") where the most violent objurgations of the advocates of negro slavery found place. You might write what you pleased in criticism of the editor (having regard always to the limited space of its columns), but you must be prepared to see yourself called all sorts of hard names in his reply. Now this was far from common in the Boston dailies; nor is it yet everywhere accepted as either practicable or desirable. Among the religious weeklies contemporary with the *Liberator,* the *Recorder, Christian Register,* the Universalist *Trumpet,* the Baptist *Watchman,* the Catholic *Pilot* and the deistic *Investigator,* there was not much of this sharp courtesy of publication and reply. Each held on its own way, very wide awake to the tenets and interests of its own sect, but quite indifferent to the cardinal virtue of charity,



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BOSTON MERCANTILE JOURNAL.

PUBLISHED DAILY, BY J. FORD & CO. AT NO. 27, CONGRESS STREET—TERMS $4 PER YEAR, SEMI ANNUALLY IN ADVANCE.

VOLUME I. TUESDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 5, 1833. NUMBER 1.

ALCOHOL, IGNORANCE, PAUPERISM, AND CRIME

From the Presentment by the last Grand Jury of the city and county of New York.

The Grand Jury of the city and county of New York having disposed of the business before them, and upon a careful review of the causes which led to the crimes that have come under their inspection, are obliged to adopt the conclusion that they are mainly two, viz. ignorance and intemperance. A large proportion of the accused were unable to write their names, or did so in a manner scarcely legible, showing clearly that ignorance and crime are nearly allied.

But it is intemperance that we regard as the great fountain that feeds crime; and exceeds all other influences in fitting men for deeds of violence. We have traced nearly every assault and battery case to the influence of ardent spirits. The same individuals, when sober, were quiet and peaceable, but when under the influence of strong drink, they were guilty of the grossest crimes. In one case of the kind alluded to, ending with loss of life, all that were concerned in the affray, were intoxicated. In another instance, a wife (having six children which she supports with the labor of her own hands) complained of her husband's beating and abusing her to such a degree (when he was intoxicated) that her life was endangered. When sober, he was kind, and did something towards the support of his family, but, unfortunately, this was but seldom the case.

Another case, traceable to the same source, was an aged and respectable lady, run down in one of our public streets by a vehicle driven at a furious rate, and the conduct of the individual who was the cause of the injury, immediately after the accident, shows how completely this vice extinguishes every moral feeling.

It is also the opinion of the Grand Jury that the vice of gambling is greatly aggravated by the free and gratuitous use of ardent spirits, in some of those establishments which are kept for the purpose of alluring our youth, depriving them at once of their money, reason, and reputation, the former not unfrequently acquired by improper means.

The Grand Jury have come to the deliberate opinion, after mature investigation, that if this source of crime and misery were at an end, three quarters of the crime and pauperism of the city would be prevented, together with an incalculable amount of misery which does not come under the cognizance of the law. The Grand Jury are aware that this desirable result of banishing ardent spirits from the community as a common drink (which is the only effectual remedy for the evil complained of), is not to be effected but through the triumph of an enlightened public opinion, and when once our civil magistrates have that on their side, they can make the law effectually reach any evil, however inveterate, and it is our solemn impression that the time has now arrived, when our public authorities should no longer sanction the evil complained of, by granting licenses for the purpose of vending ardent spirits, thereby legalizing a traffic at the expense of our moral, intellectual and physical power. Should the system of granting licenses be abolished, it is believed that it would greatly hasten the period when the traffic in the article would be abandoned by every citizen who has a character to sustain, and none but the worthless and abandoned would be found engaged in this business, and they (when unsupported by a more respectable class of citizens) would be compelled by the moral power of the law to desist whenever the community wills it.

When this desirable result should be accomplished, and ardent spirit is driven by common consent from among us, the saving to the city will be very great in the valuable time of jurors and witnesses, in attending courts, providing for the wants of the poor, together with a vast amount of evils of a more private nature.

An effort was recently made in this city by a Grand Juryman, and a friend of temperance, to bring that subject before the jury,—but unsuccessfully. One of the officers of the court advised him and his associates that they had no further concern with public morals, than to act upon matters which he might bring before them. We admire the conduct of the N York jury.—Ed.

LOTTERIES. This species of legalized gambling, like every other species, impoverishes individuals, without enriching the state or benefitting the community. It nourishes and fosters a desire for other gambling. It filches from the pockets of the ignorant and poor, not only their hard earnings, but it fattens on the earnings of misery and crime.

If this community could be made aware of the full extent of iniquity of this kind of gambling, legislation on this subject would not be needed; but, unfortunately, the class most injured by it can never be reached directly through the *medium of the press*. It is the class who seldom read, much less reflect. It is the class who are averse to troubling themselves to inquire what *is*, or what *is not* for their advantage, who rush heedlessly on, caught by specious appearances, and never stopping *to calculate chances*, who are the victims of this system. Who are ticket purchasers? Do we find them among the intelligent? Do we even find them among the wealthy? No. But we find them among the thoughtless, the heedless, the ignorant, and the *young*—in fine, all such as are readily *gulled*, and such as require most the protection of the law. The lure is calculated to deceive visionaries, whose morbid desire for sudden wealth urges them to pursue the ignis fatuus (which seems just within their grasp, yet to elude it), till they have wasted their all.

Artless youth and inexperience are decoyed on in the hopeless chase, through devious paths and bewildering mazes, until losses either correct their judgment, or plunge them in hopeless endless ruin.

The evil is not a new one. It has been up and subject to investigation before a legislative committee, who reported that the evil was great, but that it was irremediable, inasmuch as the right of control had passed from the legislature into the hands of individuals!

A stipulation was then made to limit the time that the permit should exist. At the time of the stipulation, an alternative was proposed; that alternative, it was said, could not *then* be complied with for want of *funds;* the time is now shortened, and the evil more apparent,—may it not be expedient for the legislature at once to satisfy the claims of individuals, if claims they have, and free the state at once from the thraldom of this vice.—*Young Men's Adv.*

Massachusetts has legislated on this subject, but Boston exhibits daily proofs of the utter inefficiency of the laws. Notwithstanding the heavy fine imposed by the statute on those who sell lottery tickets, there are many places in the city where the traffic in them is carried on with perfect impunity, and almost without any attempt at concealment. Indeed, we doubt whether the penalty of the law, were it imposed every week, would be sufficient to put an end to the lottery trade, which is immensely lucrative.—Ed.

DIRECTIONS FROM A PARENT TO HIS SON, ON HIS ENTERING INTO MERCANTILE BUSINESS.—

1. You are to give your constant attendance at the Counting Room or store (business or no business) during office hours, except you are sent out by Mr ——— or go by his permission.

2. When out on business, finish it with despatch and return immediately.

3. Keep your store in the most regular and neatest order, especially your desks, books, and files of papers.

4. Whatever business you may have on hand, execute it, not in a hurry, but in the best style, instantly, without delay; "Procrastination is the thief of time."

5. Whenever you deliver an article, see that it be charged the very first thing you do. It will require your utmost attention and consideration to enable you to execute your duties faithfully and correctly, especially till practice makes business familiar.

6. The last and most important;—you are inviolably to keep your master's secrets, relate none of his business, not even to your most intimate friends. A breach of this injunction would be treason on your part, and the reason would be obvious to you.—Mr. ——— will cheerfully grant you every indulgence. Should you want to be absent an hour, or even more, he will not object; but you must be careful never to ask these favors when your presence is necessary in the store. Think it not derogatory to perform any work among the goods in the store; the exercise will be useful to strengthen your muscles and preserve your health. Be careful to improve your hand writing by copying in the best style, and when you write a letter you should do it as if it was to be inspected by all your acquaintance, and you should never write fast.

THE MORMONITES. This singular sect now numbers about four or five hundred, at Mount Zion, their New Jerusalem in the West. Their possessions are small compared with their numbers, being only about four sections of land. Twenty acres is assigned for each family to improve, but they are to hold no property should they leave the community. Mount Zion is not elevated, and the settlement resembles "new beginnings" generally in the west. They are represented as already suffering for the necessaries of life, and by squalid poverty preparing for the reception of their expected Saviour. Their creed appears to have undergone but little change. Originally members of almost every sect, they cordially unite in detesting all, save Mormons. They all pretend to the gift of miracles, of tongues, and of healing their sick, and of visions, although like all modern miracles, often *told* but never *seen*. Their prophet, Smith, is now busy in restoring the present Bible to its primitive purity, and adding some lost books of great importance. A new revelation is also forthcoming. The Mormons still profess to talk with angels, visit the third heaven, and converse with Christ face to face. The gift of imparting the Holy Ghost is yet professed. They pretend to have discovered where the Ark of the Covenant, Aaron's rod, and the pot of Manna remain hid. At no distant period, they expect Christ will reappear to live and reign on the earth a thousand years. Such are the present Mormons, and such is the New Jerusalem. Mormonism was introduced by a few illiterate disciples of Joseph Smith, in the summer of 1831, and wherever it obtained a footing, it spread like wild fire. Scores were awakened, converted, baptized, and endowed with the Holy Spirit in a *few hours* at a single meeting, in the midst of shoutings, wailings, contortions, trances, visions, speaking in unknown tongues, and prophesying.

As a curiosity we have carefully examined the Golden Bible, and pronounce it not even a "cunningly devised fable." Every page bears the impress of its human authorship. Though free from vulgar obscenities, it is an absurd collection of dull, stupid, and foolishly improbable stories, which no person, unless under the influence of powerfully excited feelings, can mistake for truth and inspiration. With its authors, the Bible of Mormon cannot survive the present generation. And the next will remember it, only to smile at the incredulity of the present.

S. N BREWER & BROTHERS, Importers and Dealers in Drugs, Chemicals, Surgical Instruments and Perfumery. Also manufacturers of fancy and medicated LOZENGES, Nos. 90 and 92, Washington street, Boston. nov 2

BOSTON'S PECTORAL LOZENGES, of the extract of Boneset. One of the most popular remedies for coughs and colds, and all complaints of the Lungs.

For sale by PEIRSON & ROWLAND, druggists, No. 188 Washington street, opposite the Marlboro' Hotel. Price 25 and 50 cents per box. dec 28

PRINTING INK AND TYPE CASES. Prout's "justly celebrated" Printing Ink of all qualities constantly on hand at the Boston Type Foundry, 30, Congress street.

Springer's Type Cases, new and old patterns, also constantly on hand as above.

Orders addressed to the subscriber will be promptly attended to. J. G. ROGERS,
jan 8 Agent for the Foundry

FLOUR AND BUCKWHEAT.—1060 barrels Philadelphia super Flour. 400 do. Baltimore Howard st. do 500 bbls. E. S. B. & Co., and J H. B & Co., and Ely brand Genesee Flour. 600 do. good common brands Genesee. 25 half bbls. Buckwheat Flour. For sale at No. 12, Long wharf, by
jan. 16 GRIGGS & WELD.

MACKEREL. No. 1, 2 and 3, in barrels, and half barrels, Boston inspection, late caught and in prime order—for sale at No. 12 Long wharf, by
jan 15 GRIGGS & WELD

LUCIFER MATCHES. A further supply received—100 in a box for 25 cents. They are the most valuable of any thing of the kind for the certainty of obtaining instantaneous light. For sale by I W GOODRICH, Agent, No. 58, Washington street. jan 12

MACARONI.—100 boxes Italian Macaroni, for sale at Nos 44 and 46 Broad street, by
nov 21 DANA, EVANS & DANA.

LOW PRICED BROADCLOTHS. CUSHING, CONANT & WHITE, No. 51, Washington street (north of Court street), have for sale, on good terms, 50 pieces Indigo Blue Broadcloths—50 do Steel and Oxford Mixed do—40 do. Olive and Brown do—100 do. Mixed Blue, Black, Drab and Fancy colored Cassimeres. Drab and mixed Kerseys, &c.

The above, with a good assortment of middling and superfine London, French and American Broadcloths and Cassimeres, are offered for sale at the lowest prices. dec. 25

COAL. Schuylkill, Lehigh and Lackawana Coal, for sale by NATH'L. GRIGGS, 22, Commercial st, or by GRIGGS & LISCOM, at their wharf, on Lynn street, near Charlestown bridge.

The above coals are warranted of superior quality, and will be broken, screened and delivered to suit purchasers at as low prices as can be bought in the city. jan 15

SMYRNA WOOL. Sixty bales white and black Smyrna Wool, for sale at Liberty Square, by
dec 25 A. A. LAWRENCE & CO

PLAIDS. Tartan, Camlet, and real Scotch Plaids, of a superior quality, for sale at 54 Kilby street, by HENRY RICE. sept 27

BROWN SHIRTINGS AND SHEETINGS.—250 bales brown Sheetings; 100 do. Shirtings, for sale by HENRY RICE,
sept 27 No. 54 Kilby street

CALICOES. A large assortment of Calicoes and rich Cambric Prints, of the newest style, for sale at 54 Kilby street, by HENRY RICE. sep 27

COD FISH, MACKEREL, &c. 325 bbls 1, 2 and 3 Mackerel; 300 qtls Dun and other Shop Fish; 500 do. Grand Bank, Shore, and other retailing Fish, suitable for country trade; 5000 gallons Vinegar, and a general assortment of West India Goods, for sale, at No 28, Long Wharf, by
jan 18 SALMON WHITNEY

BUCKWHEAT AND DYSPEPSIA FLOUR. 10 bbls., 10 half do. Western Buckwheat Flour, 10 bbls. Dyspepsia Flour, for sale by BIGELOW & BANGS, 15 Long wharf. dec 18

DYSPEPSIA FLOUR, in barrels and half barrels—for sale at No. 12, Long Wharf, by
jan 8 GRIGGS & WELD.

SUPERIOR, HEAVY AND LIGHT DUCK, made without admixture of tow, in either warp or filling, of the best Flax, and considered (from several years' use by the Navy of the United States, and an extensive and satisfactory trial on fishing vessels, Coasters, Merchant ships and Whalemen) the least liable to MILDEW, the STRONGEST, and most durable now in use. For sale at No. 45, Central wharf, by
LOT WHEELWRIGHT & SONS.

A NEW 90 FATHOM 12 INCH CABLE.—For sale, now lying in the Rope walk, where it was manufactured, a fresh, 90 fathom 12 inch Cable, being on hand in consequence of the sale of the vessel for which it was intended. It was laid up in the early part of the present month, and is warranted to be made in the best manner, and of the first rate quality stock. Any person wanting such a Cable will find this a favorable opportunity to be supplied, as it will be sold under a fair market price, to close a concern. Apply at No. 22, Long wharf, to
jan 23 C. L. CAZENOVE & CO

THE Subscriber would inform his friends and the public, that he has taken an office, No 59 State street, and will be happy to receive their patronage as a Stock, Exchange, and Money Broker.
jan 1 MATTHEW BOLLES, Jr

CROUP CORDIAL. This medicine has been extensively and successfully used in private practice for several years, by a physician, who now offers it to the public. It is a valuable medicine for Whooping Cough, or any other affection of the lungs. For sale by E. WIGHT, Milk street, MAYNARD & NOYES, Cornhill, R. A. NEWELL, South street.

COALS.—The subscribers offer for sale Schuylkill COALS, of the best quality, screened and delivered, at $9 per ton. Lackawanna Coals as low as can be purchased in this city.

Also, Orrell, Newcastle and Sidney Coals, for smiths or grates. NEVERS & FRENCH,
jan 24 65, Purchase-st.

TANNER'S STEREOGRAPH BANK CHECKS, &c.—Just received, an assortment of Tanner's Stereograph Bank Checks, Cashiers' Drafts, Bills of Exchange, &c. For sale at Stationers' Hall, 22, State-st., by
jan 25 WILLARD FELT & Co.

SHIRTINGS.—200 bales 30 inch Cheshire brown and bleached shirtings, for sale by
FULLERTON, CRAGIN & CO.
jan 1 Chambers No. 66, Kilby street.

PROVISIONS.—500 bbls. Mess No 1 and Prime Beef; 500 do. Clear, No. 1 and Prime Pork; Boxes and half boxes Mould Candles; do No. 1 and Shipping Soap. For sale by E. A. & W WINCHESTER, No 15, South Market street, at the lowest market prices, with the usual charge of inspection.
jan 1

SUPERIOR WOOL & COTTON PICKERS. Constantly for sale by BLAKE & APPLETON, 30, Central street. jan 22

ARCANA OF SCIENCE AND ART; or an Annual Register of Useful Inventions and Improvements, abridged from the transactions of public Societies, and from the Scientific Journals, British and foreign of the past year—received and for sale by MUNROE & FRANCIS. jan 24

EASY LESSONS FOR LEARNING FRENCH selected from approved authors. This day published by PERKINS & MARVIN, 114 Washington street. jan. 24.

THE ECONOMY OF MACHINERY & MANUFACTURES—by Charles Babbage, Esq.—this day received and for sale by RUSSELL, ODIORNE & CO, 134 Washington street. jan. 23.

SUPERIOR SEWING SILK.—20 cases superior Naples Sewing Silk, of various fabrics, just received and for sale by ROBERT G SHAW & CO., No. 40, Central wharf. jan. 24

STENCIL PLATES, in great variety, may be had, on application at 96 and 98 State street, where specimens of the different styles may be seen. These plates are used in most manufactories for the purpose of marking bales and boxes, and are the best article brought into notice. They supersede the use of the common brush and blacking, giving a clear, neat and perfect impression, instead of the usual and often ineligible method. Orders for any particular pattern executed promptly. Manufacturers supplied upon the most reasonable terms, by WM. SOUTHER, late firm of J Marsh & Co. sept 26

TO MANUFACTURERS OF PAPER. The subscriber has opened a Commission Paper Ware House, at 110 State street, Boston, for the sale of every description of paper, on commission ONLY, which is believed will enable him to bestow a just attention to business entrusted to his hands.
J P HURLBERT

Refer to Messrs. Lincoln & Edmands, Boston, and D. Elliot, Esq. New York. jan 2

THE ESSAYIST, AND YOUNG MAN'S MAGAZINE, No. 10, conducted by George W Light.

CONTENTS. Dr. Spurzheim—the Sick Student's Consolation—Literature and Business—Young Men—Chitchat—Self-taught Men—the High courting the Low—Observer, No 1—Bachelor's Folly—Literary Remains of John G C. Brainard—Sketches of Character—Essayist Room—English Periodicals—Literary Notices—Intelligence.

This day published by GEORGE W LIGHT & CO. Lyceum Press, 3 Cornhill. jan. 24.

A TREATISE ON THE LAW OF INSURANCE.—By Willard Phillips.

From the North American Review.

This work contains the whole system of the law of INSURANCE, as it is actually administered in the courts of England and America. It is eminently practical and compendious, at the same time that it is full of information; and we sincerely recommend it to all who are interested in commercial jurisprudence, as Merchants, Lawyers and Judges.

For sale by HILLIARD, GRAY & CO. jan. 24

STEEL. German, Blistered, Sheer and Cast Steel, assorted sizes, for sale at the corner of Elm street and Dock Square, by
jan. 24. BUTLER & HOMER.

CHERRY AND FURNITURE.—40,000 feet Cherry Tree Plank, Joist and Boards, suitable for house and ship carpenters, and factories.

Also—Bay and St. Domingo Mahogany Plank Joist, Boards and Veneers, of the handsomest kind.

☞MATTRESSES, of the first quality, constantly on hand made to order.

Hair Cloths, of different widths, and the finest qualities, Curled Hair, and Cabinet Furniture of all descriptions, of the first quality and warranted. For sale by NATHA'L BRYANT, No 28 School street, corner of Governor's Alley, at as cheap rates as any other establishment in the city.—Also, Furniture repaired on reasonable terms. jan 15

DOMESTIC AND FOREIGN WOOL. 100,000 pounds Saxony full-blooded Merino, and grade fleece Wool.
32,000 lbs superfine and No 1 and 2 pulled Lambs' Wool
20,000 lbs. clean Rio Grande do
15,000 lbs No. 1 and 2 Smyrna do
10,000 lbs. Russia do.
5,000 lbs. fine imported Saxony do.

For sale, at No 27 Kilby street, by
dec 30 LIVERMORE & KENDALL

WORSTED PELERINES AND COMFORTERS. Two Trusses, containing a large assortment of Berlin Cravats and Vandykes, and ladies' Worsted Tippets and Pelerines—just received and for sale at 85 Kilby street, by
jan 16 FARNSWORTH, PHIPPS & CO

THE FIRST COPY OF THE "JOURNAL."

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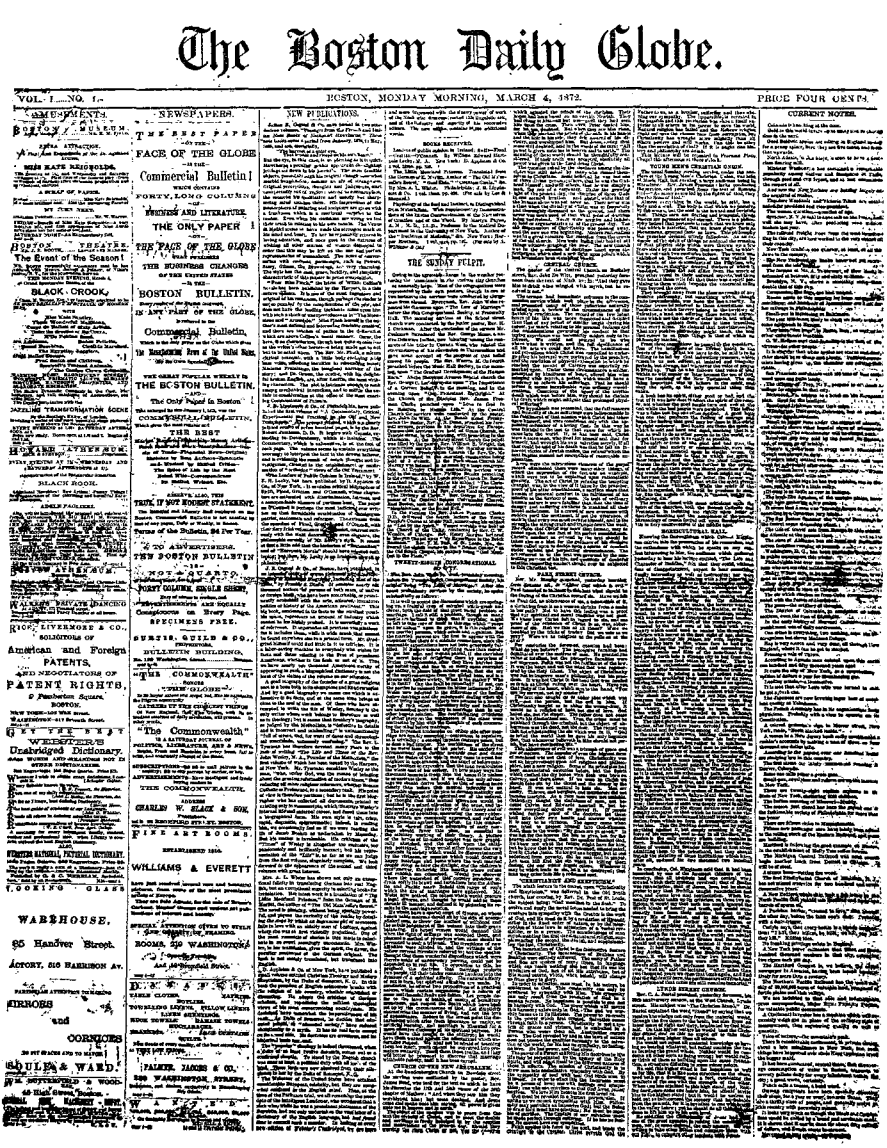
or even of fair play, toward an opponent. The general drift toward more liberal doctrines of faith, even in the Bostonian Catholics, has softened much of the sectarian rigour which I noticed as a youth in these weeklies fifty years ago. Nor were the dailies then exempt from bigotry in the religious discussions they sometimes carried on. Bigotry and intolerance are, rather, traits of New England, and were mitigated, not abrogated, in the Boston of 1846-61. The union of all men in support of the country, in the Civil War, did something to break down the sectarian walls existing in Boston, which the clergy took pains to keep in good repair. Out of this nest of journals representing the "evangelical" sects in the city, was slowly developed the weekly which is now of largest circulation there, the *Youth's Companion*. But traces of religious bitterness are seldom seen in its lively and beautifully-printed pages.

The Unitarian and Universalist predominance in the places of influence at Boston—very marked from 1815 to 1850—was gradually and at last completely



The Boston Daily Globe.

VOL. 1.—NO. 1. BOSTON, MONDAY MORNING, MARCH 4, 1872. PRICE FOUR CENTS.

THE FIRST COPY OF THE "GLOBE."

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worn away. But while it lasted it introduced to the field of Boston journalism a high and peculiar class of writers, both men and women, of whom Lydia Maria Child, the sister of a Unitarian professor, and Edward Everett Hale, a Unitarian clergyman from his youth, were types. Mrs. Child's great talent for journalism was shown in her once-famous "Letters from New York," which appeared first in Mr. Buckingham's *Courier,* and were collected into volumes; she was also for some years the editor of the *Anti-Slavery Standard,* which outlived the *Liberator* by a few years. Dr. Hale was almost brought up in the newspaper office of his father, the editor of the *Advertiser;* and journalism divided his time with the reading of French and the college and divinity-school studies by which he rose to eminence as a preacher. Had he given himself wholly to newspapers, he might have been the one great modern journalist whom Boston lacks, with all her array of second-rate and third-rate editors or journalists who have migrated to New York because Boston pinched their growing wings a little, as very early happened with Ben Franklin. In the years from 1868 to 1872, when I was an office-editor with Samuel Bowles of Springfield (a truly great journalist) and a near neighbour of his, we frequently discussed the newspaper affairs of Boston, where, a dozen years earlier, he had tried to establish the one newspaper that Boston needed. In one of these talks Mr. Bowles said to me, with a heavy sigh: "They've got only one good journalist in all Boston"—a pause—"and they're spoiling him in the pulpit"—meaning Dr. Hale. Lowell, the poet, also made his first essays at journalism in Boston, and was of the same order (lacking the unwearied industry) as Edward, Nathan and Charles Hale, three brothers to whom journalism was native, as it was also to their two sisters.

But while this cultivated and genial caste of journalists was coming forward in Boston, there emerged from the alleys and theatres and taverns of the town another type of editors and reporters, who followed each other through the vanishing fortunes of unsuccessful dailies and weeklies—the *Galaxy,* the *Times,* the *American Eagle,* the *Mail,* etc.—and in course of a dozen years built up what has long been the best journal for news in Boston, the *Herald.* Mutability was its law at first, and very humble and traditional its origins; but a little more than thirty years ago it took the stride that brought it into the front rank. One George Roberts, an adventurer with no particular morals, set up the *Times* as a penny daily, under the Tyler Presidency, and from his printing-office in 1844 came the young man who printed a "Native American" sheet, called the *American Eagle,* in which Moses Kimball, afterward made rich by the Boston Museum (a theatre in disguise), and other rising politicians took an interest; and from the *American Eagle* in August, 1846, came the egg of the *Herald,* a small penny paper, rather Bohemian in character, and with a purpose of saying the things that Boston had not fully heard from her respectable dailies and partisan *Posts* and tea-table *Transcripts.* Like many small beginners, this "literary and dramatic and People's newspaper," with a large P, talked rather big. It informed the small world of Boston in September, 1846, that "the day when a staid and solemn article, originating in presumption and sustained by arrogance, could overawe the people has passed;" and further, that "in politics we shall be firm and consistent." In carrying out this noble policy the *Herald* had for some time a Democratic editor for the morning, and a Whig editor for the evening; finally, the two quarrelled, and the Democrat migrated to New York. Then appeared as editor a striking figure in the journalism of Boston sixty years ago, William Snelling, who had great powers as a satirist, and had shown them, to Boston's disgust, a few years earlier. He at once plunged into politics, opposed the election of the second Josiah Quincy in 1847, but saw him elected, and in many ways sought to draw attention to itself. A Boston distiller appears in 1861 as the owner of this "People's paper;" he was bought out in 1866 by E. C. Bailey, a half-brother of Senator Fessenden, of Maine, and a kinsman of the Greenes, of the *Post;* who took on as editors and reporters the Andrews brothers, E. B. Haskell and David Pulsifer; and they, in 1869, bought the *Herald* from Mr. Bailey, and began to make it prosper as never before. During its first fifteen years of life the *Herald*

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had but an indifferent moral reputation, advertised much unsavoury matter, and was sarcastically called by General Butler in a libel suit "that venal and venereal sheet." This ill-repute it lived down, flourished, like the *Journal,* by its correspondence during the Civil War, and produced during that contest the first and best Sunday newspaper of Boston.

Politically, the *Herald* has been very far from that "firm and consistent" attitude which its grandiloquent early editor promised; it has been everything by turns and nothing long; but in many respects has been a truly independent journal. Its present editor, John Holmes, succeeded Mr. Haskell about 1876, and has been at times a large owner in the valuable stock of the *Herald,* which at one time was a very lucrative newspaper, and never has failed to make money by its large advertising space. So much did it allow of this to one active "dry-goods" firm in Boston, that James Parton, at a meeting of the old "Radical Club" in Chestnut Street, where journalism was often discussed, said: "You show me a newspaper and tell me 'tis the Boston *Herald;* no, I find it is the *Jordan & Marsh Gazette.*" Its editorial writers have been many and able, among them that veteran of the Boston press, George H. Monroe, who is also "Templeton" of the Hartford *Courant,* and was for years editor of the *Norfolk County Journal,* the (weekly) *Commonwealth,* or the *Saturday Evening Gazette,* the last-named a very ancient journal, edited by the Clapps, father and son, who were long associated with the *Advertiser* and the *Journal;* and in the time of the younger William Clapp this was the weekly that chiefly published those thrilling short stories by which, for years, Miss Louisa Alcott supported herself and added to the resources of her intellectual, but impoverished, family. The *Herald* was one of the first Boston papers to employ a woman or two as sub-editors, although the fashion of women journalists was set, long before the *Herald* existed, by Miss Cornelia Walter, sister of the first editor of the *Transcript,* and who herself edited that evening paper for years after her brother's death in 1842.

Though the leading Boston newspapers were fairly steady in their ownership and management for many years, from 1820 to 1860, yet mutability has been the law of most of them, as of the early *Herald,* during the past quarter-century. In that time the *Post,* the *Advertiser* and the *Journal* have been bought and sold more than thrice each; politicians have made them their organs and stepping-stones to office, high or low; and it has been difficult to keep track of their political affinities, even when nominally allied to the party of their early choice. The *Transcript,* however, has been, on the whole, the steadiest of the entire band of existing journals since its foundation, more than seventy years ago. It was Whig, but moderately Whig, while that party flourished in Boston under Webster, Everett and Winthrop; it became Republican, but moderately so, after the Republican party succeeded to the Whig majorities; and though it was led away, like other Boston papers, by the will-o'-the-wisp imperialism of the last four years, it has not gone to the wild extremes of the *Journal,* and it is quietly swinging back of late to the old and safe Republicanism of Lincoln and Sumner—favouring low tariffs, honest liberty and the subordination of the military power to the civil. It is believed to be the best-paying newspaper property in Boston; not so exorbitantly productive, at times, as some of the papers of biggest circulation have been, but frugally managed and very steady in its prosperity. It is the family newspaper, *par excellence;* deals but little in sensations, engravings, "scare heads" and the other devices of cheap advertising, and gives great space to long letters and special articles, and that sort of correspondence which the French call *intime.* It is read by more New England women than any other paper, and when they go to their summer homes or to Europe the *Transcript* follows them as naturally as their dog or parrot goes along.

The *Traveller,* which began as the *American Traveller* before the era of railroads, and then attended specially to the needs of what was called "the travelling public," soon fell into the editorial management, in part, of a Calvinistic minister without a parish, and was a sort of organ of the "orthodox" religionists, opposed to theatres and dancing, when the word "orthodox" in Boston meant Trinitarian Congregationalist. The paper had

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various political fortunes under Roland Worthington, a kind of Swiss in politics, who took part on the side of the personal politicians at several of their crusades in Massachusetts. It favoured the "Know-Nothings," who elected Gardner as Governor in 1854, upon the final rout of the Whig party, to which Worthington had belonged; and it tried to elect Amos Lawrence, a benefactor of Kansas and father of the present Bishop Lawrence, Governor of Massachusetts, against the Republican candidate. In later years it favoured the raid on the Governorship made by General Butler, first as a Republican and then as a Democrat, in which capacity he was finally chosen in 1882. But at intervals the *Traveller* had been staunchly on the side of the growing anti-slavery party, particularly in the Kansas troubles of 1855-59; and then had among its correspondents several of the active Free-State men of Kansas, one of them the late Colonel Richard Hinton, and another James Redpath, both English Radicals, who had a career as journalists in America. Of its editorial writers, the most accomplished was Charles C. Hazewell, whose "Review of the Week" on Saturdays, used to add some five thousand to the ordinary circulation of the *Traveller*. At this stage of its career, early in 1857, upon the approaching decease of two of the surplus newspapers of Boston (which has always had more journals than it could well maintain), Mr. Worthington listened to overtures from friends of Samuel Bowles in Boston and consented in March, 1857, to the union of three papers, the *Atlas, Bee* and *Traveller,* with what was left of the *Telegraph and Chronicle,* two moribund or defunct newspapers, the whole composite to be called the *Traveller,* and to have for editor Mr. Bowles, and for counting-room head Mr. Worthington. It began its brief career April 13, 1857, with a large staff of editorial authors and correspondents, and with this ambitious announcement of its purposes and *raison d'être:*

> The grand idea of the new paper is that of universality,—a full presentation and a liberal discussion of all questions of public concernment, from an entirley independent position; and a faithful and impartial exhibition of all movements of interest, at home and abroad.'
>
> When Imlac, in Johnson's elephantine romance of Abyssinia, was explaining to Rasselas the impracticable requirements of poesy, the Prince replied, "Enough! thou hast convinced me that no human being ever can be a poet. It is so difficult that I will at present hear no more of his labours."

In its own estimation Boston has always been the "Happy Valley;" and it found itself now in complete accord with Rasselas; it did not wish for universality, and it would hear no more than a few months of this Springfield Universalist and his labours. On September 10, 1857, Mr. Bowles withdrew from the inharmonious yoke-fellow who was itching to be an organ of Governor Gardner, and cared nothing for an independent position, except as the term applied to his private fortune. It was some years later, but while Mr. Worthington was still owner of the organ, that General Butler, with his usual turn for exaggeration, but not without some truth, gained from his personal experience, gave this emblematic picture of the newspaper: "*Traveller,* eh?" (taking from his vest-pocket one cent and laying it on the palm of his left hand) "that's the *Traveller,*" taking a two-cent piece and laying it ostentatiously in the palm of his right hand. The symbol seemed to be comprehended by the person who told me the tale. It was fully realised by Mr. Bowles in his brief campaign for Universality and Independence in Boston. He returned to Springfield, taking many of his Boston contributors with him (in their contributions), and he made the *Republican* what no Boston newspaper has ever been for three years at a time, actually independent and only *not quite* universal. The *Traveller* is now a penny paper of the sensational sort, large in circulation but small in influence.

Still more singular was the fate of the *Courier,* which in the Mexican War period was a bold opponent of Polk's administration and Whig subserviency, and welcomed Lowell's Yankee satires. In time it passed into the control of the "Old Whigs" of Pierce's and Buchanan's time, whose attitude was thus defined by an irreverent Republican: "An Old

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Whig is a gentleman who takes his bitters regularly, and votes the Democratic ticket occasionally." The two men of this ilk, selected to make the once independent *Courier* into an organ friendly to slavery, were George Hilliard, a literary lawyer, and George Lunt, a suppressed poet, both at different times District Attorneys for Boston under pro-slavery administrations. Hilliard was an amiable but disappointed man, once a dear friend of Charles Sumner, but separated from him by the stress of political and social differences. Lunt was reputed unamiable; so that Governor Andrew, before he was Governor, amused President Buchanan and his Cabinet greatly by describing him, when District Attorney, as "disinterestedly malevolent." "Mr. President," said Andrew, pleading for the pardon of a convict whom Lunt had got convicted in the United States Court, and whose pardon he opposed, "you have heard theologians speak of 'disinterested benevolence'; well, Mr. Lunt is a person of disinterested malevolence;" and Buchanan made him tell the Cabinet so. "Warrington" (W. S. Robinson), in a letter to the *Republican* in 1860, said of Lunt: "He has a great facility for exciting mirth and contempt. Mr. Hilliard's sarcastic compliment to him is one of the best things; he said: 'Mr. Lunt must be loved before he could be fully known.' That is so." Early in his editing of the *Courier*, Hilliard urged his friend, Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, to write for it; she said nay. "But make your own terms," said he. "What would induce you to become a permanent contributor?" "Nothing less than the head of George Lunt on a charger," was the instant reply. The Civil War coming on, and the star of General McClellan (which was adored for a time by the Old Whigs of Boston) going down in a cloud, after 1864, the *Courier* as a daily went down, too; but continued as a literary weekly, in which George Lathrop, Arlo Bates and others made some public reputation.

While the *Traveller* was finding its market, and the *Courier* was withdrawing from daily view, a new journal came to light—the *Globe*, with a new name and an ambitious owner. Maturin Ballou had made a small fortune editing one of those semi-literary weeklies which find numerous rural readers but seldom come to the notice of critics. He was ready to spend some of his money in a Boston daily, and there were plenty of young men in the city ready to help him do it. So on the 4th of March, 1872, when General Grant was entering on his second term as President, the *Globe* came forth, large, bright and clean, and without much in it but space. Its colourless existence continued until Mr. Ballou had parted with as much money as he could well spare from his travelling expenses (for he was a globe-trotter as well as a *Globe*-owner), and he turned the experiment over to an ambitious younger man who had made a start in Republican politics, Charles Taylor. It has made his fortune, while gently detaching him from active politics, and almost from positive views on any but social topics. Under Mr. Taylor the *Globe* followed the fortunes of Dr. Loring, perennial candidate for Governor, and of General Butler, who, from strict friendship with the handsome doctor, became his bitter enemy, on Shakespeare's principle that "if two men ride one horse, one must ride behind." Having helped to bring Butler in as Governor in 1883, and thereby much enlarging its circulation, the *Globe* became his chief organ in his amusing campaign against the Tewksbury Almshouse, which the *Globe* had defended when the offences that Butler had censured had been exposed and remedied. Since then it has been mildly and profitably Democratic, without giving umbrage to advertising Republicans, and is now the paper of largest circulation in Boston—possibly in New England. It is skilfully news-edited, has a Kentuckian for managing editor and an Englishman for Washington correspondent; all which proves that it is a genuine Boston newspaper. I was once in its office of an evening, but before it passed into General Taylor's hands, when Mr. R. H. Dana, then District Attorney, came in to give the editor some bit of news. Seeing that Mr. A. did not show any signs of recognising one of the right Bostonians, I said, as Mr. Dana went out: "You know who that is, of course?" "No," was the answer; and I had to explain that nobody could succeed in editing a Boston paper who did not know Richard Dana. That period has gone by; *les dieux s'en vont* has been the cry

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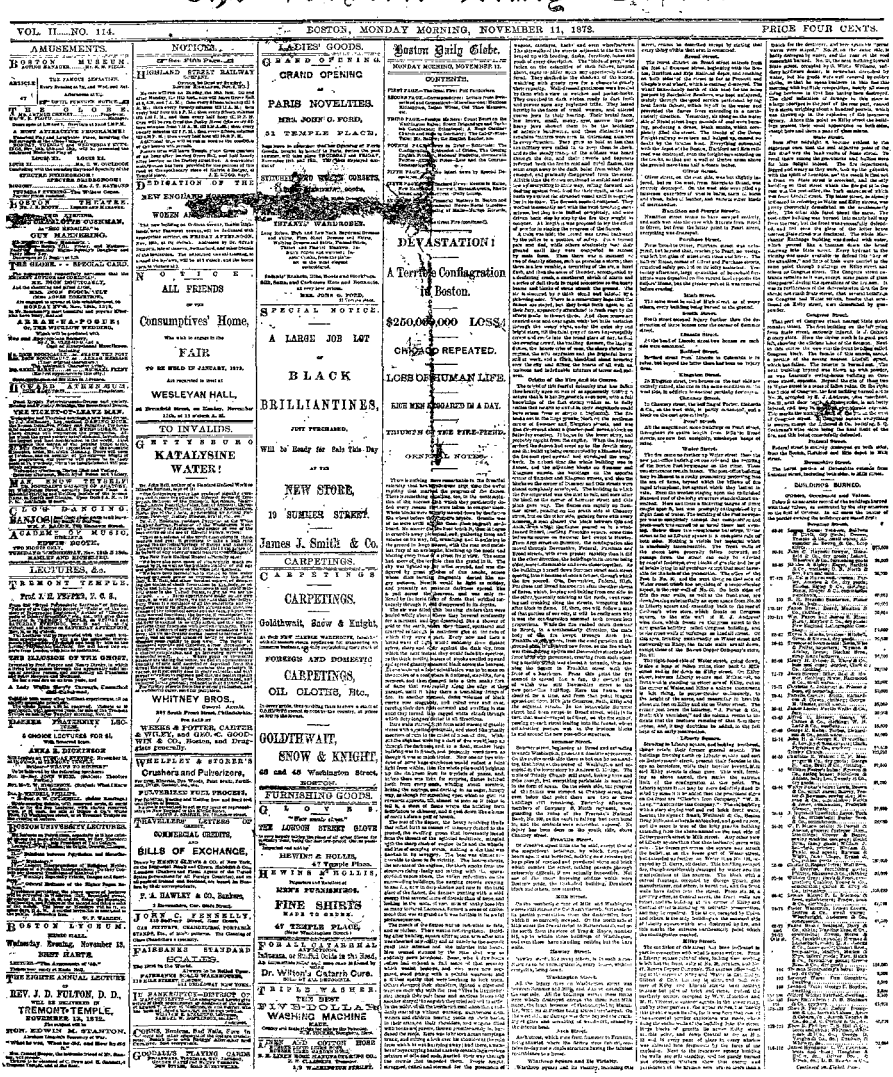
of woe for twenty years; and it is as much as ever that the office-editor now knows the Mayor when he sees him. The city advertising has become comparatively unimportant; to print it is apt to imply that the newspaper is short of cash, or that the editor has been speculating in mines. The great retail shops and the columns of "wants" now pay better than other advertisers, and each great newspaper has a drummer of its own to beat up for advertising, and sometimes to intimate blackmail if business is not forthcoming. Newspapers depend on their advertising for profits; and in Boston as much as anywhere, perhaps, the news waits on the pleasure of great advertisers. Hence the suppression of news, and the columns of seemingly impartial comment on enterprises that are bringing thousands of dollars to the newspaper's counting-room.

The old newspapers of Boston were "slow coaches," there is no denying it; but the country itself was slow compared with the modern pace. This was a favourite jest when I entered college at Harvary fifty years ago: "Why is the *Ad-*


The Boston Daily Globe.

VOL. II.....NO. 114. BOSTON, MONDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 11, 1872. PRICE FOUR CENTS.

AMUSEMENTS.

NOTICES.

LADIES' GOODS.

Boston Daily Globe.

MONDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 11.

CONTENTS.

DEVASTATION!

A Terrible Conflagration in Boston.

$250,000,000 LOSS!

CHICAGO REPEATED.

LOSS OF HUMAN LIFE.

NINE MEN CREMATED IN A DAY.

TRIUMPH OF THE FIRE-FIEND.

ORIENTAL NOTICES.

THE ISSUE OF THE "GLOBE" OF NOVEMBER 11, 1872, TELLING OF THE GREAT BOSTON FIRE.

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CONCHAS FINA ESPLS,	50 "	12.00	"
CONSUELOS,	50 "	10.50	"
CONCHAS ELEGANTE,	50 "	10.50	"
GILMANS,	50 "	10.00	"
LAMKINS,	50 "	10.03	"
CONCHAS SELECTA,	50 "	9.50	"
REGALIA CHIQUITA,	50 "	9.00	"
CAPRICHOS,	100 "	9.00	"
PRINCESAS FINAS,	100 "	9.00	"

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THIS EVENING'S NEWS.

NEW YORK PRESS COMMENT.

President McKinley's Utterances Are Commended.

WAITING GREECE'S REPLY.

Powers Rest on Their Identical Notes.

Press of Athens Bids General Defiance.

Shots Fired at an Italian Mail Steamer.

Turkey Is Rushing Reserves to the Frontier

GREEK PRESS UNBRIDLED.

PRESIDENT McKINLEY

Sworn Into Office This Afternoon.

Inaugural Address Short and Pointed.

Reform of the Currency Necessary

But Adequate Revenue Is the First Requisite.

Retirement of the Greenbacks Not Favored.

Principles of Protection and Reciprocity Reaffirmed.

Economy in Every Department Imperatively Demanded.

Senate Urged to Pass the Anglo-American Peace Treaty.

MRS. THAYER DEAD.

Widow of the Late Nathaniel Thayer Passed Away This Morning.

DEATH OF MRS. LOUISA D. HUNT.

She Was the Widow of William Morris Hunt, the Noted Artist.

UNITED STATES WEATHER BUREAU.

SIX KILLED, FIFTY INJURED.

Terrible Disaster Caused by a Gas Explosion.

Accident Happened at the Corner of Tremont and Boylston Streets.

Property Damage to Buildings in the Immediate Vicinity Will Be Heavy.

Three Street Cars Were Blown Up and Burned on the Spot.

Direct Cause Was Undoubtedly a Leaky Gas Pipe; the Break Had Existed for a Month.

An accident, which may safely be called one of the worst in the history of Boston, occurred at a little before noon at the corner of Tremont and Boylston streets. It was an explosion of illuminating gas between the roof of the Subway and the street surface at that point, and the effects of the disaster were six persons killed and about fifty injured, besides a large property loss.

DEAD.

THE "TRANSCRIPT" OF MARCH 4, 1897, TELLING OF THE SUBWAY DISASTER.

vertiser like a poor man's plaster?" "Because it is good for a week back." A few years earlier, J. K. Mills, at their club, had dared to say to Nathan Hale, then at the top of Boston journalism, when the veteran editor was saying: "Such a thing happened of a Saturday; I know it, because that day my son Charles was born." "No, Mr. Hale, your son Charles was born of a Wednesday, but you didn't find it out till Saturday." Since those remote days the *Advertiser* has more than once been in the advance of events; has related them before they happened, which is the modern fashion. It has lost the Hale family as ballast and rudder; sometimes it has gone kiting, and again has "played nest-egg on the benches," as the Chicago poet of slang puts it. But that it gives more news than of old, and sometimes comments on it as forcibly, is very true. What is lacking, as in nearly every Boston paper, is a certain consistency and steadiness, without which no great journalist and no really influential journal exist. There is plenty of good writing in most of the editorial pages, be the sausage-leaders of the morning or evening short or long; but ideas are often wanting. What Jones, of Arkansas, said the other day to Beveridge, of Indiana, will apply to most of our journals: "When your ideas catch up with your vocabulary you will be a great orator." The business of a leader is to lead; if the editorial page does not fulfil that demand, or if the public see behind it the crank of the political hand-organ, or the handful of coupons cut from stock certificates, the real power of the editor is gone. His opinions will not be much considered, and his too-much-edited news will be distrusted.

In Boston, as elsewhere, the correspondent or contributor is getting back into something like his ancient importance; partly because the sincerity of editors is suspected. Space-writing is not the tip-top of literature; but there is much even in the later sort of special article which takes off, as well as often aggravates, the curse of the counting-room. Even the interview is not to be despised, now that popular oratory has been mostly supplanted by the daily paper. If a man states his case well, and has a case to state, the interview column or the "Letters from the People" becomes important. The London *Times* (which still stands at the head of newspapers, in spite of its often atrocious and always unsteady politics) owes much of its reputation to the letters it prints from all sides and does not habitually suppress or garble, as Boston is still uncivilised enough to do. But Boston needs what

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the Western humourist said his thriving but overweighted town needed, "a few first-class funerals." Its newspapers are always too many, and the weeding-out process, which the gardeners are now so busy with, cannot be too soon applied to redundancy of journalism at the Hub of the universe. *F. B. Sanborn.*

MY HEART HATH SUNG OF THEE

My heart hath sung of thee
All the soft hours of the slumbrous day,
As through the arch of tree and tree,
'Mid springtime's wooing volubility,
One fuller, more insistent note,
From unseen, love-pained throat,
Comes down the leafy way.

Here, hour by heedless hour,
Upon the moss-stained fence I lean,
And wonder at the sudden shower
Of blossoms on the rippling green,
And watch the hand of God unfold
The poppy and the marigold.

The rose is lovely, and the fleur-de-lis,
And apple blossoms, dear to thee and me;
But now I choose those richer-coloured flowers,
Lifting gold faces to the golden hours.
My fancy is robust as they: one sweet, warm kiss
Befits a day like this.

Herbert Müller Hopkins.

THE BOUND OF THE ASTORBILTS

A Modern Detective Story.

I.

The great detective gave utterance to a mystifying chuckle, as he scrutinised the crushed bone collar-button which he had just discovered beneath the dresser. The next instant he had placed it in my hand.

"What do you make of it, Watson?" he asked, opening a fresh carton of cigarettes and lighting two packages at once.

As I did not immediately reply, he stepped over to the table, rolled up his sleeve and injected a half-ounce of cocaine into his forearm.

"Well," said he presently, "are you not decided?"

"Our visitor," I replied, desperately discarding the ingenuousness he always insisted upon, "was a tall, slender female of about forty-five, unmarried, and carrying a pug pup under her left arm. From the peculiar traces of reddish-brown mud on the rug, I deduce that she came here directly from East Ontario, Ohio. She wore a light-green bombasine ulster over a yellow-and-red percale waist and a lavender brocade skirt, a black patch over her left eye and a mouse-coloured wig. She remained in this room exactly seven minutes and thirty-nine seconds, three minutes of which period were occupied in smoking a Trichinolopy cigar and gazing fixedly at yonder painting of 'The Monster Hound.'"

Sherlock Holmes uttered an ejaculation of amazement.

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"In Heaven's name, Watson," he cried, "how did you arrive at these conclusions?"

"Holmes," I replied, with the deepest feeling in my voice, "as I live, you are at liberty to search me."

II.

Sherlock Holmes donned his dressing-gown and slippers and stood before the fireplace, a copy of *Monsieur Lecoq* in one hand and one arm resting affectionately about the portrait of Edgar Allan Poe. The picture thus formed was most effective.

"I will hurriedly describe our visitor, Watson," he said calmly; "and mind, you take it all with the most astounded admiration—that's your job. Our man, who left this room not more than an hour ago, was short and thin, and wore checked drab trousers and a grey frock-coat, and was disguised in a light-green beard and a monocle, which he was compelled to hold in place with one hand. He is the possessor of great wealth and absorbing ambition, considerable integrity and blue eyes. He is a man who is held in the utmost esteem by his ex-countrymen. To conclude—of course, I have saved the most startling fact for the last—he is of American birth, and though, as I have said, thin, yet his coat was 'Size 48; Extra Stout.'"

When I had sufficiently revived, I said weakly: "Go ahead; the sooner it's over the better."

"The diamond coronet which the Lord Chamberlain entrusted to me has been abstracted from this room within the last two hours. During that time, you and I being absent, there arrived here the man I have just described. He entered without knocking, shortly after ten; the first thing his eyes lighted upon was the sparkling coronet lying there on the centre-table, where I had left it—purposely, as, indeed, Watson, I do all things in this life. Instantly our visitor seized the bauble and proceeded to substitute it for a small pillow which he had been wearing beneath his cravat. The pillow he flung out of that open window; you will observe that it still lies in the mud below. In stuffing the coronet into his breast, however, this collar-button became loosened and fell to the floor. At this our visitor lost his temper, and, having crushed the button beneath his heel, he angrily kicked it under the dresser. Another collar-button now became a requisite, and, as your diamond stud was lying before him, he made instant use of it. Being an honest man, he then drew from his pocket a package of paper money—curiously enough, all in American greenbacks just received from his investments in New York—flung it on the dresser and was gone."

Sherlock Holmes held up a fat roll, evidently of money, wrapped in a $1,000,000 bill.

III.

"But the green beard?" I cried, readily accepting my cue to re-enter the dialogue.

"If you will take the trouble to notice carefully, Watson, you will find a long, verdant hair coiled about the stem of the button. Now, no natural beard is ever raised in that shade; consequently, our visitor adopted this chin-covering as a disguise."

"And the blue eyes?"

Sherlock Holmes took from his experiment rack a test-tube containing a dark-red fluid. "You will observe that the interior of this room is absolutely devoid of the slightest trace of the colour blue. Very good; in this test-tube is a quantity of bi-citrate of Guggelheim, a peculiar chemical known only to myself, which, originally orange in tint, when brought into the presence of the colour blue instantly becomes a dark red. This man wore checked trousers and a grey coat; he was of American birth; consequently his necktie was red. The change having occurred in this fluid, it is perfectly plain, therefore, that his eyes must have been blue."

"But his size, his clothing, the monocle, the ambition?" I began, protesting.

In reply the detective merely presented me with a small magnifying glass and the crushed collar-button.

"Examine the base of the button," he said, without a flourish.

I hastened to follow his suggestion. Engraved in the substance I beheld the microscopic monogram "W. W. A."

"But," I insisted, "this proves nothing—"

"It proves everything," interrupted

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Holmes, "for I know this W. W. A. He is the one who in his desperation employed me to secure for him this coronet. So great was his impatience to possess it that he came here this morning to appropriate it, even if only an hour before I was to deliver it in person."

"Impossible!" I cried, thoroughly stupefied.

"Unquestionable," replied Holmes, unmoved; "it was I who planned the entire move. Look!"

My glance followed his gesture admiringly. There in the doorway stood the American Millionaire, exactly as the detective had described him, *boldly wearing the coronet in place of a hat!*

IV.

As I gazed, from far out upon the moor there came the deep, unearthly baying of a gigantic hound. Weirdly it rose and fell in blood-curdling intensity until the inarticulate sound gradually shaped itself into this perfectly distinguishable wail: "I wonder how much of it Robinson wrote?"

Charlton Andrews.

AN OXFORD MAN'S IMPRESSIONS OF AMERICAN UNIVERSITIES

It has always seemed to me remarkable that the late George W. Steevens, whose academic career was no less full of achievement than his life as a whole, did not devote one chapter to the American universities in his otherwise comprehensive and excellent work, *The Land of the Dollar*. My own impression certainly was that Great Britain had more to learn from American universities than from any other transatlantic institution. An Oxford friend of mine was once about to review a book written by a professor in the Chicago University, and he talked of it as if its very binding must be redolent of Mr. Armour's pork. I told him that the University in question contained one of the finest Latin scholars of Europe, and gently hinted that if he had studied there his attitude would have been less provincial. Provincialism, indeed, is a distinct characteristic of English universities, though the Oxford don now practises a severe cult of Teutonic learning (which is perceptible enough in his style of writing), and frequently employs his vacations in different forms of journalism, while the Cambridge don dabbles in psychical research and Christian Science. But I certainly felt an atmosphere of invigorating cosmopolitanism in all of the American universities I visited, and this was the more striking the further West I went.

Perhaps, however, the most pleasing and the most vital quality of American universities is their genuine democracy. In England democracy is still far off, although its outward forms command a conventional respect in political circles. Mediæval Oxford, where the long vacation was arranged so as to enable the students to help gather in the summer crops, was probably far more democratic than the Oxford of the twentieth century. Examples are quoted of artisans and others who attained distinction there; but few who have not seen the actual experience of such men can realise what disadvantages they have had to contend with. Their seriousness and lack of means put them at a great disadvantage as compared with the ordinary undergraduate, who often lives far more plutocratically at this stage of his existence than at any other; for the British *paterfamilias* commonly thinks it his duty to give his sons a larger allowance than they know what to do with, in order that they may reap the social advantages for which primarily he sends his son to a university. The luxurious standard of life and the extortionate ways of local tradesmen are very serious, if homely,

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difficulties. There is next to no feeling, such as I observed in Harvard, for example, that simple living among the rich will do much to prevent a poor man being put out of countenance. Consequently, many a poor man has left Oxford not only burdened with debt, but also with expensive tastes which hardly help him to right himself again.

Such is the inevitable result of the transitional state of English society. In 1800 the nobility and gentry, professional men, "traders" and workingmen formed a series of concentric circles, inside which each man walked with the dignity that comes of knowing one's place and being proud "to work and labour truly in that state of life unto which it shall please God to call me," as the Church Catechism has it. To-day the concentric circles have been replaced by a kind of Hampton Court maze, in which people never know whom they will next have to accost, and where they look around the corners at each other for mutual guidance. The democracy of American universities is, however, as real as it is in a Scotch university; and perhaps each has been moulded by its Calvinistic origins.

Hence, the American whom you meet casually has probably been to a university and has a range of companionship and of intellectual interests which the Englishman of a corresponding class has not. Such an Englishman will have a distant and purely social veneration for Oxford and Cambridge, though he may profess a hearty contempt for the unfledged university man on the threshold of business life. So long, however, as Oxford and Cambridge continue to be regarded primarily as "finishing" establishments for wealthy young men, this undesirable state of things will without doubt continue.

The incident which made more impression on me than anything that I saw in the United States admirably illustrates this. I went down to see a great factory. Out of the smoke and uproar emerged a splendidly built young fellow, grimed from head to foot with soot and grease. I began talking to him, and was amazed with the charm and intelligence of American mechanics. Shortly afterward I discovered that he had only just left Yale, and had rowed in the Yale eight against Oxford. Nothing ever convinced me so much of the genuine greatness of American democracy, which on its purely political side seems at first sight so unattractive. I cannot pretend to have seen much of the American undergraduate, but the salient feature of him to English eyes is (outside Harvard) his extreme boyishness—which would, of course, be accounted for by his often beginning his university work one or two years earlier, which, I understand, is not usually the case at Harvard. He seemed to me much more like the type of English public schoolboy—less individual and more regimental than the Oxonian. His exuberances were more deeply thought out, more carefully organised, and planned on a bigger scale. Another symptom was his childlike joy in belonging to a nominally secret society. For a similar reason, perhaps, there seemed to me much less tolerance of intellectual eccentricities and mere posing than at Oxford or Cambridge.

The contrast between the senior members of the universities was no less striking. I gathered that it was not at all uncommon for professors to have seen a great deal of the world in different walks of life before settling down to the work of teaching. In any case, they generally appeared to be far better acquainted with German and French universities, and to have much less insular ideas of European culture as a whole than the average Oxford or Cambridge don, whose ideas are often far too deeply tinged with the sole experience of an English public school and their own undergraduate period of life; nor is this very effectually cured by occasional Continental tours at a later and less impressionable time of life. Even in manner the American professor is essentially a man of the world in touch with the practical problems of the age, and entirely free from all suspicion of what in England is known as "donnishness"—a quality which is no doubt partially due to the curious predilection of the British public for shovel-hats and white ties in seats of learning.

It is only fair to add that this tendency is beginning to be less obvious in England; laymen—even unorthodox laymen—are now sometimes admitted to professorships, and the scandalous boycot-

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ting of a great teacher and scholar like Jowett would now be impossible. The don, too, is making valiant efforts to be modern; he bicycles, discusses social problems and serves as a war correspondent—but his modernity is still only in the making, and the old vapours are not yet altogether dispersed. To the Oxonian, therefore, the liberal open-mindedness and practical sagacity of the American professor is extremely bracing, and in subjects like English literature he feels that a standard of scholarship has been attained which puts the mother-country a little to the blush. I venture to think that no Englishman can leave the United States without realising for himself the profound truth of Mr. Bryce's words:

> While of all the institutions of the country they (the universities) are those of which the Americans speak most modestly, and indeed deprecatingly, they are those which seem to be at the moment making the swiftest progress, and to have the brightest promise for the future. They are supplying exactly those things which European critics have hitherto found lacking in America; and they are contributing, to her political as well as to her contemplative life, elements which are of inestimable worth.

E. S. P. Haynes.

TO THE SOUND OF ROLLING LOGS

It is a great thing to write greatly. I yield to no one in my reverence for the world's great writers. I like to think of the King walking into his library, that he might pay his respects to his rugged old pensioner, Dr. Johnson. I like to think of the great friends of Dryden quarrelling among themselves for the privilege of defraying the costs of his funeral. I should like to have been included among the "friendly concourse of the vulgar" that attended the funeral of Milton in the chancel of St. Giles. I rejoice with Swift when finally he is invited to those little dinners of Hartley's with the Lord Keeper and the Secretary of State. I can even bear with equanimity the thought of the vast throngs coming from afar to seek out Samuel Richardson in his grotto at North End, to hear him read from his novels, or to kiss his inkhorn. But it is really no great thing in itself to write. To "catch the pen and publish what one thinks"—to adapt Chatterton's phrase—does not in itself impose any serious claim upon the gratitude of mankind. It would almost seem supererogatory at the beginning of the twentieth century to assert that a mere knowledge of chirography, even when coupled with some notion of orthography, does not place the possessor apart as following a "clerkly career." And yet, when one notes on all sides the court that is paid to third and fourth-rate writers, one begins to think that some virtue must be supposed to exist in the mere ability to cover some hundreds of sheets of pure white paper with some thousands of lines of fine black ink. Having accomplished this, if the chirographer has furthermore been fortunate enough to hit upon a publisher with an ingenuity for arousing curiosity which may fairly be called diabolical (compared to whom the serpent in the garden was a mere tyro!) he will find himself besieged by Clubs, Needy Institutions, Tea-givers and Autograph Fiends enough to have turned the heads of any three authors of a less blatant age. And the highest pinnacle for the literati is reached, not when the publishers apologise in a stage-whisper for the slowness of their printing-presses, but when at last the author falls into the outstretched hands of the genial author-exploiter, who, going the way of other Trusts, at present reposes in the arms of Jersey.

So much is made of the small-fry of literature that there is really nothing left to do when the really Great Writer by chance slips into the net. In that case the public is in the position of the "yellow" editor, who, having helped himself freely to scare-heads for fires,

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forgeries and faithlessness, at last discovers no possible crescendo on the assassination of a President. Only the other day a friend of mine—an exceptionally brilliant woman—announced that she was going to a tea "to meet" a certain author whose books she confessed she could not read, and for whose slender talents she had no respect whatever. She confessed that it was "pure curiosity," and that alone, which led her there to grasp the author's hand, take a snap-shot impression of her gown, murmur half an epigram and be pushed on. Now, while I can understand curiosity concerning all greatness in whatever form it presents itself, I confess I am at a loss to understand this curiosity concerning mere mediocrity. It is inconceivable, for instance, to imagine any considerable number of people in a large city flocking to see a painter of poor portraits, a pianist who played badly or a singer who sang falsely. Then, whence this tumbling over one another to stare at a writer whose works the majority present will cheerfully condemn as trash? Is it the mere tribute paid to material success? I think not, for it is within bounds to say that the successful dressmaker or the successful plumber has probably gathered together a fortune even larger than one whose rising scale of sales we are forced to take with our coffee and rolls. Either the standard of good writing is far behind the standard of good music or good painting, or, as I have hinted before, there is some notion abroad that the mere pursuance of the profession of writing lifts one at once to a special Parnassus. That there exists a delightful vagueness concerning literary workmanship is happily illustrated by an experience of mine that took place a few years ago. Awaiting a friend in the dressing-room of an apartment where a musicale was in progress, I had noticed for some time the fluttering in and out of a young woman whose glances I at first complacently set down to admiration, but later, with some fall of spirits, to a solicitude for the silver toilet set.

At last she summoned up courage and approached me.

"Are you a reporter?" she asked.

I explained the situation.

"Oh," she exclaimed with evident disappointment, "Oh, I am so sorry! I hoped you were waiting to write up the guests. *I just love to meet literary people!*"

Now, far be it from purpose of mine to do or say aught to rob the calling of letters of any of its just rewards. I may even confess to a certain lively satisfaction derived from the contemplation of the "divinity that doth hedge about"—an author. But surely it must take away somewhat from that divinity to discover the same tribute being paid alike to the author of a glorious sonnet or of an inglorious dollar-dreadful!*

There is really no reason why a mere money-seeker in literature should hold a position above a mere money-seeker in any other profession. The novelist who writes with a finger on the pulse of the public has no higher claim for regard than has any other bread-winner. Let us admit frankly that, while there may be no special harm in the ear-to-the-ground attitude, it is scarcely the posture we should look for in our leaders. No calling is so great that it can lift a man above the spirit he brings to its performance. Let us refuse longer to allow the glamour of any high station whatever to blind us to that homely truth. No juster or more needed admonition could be taken to heart to-day than that sage reflection of Oliver Goldsmith:

"After all," he says, "the author who draws his quill merely to take a purse, no more deserves success than he who presents a pistol."

Annie Nathan Meyer.

*Why should I not use this term to describe an article which has risen in price at the same time as in prestige?

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MARION CRAWFORD'S ROME

WITH DRAWINGS BY WALTER HALE.

"My business is with Rome, and not with Europe at large." Before writing these words, found in the first pages of *Saracinesca,* Mr. Marion Crawford had shown a cosmopolitan knowledge of many countries and many types, and since this novel others have appeared laid in and out of Europe, but through the medium of his Roman stories he is forever identified.

The catalogues of public libraries devote many pages to Rome, ancient and modern; Poole's Index presents an array of titles on the Eternal City that makes the heart of the magazine writer, ever striving to throw new light on old subjects, sink into his boots. In that list of chronicles no street is left unexplored, no monument unmentioned; every edifice has its label, each householder is ticketed. Customs are described that would mightily surprise the citizen himself, and criticisms are thrust upon a reading public with the reckless verbosity of the space writer.

With a coin in the palm of one's hand in lieu of the Italian language, for surely in this country "money talks," leathern curtains are uplifted, pictures unveiled and reliquaries unlocked. Rome shows her treasures gladly, but the sealed holy door of St. Peter's is not more impenetrable than the palace of a Roman nobleman; to the tourist storming the city the Pope himself is not as far removed as the courtyard beyond the majestic porter who stands, mace in hand, at the entrance of these homes of the aristocratic.

"In Santa Catarina dei Funari."—*A Roman Singer.*

"Their palaces are historic. Their equipages are magnificent. That is all the foreigners see of Roman families." The words are given to Anastase Gouache in the story of Don Orsino, and many a worldly pilgrim can add her testimony. Strangely enough, it is from an American that we receive our best idea of the blue-blooded Roman. Mr. Crawford was born in Italy, has spent his life here, and he knows whereof he writes. So we who look on may read his novels serene in the consciousness of acquiring knowledge and enjoying it at the same time.

Mr. Crawford sighs for the days of '65, when the Villa Aldobrandini had not been sliced off to make way for the Via Nazionale, before the Corso was widened, while its mile of shops and palaces was still gay with French officers and Papal Zouaves, and the fashionable promenaders of the Pincio dropped on their knees to receive the benediction of Pius IX., who often descended from his carriage to walk among the people.

To the later comers who know nothing better, the Villa Aldobrandini is still a lovely spot; the Corso remarkably narrow even now for the commingling of pedestrians and big English horses; and the uniforms and habits of State and Church so rich in colouring that the stranger confusedly salutes the policeman and humbly makes way for the scarlet-gowned students. The Pincio is to-day the chosen drive for the *beau monde,* though the good Pope of this generation, on account of the animosity between him and the monarchy, has not been out of the Vatican grounds

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for twenty-three years; and in place of his white-gowned Holiness, the King, in quiet dress, acknowledges the uplifted hats of his subjects.

From the time of the old Prince Saracinesca through the best days of Sant' Ilario, his son, and the youth of his son's son, Don Orsino, the Roman type has altered but slightly. "There is no one at once so thoroughly Roman and so thoroughly non-Roman as the Roman noble," says Mr. Crawford. For generations they have taken wives from other nations, who, like the Princess Montevarchi, at first make feeble attempts toward innovation, compromise on a carpet for the drawing-room, and in the end adopt the customs of their husbands and adapt themselves to their surroundings.

Their sons are tall, fine men, far different in appearance from the Italians of other cities. Blue-eyed, many of them, and blonde-haired, but with the Latin vanity that prompted the old Duke d'Astrardente to ogle every passing seamstress. It is difficult to realise that these same men who, in the street, will brutally stare a young girl out of countenance will quarrel over a fancied slight to a woman dear to them, and fight with the ferocity of Don Giovanni and the skill of Pietro Ghisleri, but not, it is thought, with the deadliness of Spicca's sword-thrust.

The emancipated woman is not known in Italy. The signora of to-day is quite as charming in real life as she is in Mr. Crawford's books. She laughs and chatters, and tries not to gesticulate, and wears the most extravagant jewels while, like Corona d'Astrardente, she may never have had a hundred francs in her purse at one time. If she lives with her father-in-law under the big roof of one palazzo, in the patriarchal manner, she cannot order a cup of tea "out of hours" without the price of it being extracted from the interest on her dowry, this sum having been handed to her husband's father on her wedding day. She is probably a happy woman, and does not take her marriage contract, which allows her at least two kinds of meat at dinner, two new gowns a year and a daily drive, very seriously. They follow the beaten paths of their ancestors, these handsome men and women; their carriage wheels roll along in the ruts of their forefathers, and, being already Romans, ask for nothing better.

San Giacinto, to show his faith in Pietro Ghisleri, drove with him "six times round the Villa Borghese, six times round the Pincio, and four times the length of the Corso." He knew the afternoon tea-table and the topics discussed over the teacups, for in Rome gossip is luxury to youth and necessity to old age. Nowhere can a phrase have so many shadings as in Italy, nor a sentence so many inflections. Mr. Crawford dwells continually on this weakness of the social world, and illustrates the truism in the story of Laura Arden, who had first been avoided and then deserted through a single malicious suggestion of her stepsister. The accusation of the evil eye is a death warrant to any one of worldly aspiration. This past winter an American woman married to a titled Italian has been practically ostracised through this absurd charge; and an Italian cavalry officer in a few months' time has found himself a bugbear to his friends.

The novelist is wise in leaving ancient Rome to the archæologist. It does not belong to this century, and is seldom the board for his chessmen. Hedwig longed to see the Pantheon by moonlight, as does the tourist to-day, but she was of German birth; and the Appian Way served only as the playground for Donna Tullia's picnic party.

The churches, too, are largely left to guide-books, though Faustina met Anastase Gouache in Sant' Agostino much as sweethearts do to-day; and in the Church of the Capuccini, where we go to see the "St. Michael" of Guido Reni, Corona sobbed out her heart to her confessor. Don Giovanni sat alone in the dark on the steps of St. Peter's, overwhelmed with the thought of his love for her, and later, they were married in Santi Apostoli, a church generally overlooked by the traveller, but containing one of Canova's masterpieces. Pietro Ghisleri, still wearing the garb of Mephistopheles, come from the Ash Wednesday revels in the studio of Gouache, meditated bitterly in the gloom of the church of Prayer and Death; and Marzio, of the people, no less a cynic, but despising others rather than himself, sat

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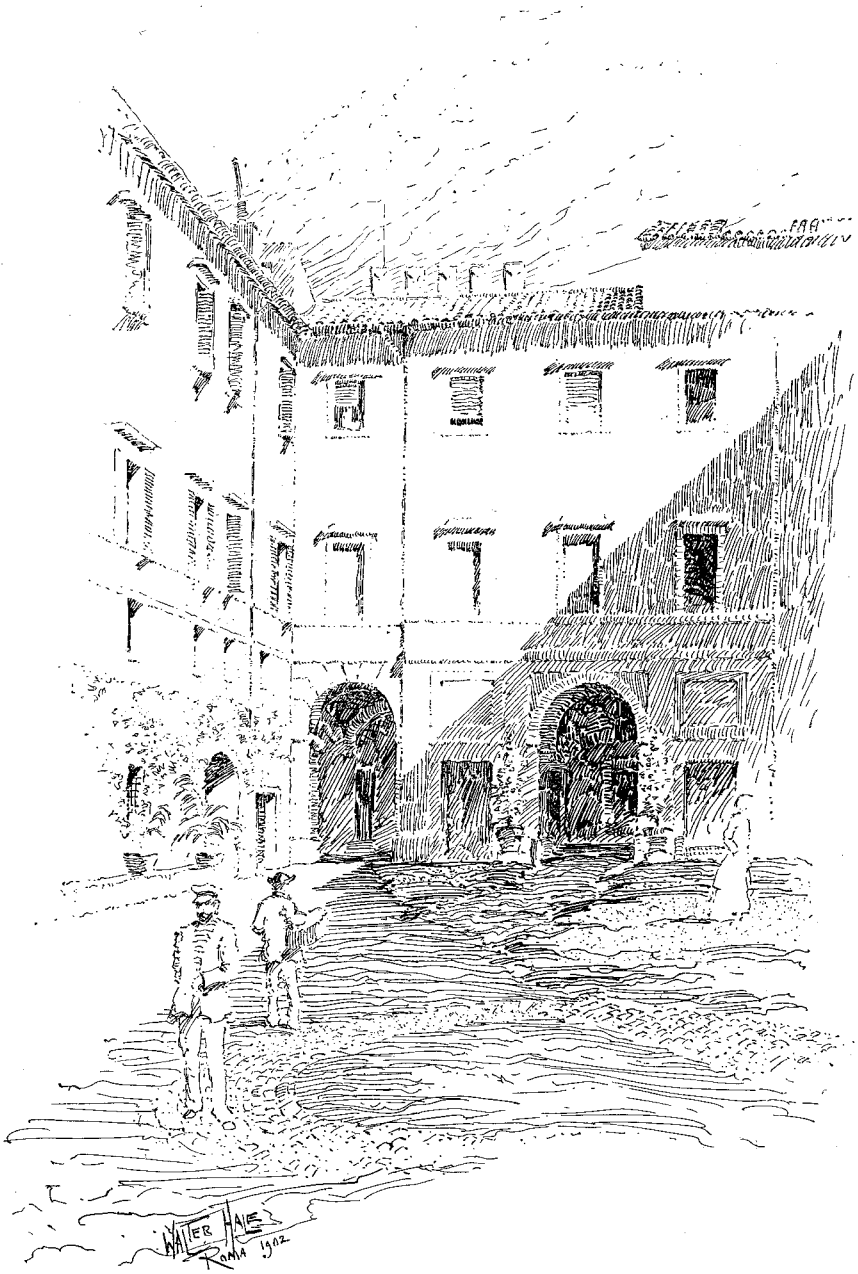

THE PALAZZO GABRIELLI.

"The vast old palace which has sheltered so many hundreds of Saracinescas."—*Don Orsino.*

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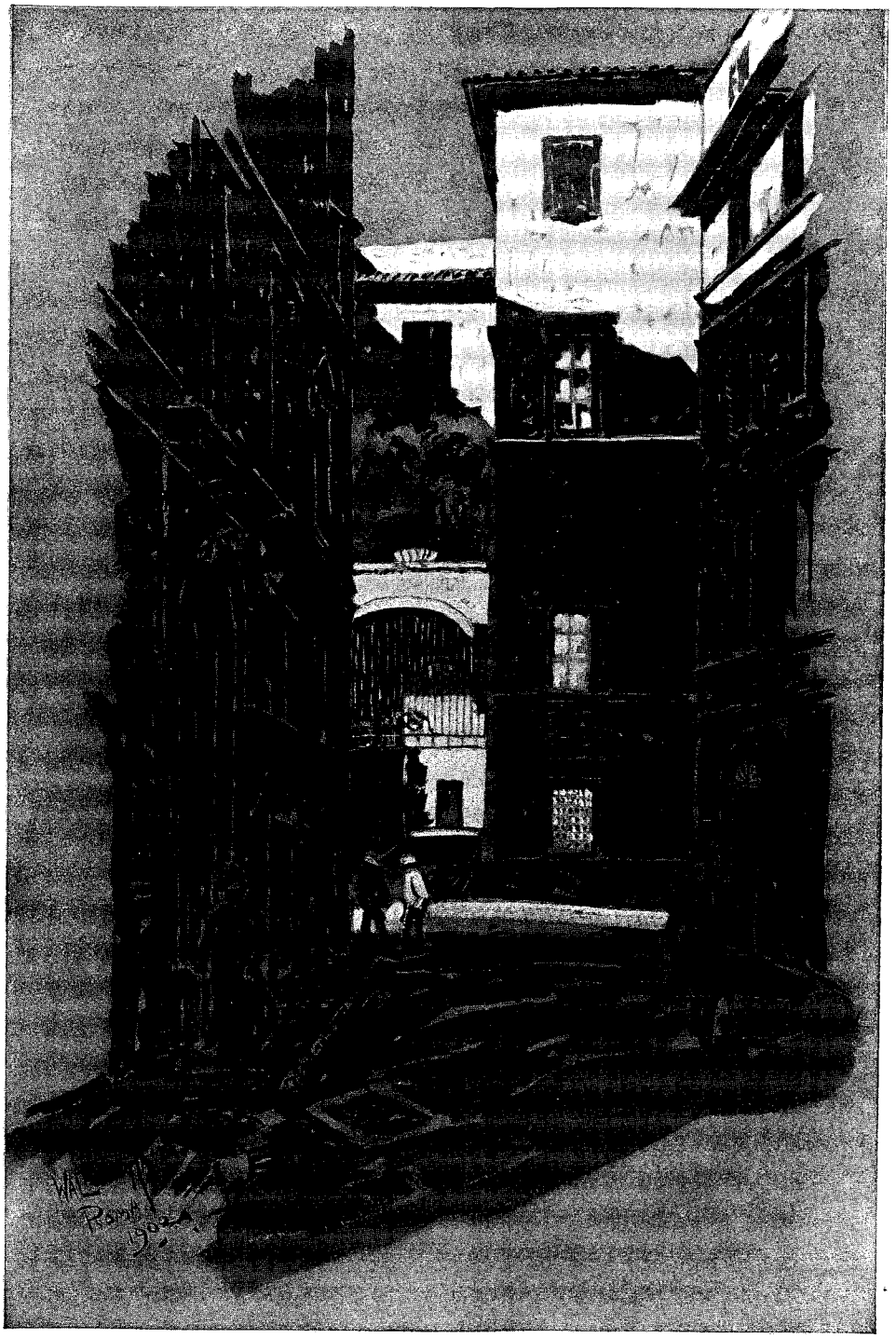

ENTRANCE TO THE PALAZZO GABRIELLI.

"Of the three enormous arched gateways, one alone is usually open."—*Saracinesca.*

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"The steep ascent to the Capitol."—*Marzio's Crucifix.*

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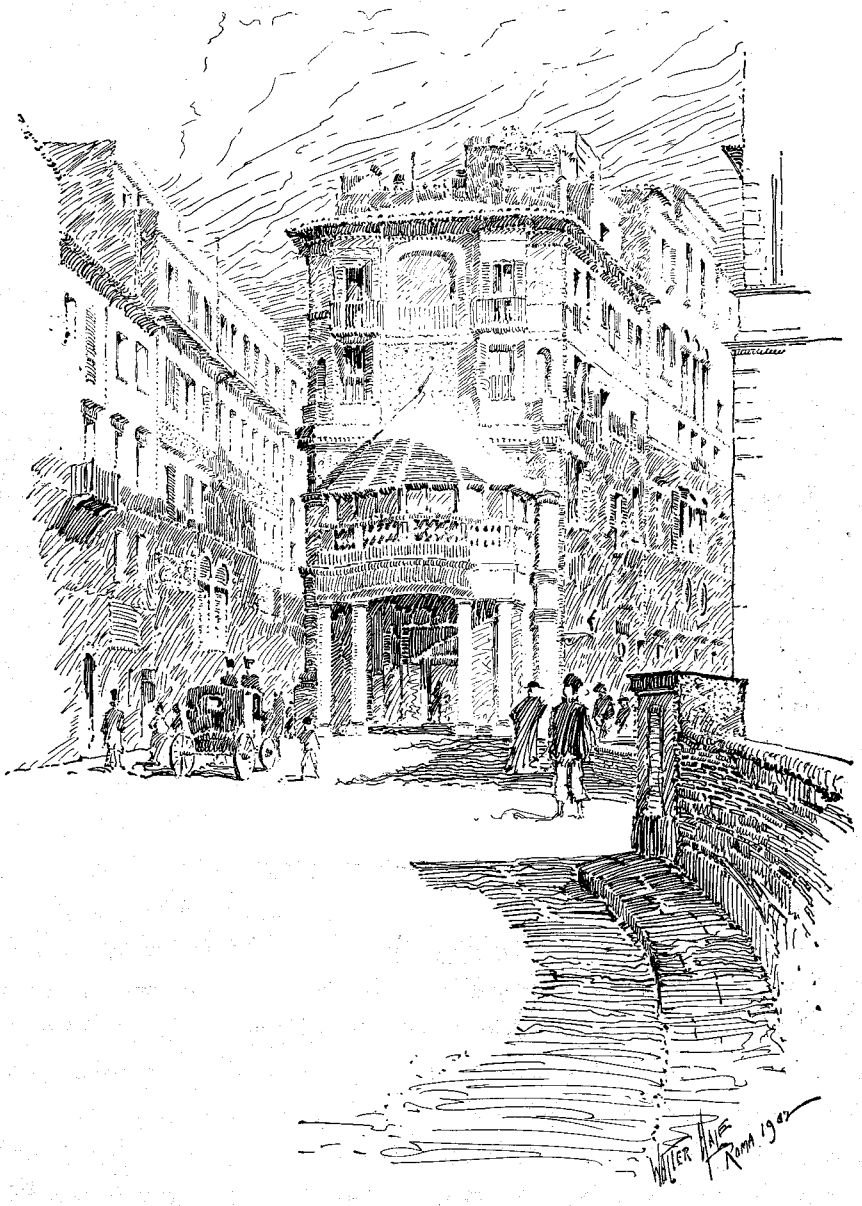

"The Tempietto, which stands just where the Via Gregoriono and the Via Sistino end."—*Pietro Ghisleri.*

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"The Piazza Colonna of an afternoon."—*A Roman Singer.*

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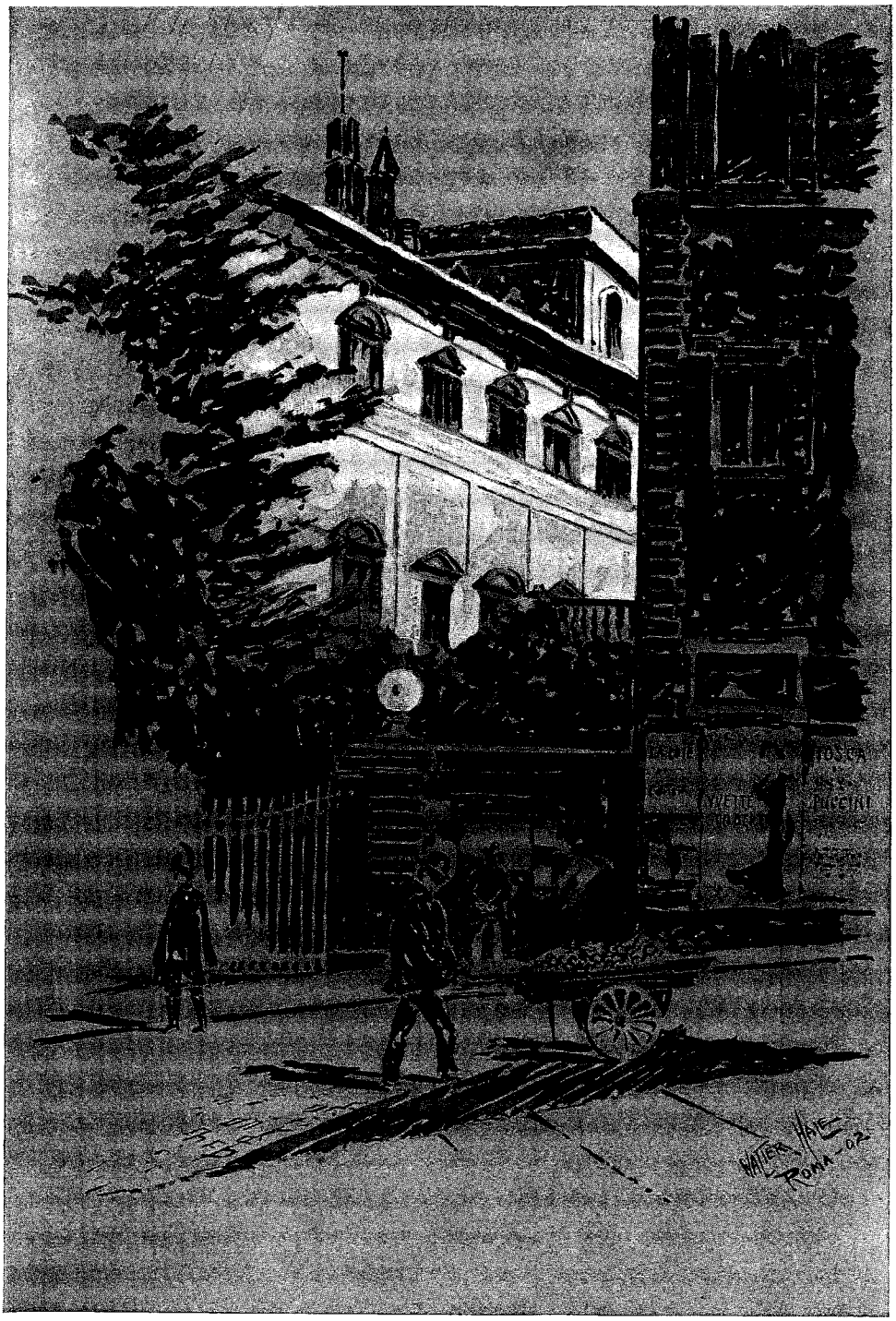

"The Palazzo Barberini . . . with the big windows overlooking the little garden."—*Don Orsino.*

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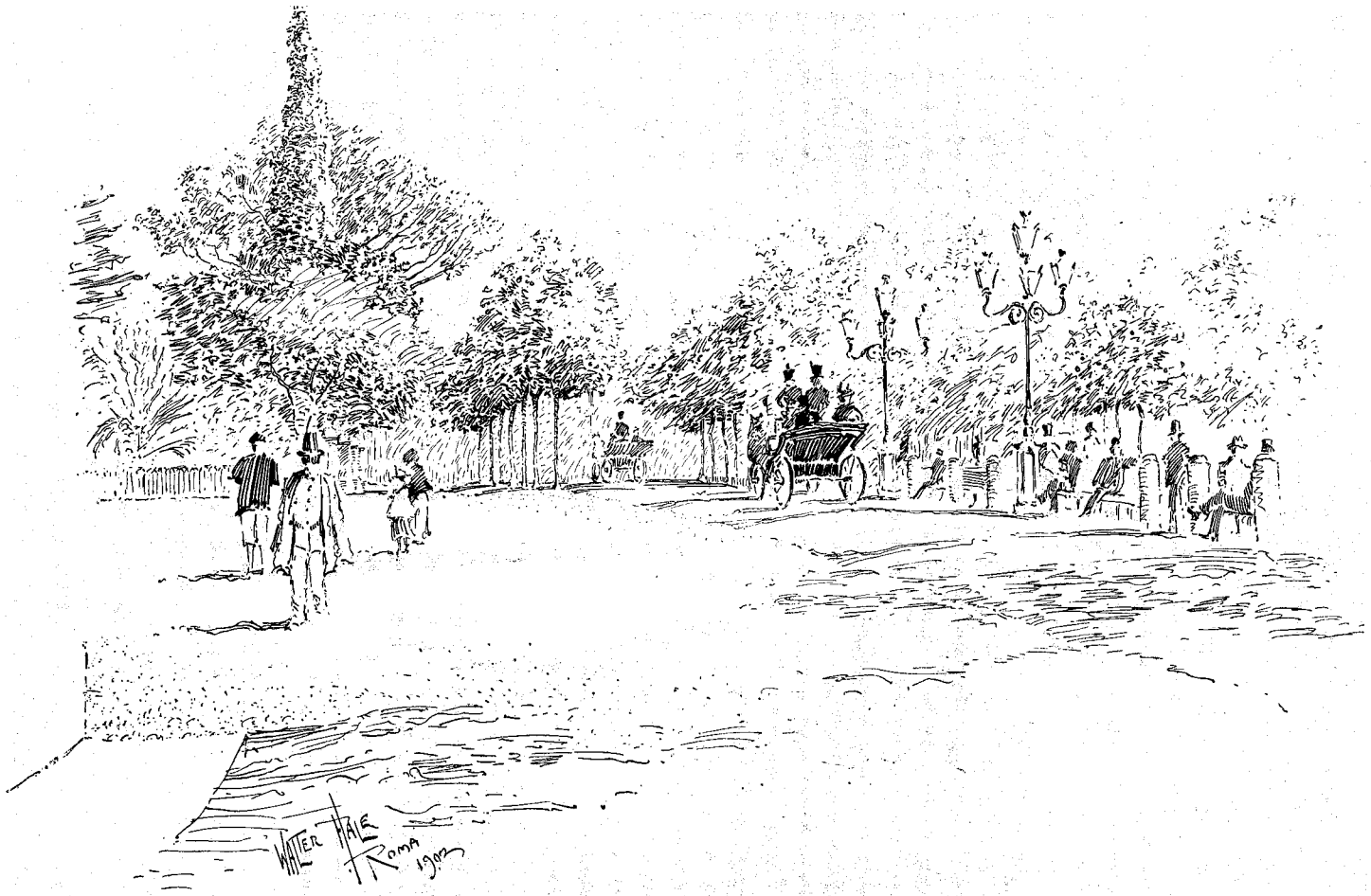

"The Pincio near the entrance . . . opposite the band stand."—*Pietro Ghisleri.*

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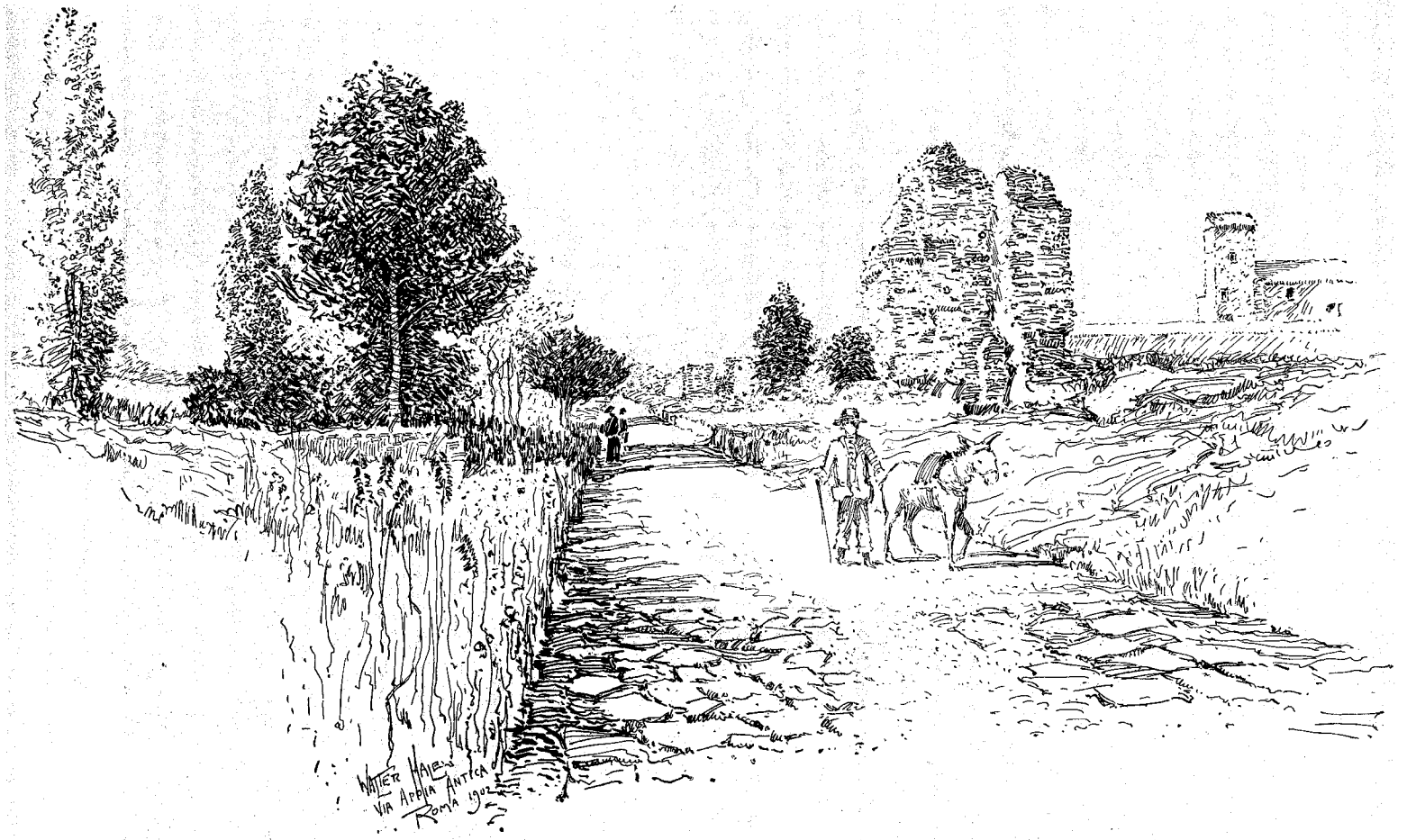

"The Appian Way with the broad Campagna stretching away to right and left."—*Saracinesca.*

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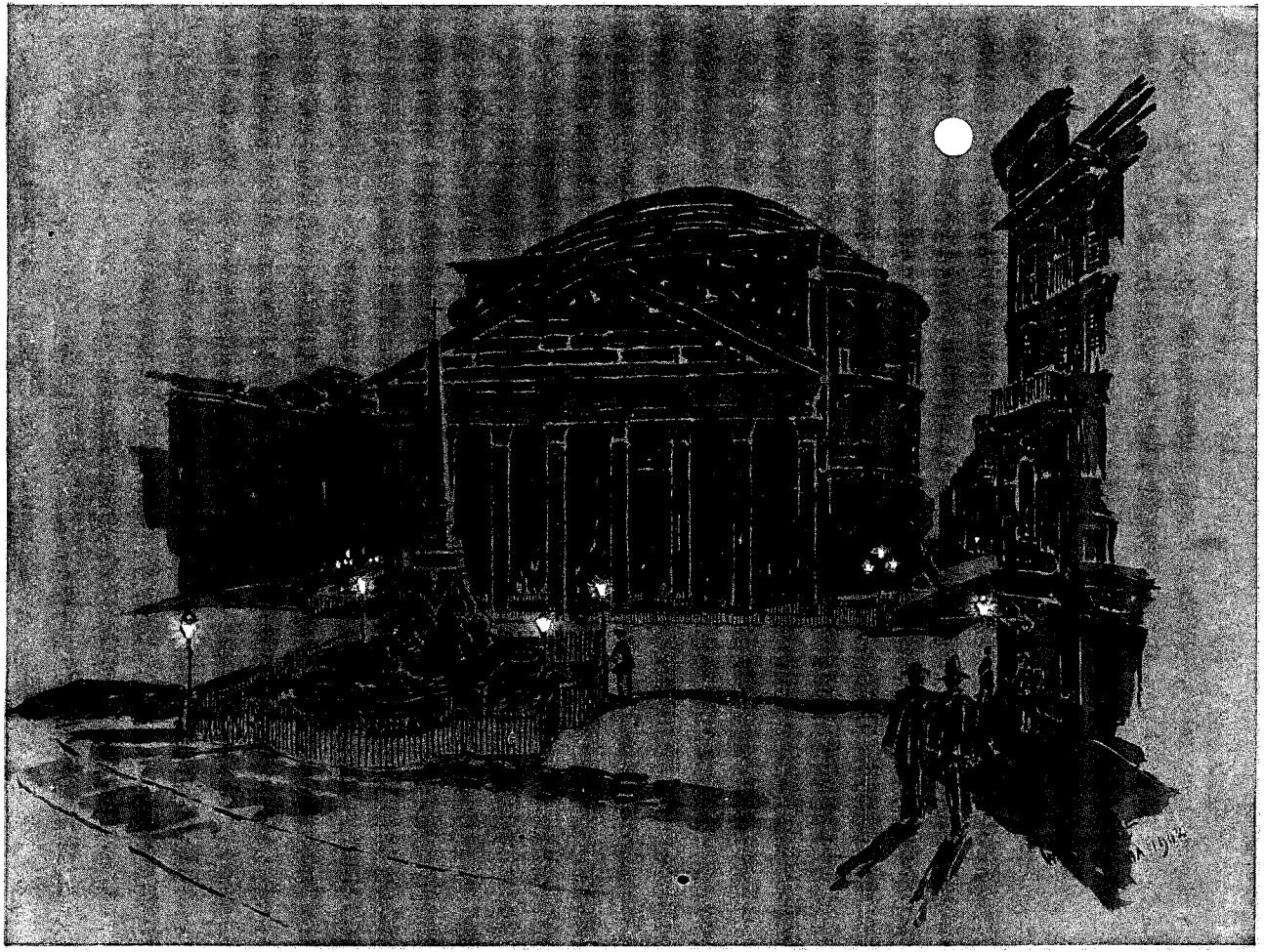

"The Pantheon by moonlight."—*A Roman Singer.*

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in the rich Church of the Gesù and planned the perfect crucifix.

If the edifices themselves are little concerned in Mr. Crawford's books, the power of the Holy Office made itself felt in the lives of many of the characters. To quote the author: "No one who considers the social life of Rome, either then or now, can afford to overlook the influence of political events upon the everyday doings of men and women." In Giovanni's youth the Pope was the great political force; now it is doubtful if he could exercise the authority to waylay letters sent through the mail, as he, or rather as Antonelli, intercepted those of the spy, Del Ferice. This same Cardinal, the envoy of the Holy Father, protested against the marriage of Saracinesca to Donna Tullia, but encouraged that of Corona to him and demanded their brilliant church wedding. Since Italy has become a united kingdom the process of matrimony has grown more complicated. The ceremony of the priest is not sufficient to bind the two legally; there must be a civil service as well; and though the Church may refuse to sanction a marriage, a State ceremony will tie the knot securely—blessed or cursed. Soon the furious debate in Parliament over divorce, pro and con, will come to a vote, and, judging by the concensus of opinion, the Holy Office will find itself still less a political power in this latter-day *régime*. However that may be, generations will elapse before the opposition of the Church will cease to be a menace to those invoking the law. Even Marzio Pandolfo felt the resistless arm of this great religion, and raved the more over his helplessness.

It is in *Marzio's Crucifix* and *A Roman Singer* that we gain an idea of the life of the side streets. The few remaining silver chisellers of Marzio's class are in the neighbourhood of the Hotel dell'-Orso. (It was in front of this mediæval hostelry that Gouache was injured by the horses of the Montevarchi.) They are quiet people, artists as well as artisans, who live in unbeautiful surroundings while evolving beautiful creations. Marzio is an excellent type, whom a wise Government allows to rail unmolested. Indeed, the freedom of thought as expressed in the socialistic journals of Italy, suggests the country to be a Re-

THE BELFRY FROM THE PIAZZA SANT' APOLLINAIRE.
"The Parish Church of Sant' Agostino."—*Sant' Ilario.*

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public rather than a Monarchy. Like the noble Montevarchi, Marzio could bargain over a marriage settlement with the acumen that makes the whole world kin, though the Prince sat in his study, and the silver chiseller squabbled on the steps of the Capitol with the suitor for his daughter's hand.

Nino, the Roman singer, lived with the gentle old Count who tells the story, in the Via dei Funari. The palace of one of the greatest nobles in Rome lies across the way, and the ancient Palazzo Gabrielli, which Mr. Crawford chose as the Saracinesca home, is not far distant. The palace is now divided into smaller apartments, though coroneted carriages still pass in and out the big archway, fine horses are kept in the stables of the ground floor, and liveried servants move quietly about the courtyard. The neighbourhood is dingy, but these squalid streets matter little to the aristocrat. They are but the means to an end; the Corso lies beyond, and in and around its narrow length are woven the life stories of its *habitués*.

At the far end of the Corso is the Pincio, where the grandees stop their horses as they did forty years ago, and listen to

"The Orso, one of the most ancient inns in the world."—*Sant' Ilario.*

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the band, the footmen standing with military precision a few feet behind the carriage wheels. Here Don Giovanni watched eagerly for a glimpse of Corona, and afterward, in defence of the Pope, sat his horse a long afternoon, a target for the bullets of the monarchists. It was at this entrance that Lord Arden received his first intimation of the unfounded cause for his future wife's unpopularity; and at the other end of the Pincio, near the Spanish Steps, is the Tempietto, where Laura and Arden afterward lived.

Along the Corso are the restaurants, which have not changed their excellent reputation in the passing of time. The Caffè Aragno has bettered its locality since the day the old d'Astrardente sank into one of its chairs upon hearing the perverted story of Saracinesca's duel. The Caffè di Roma retains its air of dignity, and, though the restaurant with the garden where Don Orsino and Count Spicca ate their August dinners is now the home of the Commercial Club, the Caffè San Carlo rejoices in its *cliente*.

Ices are still eaten in the Piazza Colonna, and the band plays on Sunday as it did before the bombs in the square gave the signal to the Garibaldian insurrectionists. In front of the Parliament buildings young Orsino met Del Ferice and took his first step toward speculation. As remarkable a departure for an aristocrat as his proposal of marriage, in the Palazzo Barberini, to Madame d'Aranjuez, the lovely woman whose antecedents were at the time presumably not worthy of mention. A mile away, in the Via della Croce, was the apartment of the "melancholy Spicca." Like Hamlet, his very mournfulness endears him to us, and, though a most human being, it is difficult to imagine him one of this gay throng. He is drawn from life, however, though his prototype, a man but recently dead, was not an expert swordsman.

Mr. Crawford does not attempt portraiture. As Meissonier modelled his soldiers after a type and not an individual, as the actor takes the eccentricities of many men to make one impersonation, so Mr. Crawford has studied Roman life on a large scale, and through his broad experiences gives to each character the qualities, good or bad, that are pre-eminent in the world of men and women that constitute his Rome.

Louise Closser Hale.

NINE BOOKS OF SOME IMPORTANCE

I.

A Dictionary of Architecture.*

The second and third volumes of Mr. Sturgis's dictionary are before us, and it would seem almost praise enough to say that they fully sustain the promise given by the first volume, which we examined a few months ago. But the matter comprised in these two concluding volumes is of so wide a range and interest that a careful review of its treatment becomes imperative. The excellence and fulness of the illustrations and diagrams in conjunction with the definitions, cross-references and bibliography, prove emphatically the conscientious care with which this work has been prepared. Mr. Sturgis aptly says, in his preface to Volume II.: "A good dictionary will be good reading even if a column or a page be read consecutively, but it will be still better reading if the reader is in the mood to take a little pains and turns to one article after another, following, not the alphabetical sequence of the terms, but the sequence of his own thought. . . . An obvious instance is that subject, the most important to us moderns of all

* A Dictionary of Architecture and Building, Biographical, Historical, and Descriptive. By Russell Sturgis, A.M., Ph.D., Fellow of the American Institute of Architects, and many Architects, Painters, Engineers, and other Expert Writers, American and Foreign. In three volumes. Vols. II. and III. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1901.

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matters of architectural history, the system of building and design of the great Empire, from 50 B.C. to 250 A.D. The building and the art of the European world since that time, and of much beyond the European world, take their origin in what was done during that epoch; and yet there is so little generally known about it, and it is so misunderstood, that all architectural thought and writing is seriously marred by this lack of accuracy." He then goes on to trace a line of inquiry in historical sequence which develops the architecture of Imperial Rome and its many ramifications. Imperial architecture, if followed as he directs, will be presented to the student in a clear and all-embracing manner.

Much might be said, in fact, of other orders. "Grecian Architecture" has been treated by Professor Allan Marquand, and the "Græco-Roman," by W. P. P. Longfellow, admirably presented, and accompanied by significant and carefully printed plates. "Gothic Architecture" and "Gothic Revival" are written by the editor himself with much fulness. In "Gothic Revival" attention is called to some satisfactory examples of the Gothic to be seen in New York, notably Holy Trinity, Borough of Brooklyn, built in 1845; Trinity Church, New York, and the recently demolished National Academy of Design, New York, in which latter building "an attempt not matched for thoroughness, except in one or two English buildings, was made to revive Gothic sculpture according to its supposed mediæval methods and processes." The new appliances of "Engineering" and "Chemistry," in their bearing on building, the many factors of expert thought and opinion which now enter into the construction of complicated structures designed either for the business needs or the habitable comfort of complex modern man are discussed and explained with a clearness and evident accuracy which commend them to the student. "Thrust," "Tie," "Buttress," "Flying Buttress," their substitutes in modern building, devices which now supplant them owing to change in building material, none of these seems to have been forgotten. Indeed, for the mere intellectual worker and for those who are mentally curious, there is a fund of attractive information bound up here that he who would be really well informed will not care to be ignorant of. When one remarks the extensive use artists sometimes make of architectural forms and orders, much of it in current illustration, it is astounding how flagrantly and frequently they offend; these are not cases necessarily of artistic inability, but of an architectural ignorance which seems unpardonable. The fault probably extends to literature, as well as existing in the graphic arts, when an attempt is made at description where architecture is involved. This present work strikes one eminently suitable as a book of reference and study for all who are pursuing literature or art, either appreciatively or as a profession.

Returning to the practical and esoteric features of the dictionary, we would like to call attention in passing to the very explanatory article on "Iron Construction," which appears to be full of the right sort of information on the subject, from the competent hand of the late W. R. Hutton. No modern architect can get away from the conditions now exacted in matters of construction, although "wrought iron does not appear as a material of construction until late in the eighteenth century." He goes on to say: "It was, indeed, largely used in the shape of ties and anchors, and its abuse in those forms gave cause for the remark of Vignola that 'a building should not be held together by strings.' Cast iron was first used about the end of the fifteenth century, but it was not applied as structural material until late in the eighteenth. Both cast and wrought iron were used for minor constructions, as grilles and stairways. The formation of iron plates by passing them between rollers dates from 1783." He then follows historically the use made of iron in construction, citing prominent examples from this time on to the present, when it has reached such perfection of manufacture and is so universally employed. The "Hotel," that marvellous modern invention as it may almost be called, is defined by that designer of great hotels, H. J. Hardenburgh, he who reared the Waldorf-Astoria, Manhattan and other great hostelries. Naturally, every detail concerning facility of service and the demands of modern living are here described and amplified, and these features embrace the requirements from kitchen

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to roof-garden. In this period of humanitarian enterprise and benefactions it is satisfactory to note the space given to the definition, details of construction and the multiform demands of the "Hospital." Edward Cowles, A.M., M.D., covers this title at length. The extent of subjects covered in Volume II., from F to N, includes "France," "Germany," "Italy," "Japan," "Greece," "Græco-Roman," "India," "Latin Architecture," "Mexico," "Mural Painting" and "Neo-Classic Architecture." "Ceramics" is also a title of much interest; and "Library," in view of the importance this character of building is assuming at present in America, is one that is peculiarly valuable. In small, technical definitions this second volume abounds. In fact, it is difficult by the mere selection of haphazard titles to indicate the wide range of topics that are included in this sweep from "Façade" to "Nymphæum;" but it is safe to assume that perhaps all and more than the student can imagine may be found here, either directly or collaterally.

If in the second volume, by their alphabetical position, most of the centres of architectural activity were discussed, we can find no fault in the interest of the concluding volume, where "Persia," "Portugal," "Scotland," Sicily," "Spain," "Tudor Architecture," "Turkish Architecture," "The Vatican" and "Westminster Hall" come in for description. These titles comprise "Pelasgic Architecture," "Romanesque Architecture," "Roman Architecture," "School of Architecture," "Synagogue," "United States" and an exhaustive article by John La Farge on "Windows." To select a few of these titles for review may be sufficient in this short comment. It is diverting, in this volume—from O to Z—to familiarise oneself with the vagaries to which architecture was subjected at certain periods of its decline from legitimate orders, when Palladio's perfect prettinesses became the vogue, or when the "Rococo" style prevailed. Fantasies of this kind have been indulged in in every art at different periods, and they seem the expression of the human mind which, after years of legitimate exercise, must relieve itself in moments of play. Sometimes this play is very graceful and pretty, and at others awkward and insignificant in the extreme. A wave of this eccentric frivolity is now passing over France, under the name of *L'Art nouveau;* but it is only a repetition of similar moments of artistic aberration with which the world has long been familiar. The pseudo-classic state under Napoleon I. in dress, furniture, ornament and building was a moment of similar æsthetic whim; and the definition of the Palladian style and of the "Rococo" period, with their accompanying illustrations, in this last volume are of peculiar and fascinating interest. The cold charm and pretty correctness of Palladio found appreciation among the classical revivalists of England, while it was the French who were influenced by the more original and imaginative qualities of Vignola. The florid rococo style may be seen in its perfection in the illustration of an interior at Brucheal on the Rhine, given here under the heading "Rococo Architecture." But these are alphabetical diversions merely, taken in turning over the pages in sequence, and they truly tend to lighten the task of the reviewer, as well as to indicate the variety and richness of the titles treated.

To turn to more serious and legitimate subjects, we find "Romanesque Architecture," by W. P. P. Longfellow, remarkably full of information on this dignified style, which became generally the architecture of Europe between the Roman period and the Gothic. "The name has been most commonly restricted to the distinct and homogeneous style that was evolved in Western Europe in the ninth, tenth, eleventh and twelfth centuries, leaving the name of Latin for the transitional style which had intervened between the breaking up of the Roman in the fourth century and this; but it may be broadly used to cover the interval from the fourth century to the appearance of Gothic in the latter half of the twelfth. The Romanesque was emphatically the architecture of the round arch and the vault, as the Greek had been that of the order and the lintel, and the Roman a compromise between the two." He then goes on to trace its evolution, with introduction of the clearstory, the consequent strengthening of the walls, and, finally, to the period when "the French builders, more inventive, tried every means to lighten their construction. Sometimes they tied their vaults across with iron,

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stiffening the clearstory walls with timbers, which in time rotted away. Sometimes they relied on buttresses applied to the clearstory, and those, too, at first betrayed them. At last they invented the flying buttress, set across the aisles at the springing of the main vault above the piers. They built their vaults on independent ribs, transverse, diagonal and longitudinal, which bore them like a permanent scaffolding. They lightened the shells of their vaults and the clearstory walls between their buttresses as much as possible, expanding the windows and shortening the bays of the naves; and finally equalising the height of the ribs and levelling the crown of the vaulting by the use of the pointed arch, they led the way to the wonderful development of Gothic in the thirteenth century."

In his article "Preliminary Studies," to be found in this volume, Mr. Henry Rutgers Marshall deprecates the too general use of the flat drawings to present the elevations of buildings projected, and strongly urges the employment of the "sketch model." "They may be made in paper, or wood, or wax, or clay; but the disadvantages of working in these materials are considerable, and this fact doubtless goes far to account for the little use that has been made of them in daily practice. Of late, however, certain clay preparations have been discovered in which inexpensive models can be made which do not easily lose their form, and which do not need to be kept wet during preparation or afterward." He reminds us: "It is a most significant fact that during the time of the Renaissance in Italy the great architects, to whom we look back with admiration and reverence, are known to have used sketch models very freely. Geometrical or pictorial drawings were not felt to suffice in the proper study of a projected building. These sketch models were often made in wood, and some of them are still extant, *e.g.*, that of the Strozzi Palace in Florence. Michelangelo is said to have modelled his buildings, in all cases, in clay." The article on "Shade and Shadows" is a clear statement of the subject by F. D. Sherman, Ph.B., of Columbia University. "Sculpture," by the editor, is an extended and richly illustrated title, and carries one from the earliest times through the period of the Renaissance. That rich period in the architectural history of England, which has been named "Tudor," is treated by R. C. Sturgis, and is illustrated by a fine half-tone print of the chapel of Henry VII., a typical example of "Tudor Architecture" in Westminster Abbey. "United States, Architecture of," has been mainly covered by Montgomery Schuyler, the Pre-Columbian Era being furnished by F. S. Dellenbaugh. Mr. Schuyler devotes much space to the rural mansions of colonial times, but he brings his remarks up to the present "tall building" which culminates in the "office building."

In concluding, we reach the very interesting subject, "Window, Part III. The Translucent Falling of the Lights," which title is written by John La Farge, who is so identified with the revival of stained glass in this country, and who has produced work which recalls the best traditions of this art, to which he has added much that is new and of exceeding value. In experimenting in the use of what is called "plating," the "superposing one colour on another so as to increase its depth and richness, to modify its transparency, or to change its tone; as, for instance, when we plate a colour with its complementary colour or variation of that complementary," Mr. La Farge felt that it was possible to go still farther in securing a full transparent use of glass and to lessen the need of painting on the glass. He goes on to say: "Yet there seemed to be a possible future in a strictly logical order; that is to say, the use of glass in its purity, untouched by pigment or added colour, and joined together by leads, which should be as carefully designed as the choice of glass itself. It was at this time," he says, "that it occurred to the writer that opal glass, then made in this country and used for the imitation of porcelain, but often so badly made as to be more than translucent, suggested a means of meeting the defects of thinness of texture and flatness of colour, and of securing a permanent recall of the necessary complementary. The deficient pieces, which were translucent, exhibited that peculiar effect of two contrasting colours which we call opaline. The making of such glass seems to have been known for an indefinite period, though it does not appear that this glass has been used in this way in window work. After

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many experiments in having it coloured, in testing its variations in density, the material seemed to be the proper basis for a fair venture into the use of free colour in windows, even when it was used only in small patches, alongside of the English glass, whose flatness was relieved by the opal's suggestion of complementary colour—that mysterious quality it has of showing a golden yellow associated with a violet; a pink flush brought out on a ground of green." This was of much use in modelling parts of the figure and draperies, and did service that was formerly done by the means of pigment. Mr. La Farge has done much in this and other ways, in "leading," etc., to advance the art of stained glass, and has, doubtless, other refinements of the art to offer if the conditions and spirit of our time were more than those of the period of the Renaissance, when "every citizen was a judge of art."

Enough has been shown of the contents of this work of Mr. Sturgis to prove its value and thoroughness, and, as we said in our review of Volume I., the great activity in building and the demand for good architecture in this country make the appearance of these volumes most timely.

Frank Fowler.

II.

Châteaubriand's Memoirs.*

Mr. de Mattos—a name I do not remember to have met before on a title-page—has seen a rare chance, and has taken it boldly. Few Englishmen who read French for amusement now turn to Châteaubriand. If such idlers were to be examined, how little they could tell about *Le Génie du Christianisme, Les Martyrs, Les Abencerrages,* and those other volumes, once familiar in every circle where French was spoken? And these *Memoirs from Beyond the Tomb?* They are certainly unploughed land, inviolate as some Greek temple-enclosure—or, to put the matter more temptingly, if half a dozen books overflowing with incidents, reflections, descriptions of persons and landscapes, picturesque, irritating, curious and brilliant, equal to these, were flung upon the circulating libraries, some one would make his fortune. Let us hope it will be Mr. de Mattos. Readers must agree to the rules of the game; then they will enjoy it. They are to fancy a French Byron writing his own life before a looking-glass, putting on and off the costumes that he affects—now chivalrous Middle Age, now democratic and almost sans-culottish—with a sigh which is half-theatrical yet sincere and even catching. We all know (do we know at first hand?) that Byron's journals and correspondence are among the jewels of English literature. Châteaubriand's *Memoirs* hold a similar place in France. There was no need for Mr. de Mattos to repeat the fatigued but insolent saying of M. Pierre Louys, uttered in a Parisian café: "The *Memoirs* will live forever." They will, and *Atala, René,* many pages in the *Génie,* will live as long. M. Louys is but a literary Byzantine, for all his contempt of the great ancients. Flaubert, who was a critic unsurpassed where language and style came up for discussion, taught the latter half of the nineteenth century that Châteaubriand excelled all other artists of French prose. The vain creature thought so himself and has affirmed it here, not once only; but what difference can that make, if it is true? "Then," cries the Saxon bluntness, "what is the use of translating Châteaubriand? Can you translate his style?" A nice question, the answer to which, if scientifically expounded, would do us more good than a course of literature.

No, style is strictly incommunicable. Those who would feel the magic of this Breton, this Celtic master, will be compelled to pluck the secret from his French. And yet something may be caught by one so excellently versed as Mr. de Mattos in both languages. I would say that his rendering is in many ways so fit, a very little more would make it perfect. Fewer particles, a slight but all-important condensing of the native phrase—there is probably the rule of perfection. Let me quote a penetrating remark of M. Maeterlinck, which applies at all times in dealing with French. "Our language," he says, when introducing to it Novalis, the mystic, "is a minute and

* The Memoirs of François René, Vicomte de Châteaubriand, etc. Translated by Alexander Texeira de Mattos. In 6 volumes. Vols. I. and II. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

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severe interpreter, which before it will consent to express anything demands explanations that it is often dangerous to give." In other words, French prefers logic to poetry. The wonder in our delightful Bretons—Châteaubriand, Lamennias, Renan—is that they have laid a spell upon it, and, as if in trance, it murmurs of the sea, the woodlands, the old kingdom of Faëry; it is transformed to Merlin and sleeps enchanted in the Forest of Broceliande. Nevertheless, logic in grammar and construction it will not forego. English moves along a path less even. Châteaubriand read and spoke our island-tongue for years; it has left its mark on him, and he envied Milton, as well he might.

But there is no end to one's reflections on this incomparable prose-poet. Rhetorician, as Mr. Arnold thought was the judgment of Englishmen about him; megalomaniac, to such a degree that when he contemplates himself and his doings he falls into ecstasy; charlatan, no doubt, and unconsciously hard because self-centred; he is not likeable, but he stands alone. It is rather a shame to fix on this creator of Childe Harold the epithet Byronic. Byron was pupil, not master, and in the first of these volumes we may study *Lara;* in the second we follow a pilgrimage that traversed the Mediterranean and did homage to the Isles of Greece years before Byron carved his name on the marble column where one can read it still in the temple at Sunium. If plagiarism, it must be charged on the canny Scot; but stealing in this fashion is god-like—would there were more of it!

One was nearly forgetting to say that Châteaubriand met and knew everybody, from Washington to Metternich, from Burke and Mirabeau (what a conjunction!), to Nelson and Bolivar; he sketches them all to the life. Whoever wishes for an easy acquaintance with French men of letters under Napoleon may begin it here. The translator's notes, brief and frequent, make a small dictionary of famous names, in which one or two slips are pardonable. I may observe that Fénélon never set out for Greece; he only talked of it. The first volume, with its gloomy pictures of Saint Malo, its Château de Combourg and its old Brittany is most admirable, thrilling in no conventional sense. Equal but unlike is the story of Brunswick's futile campaign in 1792, told with inexhaustible spirit. Other episodes—the wanderings in America, the execution of the Duc d'Enghien—carry us to quite different, but not less fascinating, scenes. And four volumes are yet to come. Finally, observe the illustrations, of which one, showing us George III., blind and insane, seated in his easy-chair and looking on vacancy, haunts the imagination when we turn from it, and would not be out of place in *King Lear.*

William Barry.

III.

Mrs. Dudeney's "Spindle and Plough."*

In view of the stigma which seems to lie in the term "sex-problem novel," one hesitates to apply it to such eminently sane, clear-sighted pictures of life as *Folly Corner* and *Spindle and Plough.* Yet the vital and dominant note in both these books, the note which differentiates them sharply from the works of many other careful and able writers of to-day, is their delicate yet pervading consciousness of sex. Mrs. Dudeney's literary creed might best be defined as a sort of wholesome realism, the sort of realism which does not go out of its way in search of the unpleasant side of life, but does not ignore or shrink from what it finds in the natural and ordinary course. With the psychological writers of the Continental schools, and their morbid curiosity for what is abnormal and perverted, she has little in common. There is nothing of pathological interest in either her characters or her plots. She simply recognises quite frankly certain basic, elemental physical facts, and handles them with a fearlessness characteristic of those who live their lives close to nature, who have grown up in the atmosphere of field and farm, and delight in the study of nature's methods of growth and of fruition.

In treating the sex element, it is quite unnecessary for a novelist to go to the length of a Maupassant or a Tolstoi or a d'Annunzio in order to recognise that

* Spindle and Plough. By Mrs. Henry Dudeney. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

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this is a serious factor in modern social life, that no amount of conventional ignoring or glossing over will prevent it from becoming a paramount issue in the life of many a normal man or woman; that below an apparently tranquil surface, an unspoken and inexplicable aversion or preference contains the key of many a life which otherwise would have been lived far differently; and that while the novelist who sees nothing else in life than these unseen undercurrents runs the risk of sinking to the level of the pernographer, the novelist who deliberately shuts his eyes to sex problems is at best in danger of giving only a warped and distorted picture.

Mrs. Dudeney wisely follows a middle course. Her characters, one and all, stand forth from the printed page endowed with life, not because they are better individualised, clearer portraitures, with all their little idiosyncrasies of manner and of taste, but because of their obvious consciousness of sex, because she has made them living men and women, tingling with vitality and presented to us under the life-giving touch of fundamental human passions. One thing that is pleasant about Mrs. Dudeney's characters is that they are all thoroughly normal, well-balanced types. Her men, at least the men in whom she seems to take particular interest, are stalwart, hard-working farmers of the more prosperous sort, with an atmosphere of the glebe about them; her women are large, well-built, and without being beautiful, are at least good to look upon, and with a suggestion of physical well-being about them. They are none of them of the neurotic, anæmic type of the Continental novelists. There is not a Magda or a Hedda Gabler or a Madame de Burne among them. They are as far from being spoiled by the modern higher education as they are from sinking to the level of mere household drudges. In short, they are simply types of the average Englishwoman of to-day, with all her virtues and her limitations.

It is in these studies of women that Mrs. Dudeney reveals all that is best in her genius. Her chief preoccupation seems to be the conflict which goes on in the hearts of some women between two opposing instincts—that of independence and freedom and physical comfort on the one hand, and on the other that of sex and sacrifice and self-surrender. Hitherto the type which seems to have interested Mrs. Dudeney to the exclusion of all others is that in which the second of these impulses is paramount. She has given us some interesting studies even in those slight sketches contained in *Men of Marlowe*, especially in that one telling how a weak, foolish little woman comes stealing back to the scene of former rendezvous simply because the old compelling power of a burnt-out passion is still too strong to be combated. But, of course, the supreme example of this type is that of Pamela in *Folly Corner*. Here is a girl who by nature is essentially ease-loving, fond of curling up cat-like in a warm corner by the fire; a girl who, after long suffering and anxiety, has obtained, to all intents and purposes, what she wanted—a pleasant home, a social standing, a husband who will never be inconveniently exacting—and all this she throws aside at the sound of the voice of the one man in the world who happens to appeal to her in just that way; and because he calls her carelessly by the foolish little monosyllabic name, which he alone used, she follows him blindly into poverty and danger and possible disgrace. The type is drawn with a masterly touch. It is undoubtedly a type which is not uncommon, and the question which involuntarily arose in the reader's mind was whether Mrs. Dudeney herself intended it to represent the average normal woman—whether, in short, she thought that for every woman there exists somewhere in the world a man whose voice would possess that same compelling power. *Spindle and Plough* is an interesting answer to this question, and it is emphatically negative. In this story Mrs. Dudeney has undertaken to portray the opposite type, the woman largely lacking in what the French so conveniently term *tempérament;* the woman with a deep-rooted contempt for love and marriage and mankind in general—a contempt based upon ignorance and immaturity.

Shalisha Pilgrim is a distinctly interesting type, a big, broad-shouldered, somewhat masculine girl with an innate spirit of freedom and independence—a girl to whom air and outdoor life are es-

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sential, and who would stifle in the artificial air of a London drawing-room. As a child, her ugliness was her mother's despair; as a woman, she has just fallen short of beauty, in spite of her dark, arching brows and her heavy ropes of red-gold hair; but she has that rarer charm of expression, which is better and more lasting than any physical loveliness. Intolerant as she is of love and sentiment, Shalisha is by nature qualified for deep devotion. The maternal instinct, the spirit of self-sacrifice is highly developed, and she is impelled to lavish it upon something or somebody. While her father, an impoverished invalid artist, lived, she lavished it upon him. After his death, she transferred it to her mother, a silly, flighty, Dresden-china little woman, whose mature years in no way interfered with endless flirtations, and whom Shalisha guarded jealously from a second marriage, looking with youthful austerity upon such a possibility as a profanation of her father's memory. Shalisha is by profession a landscape gardener, and at the opening of the story she has just obtained an excellent situation in the country, through the kindness of her "Godmother Bloss"—a piece of good fortune which she welcomes chiefly as an opportunity to break off her mother's latest matrimonial entanglement with portly, pompous Mr. Poundsberry, a well-to-do auctioneer, who confuses his aspirates and drinks his tea from the saucer.

At Bramble Tye, Mr. Boylett's estate, Shalisha comes in close personal contact for the first time with men—two men in particular, her employer and Felix Rule, the bailiff. Both of these men, attracted by the novel charm of the girl's freedom, her masculine independence, her unconventionality, soon seek to win her, each in his own way; and their attention vaguely troubles her, although the trouble is not wholly unpleasant. Yet so little does she know of matters of the heart that Boylett's proposal takes her unawares, and what Felix says to her on the eve of his departure for America is said and answered, and he is well on his journey before she realises that he has offered himself and that she has refused him. Boylett she refuses with her eyes open. His offer means much to her—it means a lifelong home on the place where she has laboured so lovingly; it means the care of Boylett's orphaned daughter, whom Shalisha longs to take under her maternal protection; but the price is too high if it means the sacrifice of her freedom, the abandonment of her out-door life, the necessity of fulfilling a wife's obligations to Boylett, a man who "is guilty of the effeminacy of a Pullman car," and "talks about the beauties of nature instead of feeling and living them." Besides, deep down in her heart, under the austerity of her unawakened senses, she already knows that, sooner or later, Felix, sensible, plodding English farmer though he is, will return and claim her in spite of herself.

In point of fact, Felix does return—a transformed Felix in all the opulence of new raiment, heavy watch-chain and blazing pin, and with the comfortable assurance of a neat little fortune amassed by honest toil. He makes the mistake of taking Shalisha's consent almost for granted, and blurts out his plans to take her away from Bramble Bye, to lavish jewels on her, to transplant her to the very life which she has always held in contempt. In his eagerness and impetuosity he gave her no time to collect herself:

> He frightened and chilled her. The old disquieting thrill which she had felt before under his touch convulsed her now. She distrusted this joy. It opened the flood-gates of emotion. She didn't want to be stirred. She wanted to lead her celibate, calm life. She wanted nothing tangible. He might love and admire and serve and guard—no more. She experienced an old maid's prudery and cautious retreat. She tried to put a greater distance between them. His eyes, his hands, ardent; his mouth so near that she could feel the hot breath of his hurried breathing—alarmed her. She felt herself to be in a vague way sullied.
>
> He retreated farther than she wished. He seemed to divine the distaste she felt; perhaps it was written on her twitching, averted face.
>
> "What do you want?" he asked in a voice like a whip.
>
> "I don't know," she returned brokenly.
>
> "Is it possible that a woman can be such a fool?"

This is the way in which Felix came

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and went a second time; because Shalisha, unlike Pamela, was not one of those women who sacrifice everything and come at the first careless word of the man they love. She is capable of self-surrender to a high degree; but it must be on her own terms and in her own good time. And when Felix at last comes again, stripped of his fortune and his finery, hungry and in rags, and she takes him in and gives him a prodigal's welcome, one feels that the great devotion of which she is capable and which has at last found a permanent object upon which to spend itself is, after all, even now far more maternal in its nature than it is the devotion of true passion.

Frederic Taber Cooper.

IV.

Mr. Quiller-Couch's "The Westcotes."*

It is very rare to come across a book which so fully satisfies the demands of the fastidious reader as does Mr. Quiller-Couch's latest story. A light, graceful structure, finely proportioned, with not one clumsy excrescence, it has all the artistic merit of the best of the writer's shorter tales. But it is not only our sense of art that is ministered to; the book is a masterpiece of delicate sentiment. The scene is laid in a West Country town, at the time of the Napoleonic wars, and the main persons of the drama are, on the one hand, members of a highly respectable, solid local family, and on the other, French prisoners of war stationed in their neighbourhood. Romance has its unforeseen, irresistible way with the heart of a plain woman of thirty-seven, who responds shyly, staidly, but with burning gratitude, to the attentions of a Frenchman almost young enough to be her son. This is a theme which could be decently handled by, say, one writer in a thousand. Mr. Quiller-Couch is that one, and he has created an unforgettable woman. Dorothea's late blossoming of romance is treated with perfect sincerity. Its crudity, its perilous nearness to the ridiculous are never concealed; nor is her own helplessness in dealing with a situation too difficult for her. Yet she comes out of the coil with a halo of pathetic dignity. Her shrinkings and her incapacities are not of our time. We have changed all that for our women—or so we say. And yet among the more self-reliant, more boisterous types in the living world around us is there one that is more real than Dorothea?

But the writer has not given the deprecating heroine undue prominence. The book is a gallery, a small, selected gallery, of gems of portraiture. Raoul, the lover, is a finely discriminating study of a fascinating young Frenchman, whose emotional nature, with its need of drama and of audience, and whose wit tempt him to belie his real nobility. But our special delight is Endymion, the stately, high-handed, benevolent banker-squire, with his pride in his tolerance, in his culture, and his consummate talent for saying the wrong thing with a conscious air of being specially delicate and keen-witted. Nowhere is there caricature. His capability is given as much weight as his pompousness. The humour of his portrait depends greatly on the fine moderation of the painter, who, with a few light touches, lets us see the man.

> "I take, you must know," says Endymion, "a somewhat broad view on such matters—may I, without offence, term it a liberal one?" . . . . "A broad-minded fellow" was the general verdict; and some admirers added that ideas which in weaker men might seem to lean toward free thought, and even toward Jacobinism, became Mr. Westcote handsomely enough. He knew how to carry them off, to wear them lightly as flourishes and ornaments of his robust common sense, and might be trusted not to go too far. Endymion, who had an exquisite *flair* for the approval of his own class, soon learned to take an honest pride in his liberalism and to enjoy its discreet display.

Let us thank Mr. Quiller-Couch with heartiness for allowing us to share his enjoyment of Endymion.

A. Macdonell.

* The Westcotes. By A. T. Quiller-Couch. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

V.

Charles Major's "Dorothy Vernon."*

Some months ago Mr. Major published a book called *The Bears of Blue*

* Dorothy Vernon. By Charles Major. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.50.

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River. It created no great stir, when compared to the remarkable popularity of *When Knighthood Was in Flower,* two or three years earlier; but there was much in it that elicited commendation, and a number of reviewers pointed out what an excellent thing it was that Mr. Major had abandoned the field of the English historical novel, of which he could necessarily know little or nothing, and had turned to a subject with which, as a Westerner, an Indiana man, he must, of course, be thoroughly at home. The point looked not unplausible and was very generally accepted as an excellent one, summing up the whole matter. But in the interest of truth it must be pointed out that the reviewers in question were on both points a little bit astray. To the time of the Tudor dynasty in England and the corresponding period in France, Mr. Major has given the study of a great many years. In the reading of countless long evenings he has followed the careers of great personages and their companions, not only through the pages of conventional history, but in the sidelights of history, the memoirs and the letters, until there is probably hardly a man or a woman of even minor importance of whose life and personality he does not know something. On the other hand, in the matter of *The Bears of Blue River* Mr. Major confessed to the present writer a short time ago that his acquaintance with bears had been limited to those he had seen in zoölogical gardens or being led about at the end of chains. "Why, I've never seen a bear in the woods in my life!"

Although she appears on the scene only when the novel is drawing toward its end, in *Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall,* Mr. Major handles Mary, Queen of Scots, with scant ceremony. The luckless rival of Elizabeth has found champions to conspire for her even in history, to suborn or distort evidence, to explain away certain episodes concerning Darnley, and Bothwell, and Rizzio and many others—but Mr. Major is not of these. He is ready to believe the worst of her—and the worst is probably the truth—and paints her as wholly selfish, treacherous and frankly wanton. Of Elizabeth, he says that she was a great queen and a wise queen, though this is nothing new, and dwells upon her man's brain and her love of justice. Yet in half a dozen little scenes he has illustrated the violence of her temper and her inordinate, blind vanity.

Briefly, *Dorothy Vernon* is another *Knighthood.* In detail it is a somewhat better-written book than *Knighthood;* but in the main it possesses all of the earlier story's virtues and about all of its faults. The heroine, Dorothy Vernon, is simply another Mary Tudor, who says "damn" prettily and passionately, and breaks hearts and crockery with equal intensity. Her lover, Sir John Manners, is away from her, guarding Mary, Queen of Scots, who is in hiding at the castle of Lord Rutland, the father of Sir John. Dorothy grows jealous, and questions a serving-maid as to the relations between her lover and the Queen.

"Indeed, yes, mistress," returned Jennie. . . . "They do walk together a great deal on the ramparts, and the white snaky lady do look up into Sir John's face like this"—here Jennie assumed a love-lorn expression. "And —and once, mistress, I thought—I thought—"

"Yes, yes, Jesu!" hissed Dorothy, clutching Jennie by the arm, "you thought, you thought. Tell me! Tell me! What in hell's name did you think? Speak quickly, wench."

"I am not sure, mistress, but I thought I saw his arm about her waist one evening on the ramparts. It was dark, and for sure I could not tell, but—"

"God's curse upon the white huzzy!" screamed Dorothy. "God's curse upon her! She is stealing him from me, and I am helpless."

She clasped her hands over the top of her head and ran to and fro across the room, uttering inarticulate cries of agony. Then she sat upon the bedside and threw herself into Madge's arms, crying under her breath, "My God! My God! Think of it, Madge. I have given him my heart, my soul, oh, merciful God, my love—all that I have worth giving, and now comes this white wretch, and because she is a queen and was sired in hell she tries to steal him from me and coaxes him to put his arm around her waist."

When we realise that poor Sir John in this matter is quite innocent, it is evident that Dorothy, despite her wondrous crown of red hair and her transcendent beauty, would not be the most comforta-

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ble woman in the world with whom to live. But in an historical novel of two centuries and a half ago it is another matter.

As for the story—well, let us append the following publisher's note, which contains fewer adjectives and is more generally intelligent than publishers' notes usually are:

The plot is centred around Haddon Hall, famous in history as one of the places which sheltered Mary, Queen of Scots, during her captivity. The story itself is of the romantic attachment and elopement of Dorothy Vernon and young John Manners, in spite of the opposition of parents and guardians. The time is around 1560. The story of the hero and heroine has long filled a romantic place in the more personal annals of Elizabethan history. Both Elizabeth and Mary Stuart come into the story, which is set in perhaps the most beautiful of English scenery—the hill country of Derbyshire, in the neighbourhood of Chatsworth, beautiful hills through which flow the Wye and the Derwent. This neighbourhood is one of the most interesting in England. Not far from it is Chatsworth, where Walter Scott was often seen, and where Byron met fair Mary Chaworth, the heiress of Annesley. Not far to the south of it is Leehurst, where Florence Nightingale used to live, while to the north of it is the grave of Little John, famous in the Robin Hood legend. Some of the rooms in Haddon Hall stand exactly as Dorothy herself saw them three hundred years ago. In the state chamber still stands the canopied bed of green velvet and white satin in which tradition says Queen Elizabeth slept when she visited Haddon to open the first ball in the new ball-room of that day.

It should be suggested that in the course of the narrative Mr. Major has neglected several opportunities to heighten scenes and to score effective points. For instance, where the fact that there had been years before a love affair between Lady Crawford and Lord Rutland is hinted at, the reader's curiosity is aroused inartistically. To the mind of the present reviewer more should have been said or much less. Mr. Major's discursiveness of style leads him frequently to take the bathos. Nowhere is this more noticeable than at the end of the last chapter of the book, where the very last sentence completely spoils the effect of the whole preceding paragraph. But these shortcomings are merely those of detail. As a whole, *Dorothy Vernon* possesses qualities which should commend it to every one of the several hundred thousand persons who enjoyed *When Knighthood Was in Flower.*

Firmin Dredd.

VI.

Mrs. Banks's "Oldfield."*

If one wishes for a few brief hours to slip away from the strenuous life in fiction and in fact, it is worth while reading *Oldfield*—a quaint, unusual story, marked by much fine feeling and beauty of expression. Oldfield is a peaceful, pastoral village in the Pennyroyal Region of Kentucky, probably much the same today as it was fifty odd years ago. It did not have a large population; just a handful of people, who patronised one small "store," and who gathered together on Sunday at one meeting-house.

It was a pleasant, peaceful sight to see the people coming out of their green-bowered houses on that radiant May morning. The old locust trees were at the sweetest and whitest of their flowering; the light, fine foliage seemed to float on the south breeze; the long clusters of snowy flowers swung gently to and fro over the heads of the churchgoers, like silvered censers filling the air with richest incense. And there at the base of every fragile spray—emblem of life's mortality—lay the bed of next year's leaf, symbol of life's immortality. But the simple people, walking beneath, went on their way heeding only the beauty, and the sweetness, and the warmth of the sunshine. . . . From the opposite direction, also, the pious people of Oldfield were approaching the meeting-house, the men to enter one door and the women another. Even the children were strictly divided, the boys sitting with their fathers and the girls with their mothers. Once when a man, who was a stranger and unacquainted with Oldfield customs, wandered in and unknowingly took a seat on the women's side, a scandalised shock passed over the entire congregation. It was a serious matter, to be gravely discussed for many a day thereafter.

From the first chapter one breathes the

* Oldfield. By Nancy Huston Banks. New York: The Macmillan Company.

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atmosphere of the place. The characters in the story, long since dead, soon become real to the reader.

The most lovable figure in *Oldfield* was Miss Judy Bramwell.

She was so very pretty, so small, so slight, so exquisite altogether. Old as she was, she had still the movements of a bird. Her sweet, old face was as fair as any girl's, and as ready with its delicate blushes. Her soft hair, white as falling snowflakes and as curly as a child's, was burnished by a silver gloss lovelier than the sheen of youth. And her beautiful eyes were still the blue of the flax flowers.

Miss Judy and her sister were maiden ladies, living alone in one of the "green-bowered" houses, where genteel poverty finally broke the fluttering heart of sweet little Miss Judy. Near them lived Sidney Wendell, the village newsmonger, and Doris, her daughter, the pride of Miss Judy's maternal spirit. Not far down the road were Tom Watson and his wife; the former a strange figure, indeed, and the latter divided between love for her husband and faith in her religion. There were also the Widow Gordon, who drove in a coach, and whose grandson, Lynn, fell desperately in love with Doris. The following description of Doris, as she took her first dancing lesson, is certainly charming:

And more serious than Monsieur Beauchamp was Doris herself, facing him from the opposite side of the passage; grave, indeed, as any wood nymph performing some sacred rite in a sylvan temple. When the young man saw her first she stood poised and fluttering, as a butterfly poises and flutters, uncertain whether to alight or to fly. The thin skirt of the book-muslin party-coat, delicately held out at the sides by the very tips of her fingers, and lightly caught by the soft wind, spread like the wings of a white bird. The slippers, heel-less, and yellow as buttercups, were thus brought bewitchingly into view—with the narrow ribbons daintily crossed over the instep and tied around the ankle—as they darted in and out beneath the fluttering skirt. Her golden hair, loosed by the dance and the breeze, fell around her shoulders in a radiant mantle, growing more beautiful with every airy movement. The exquisite curve of her cheek, nearly always colourless, now faintly reflected the rose-red of her perfect lips as the snow-drift reflects the glow of the sunset. Her large, dark eyes were lost under her long lashes, and never wandered for an instant from the little Frenchman's guiding toes. . . . . She followed their every motion as thistledown follows the wind: stepping delicately, advancing coquettishly, courtesying quaintly—as Miss Judy had taught her—and retiring, alluring, only to begin over and over again. It was all as artless, as graceful and as natural as the floating of the thistledown; and such a wonderful dance as never was seen on land or sea, unless, as the young man thought, with the sight going to his head like royal burgundy—the fairies might have danced something of the kind on Erin's enchanted moss within the moonlit ring.

But the story is not all romance and maidenly innocence. There is an undercurrent of tragedy and mystery surrounding the figures of Judge Stanley and the Spaniard Alvarado. The author touches upon Kentucky's attitude on the taking of human life, and the effect that its unwritten law had upon the Judge. To write a story of Southern life in the middle of the last century without drawing upon the Civil War for material, or upon dialect for local colour, is something of a feat. Mrs. Banks has done this and more. She has taken her readers away from everything that is sordid and unwholesome, and for awhile has bidden them enter a community of loving and lovable people. Figuratively speaking, the pages are fragrant with the odour of dried rose leaves. In writing her first novel, Mrs. Banks has borne in mind the words of Cyrano de Bergerac: "Never write a word that comes not from the heart." *Flora Mai Holly.*

VII.

Emerson Hough's "The Mississippi Bubble."*

The historical novel, with its promise of large rewards, has lured so many promising writers aside from their chosen path that one defection more or less has ceased to be a surprise. Mr. Hough's case, however, seems at first sight to be exceptionally flagrant. He had already identified himself with a group of young Western writers, a group

*The Mississippi Bubble. By Emerson Hough. Indianapolis: The Bowen-Merrill Company.

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broad enough to include men of such varied calibre as Frank Norris and Stewart White, and while lacking sufficiently definite aims and aspirations to be called a school, yet bound together by certain characteristic traits and methods. They all possess a certain breezy freedom of word and phrase, and a big, almost epic, fashion of treating the basic problems of life, very effective when not overdone. And in his *Girl of the Half-Way House* Mr. Hough was wise enough not to overdo it. His success, so far, has been distinctly in the realm of modern life—the rough, rugged life of the Western frontier—and when the announcement came that he had deserted his post to write a historical romance, a French tale of the period of the Regency, those who wished him well could scarcely be blamed for feeling that he was making a rather sad mistake.

For these reasons it is all the pleasanter to own that the mistake was all the other way. *The Mississippi Bubble* is not only its own justification, but distinctly an advance upon the author's previous work. Mr. Hough claims that instead of his writing the story it in a large measure wrote itself, so firm a hold had the character of the hero taken upon his imagination. In this respect he does not stand alone, for many another novelist, from Harrison Ainsworth to Archibald Clavering Gunter, has come under the spell of John Law, adventurer, gambler and financier, and wrought him into fiction according to their several talents. Take down the average cyclopædia and turn to the article on John Law, and you will find even in such a meagre, colourless skeleton of his life, as the typical cyclopædia article must be, material ready made for a romance. Mr. Hough has in all essentials followed history rather closely. He shows us John Law journeying to London, a stranger, penniless and on foot, begging a ride over the last few miles in a carriage occupied by two fair women. He shows us Law at the fashionable gambling rooms in London, provoking wondering comment by his daring returns, his marvellous luck, his fabulous winnings; he shows him again in counsel with the leading statesmen and financiers of the realm, dominating the meeting with the obvious simplicity and soundness of his advice, and successfully steering the fortunes of the Bank of England, then in its infancy. And at the same time he shows him not only a bold player and shrewd economist, but an intrepid, tempestuous lover, breaking down all barriers of etiquette and rank and fortune, and wringing a confession of answering love from the fair owner of the coach which brought him to London.

History records the unfortunate duel which destroyed Law's prospects at the outset, his imprisonment in Newgate, his escape, and his reappearance many years later in France as the founder of the famous "System" and promoter of the "Mississippi Scheme," which, bursting, left a wreckage still unparalleled in the annals of finance. Mr. Hough's bold innovation consists in accounting for the intervening years by making Law, a fugitive from justice, bury himself in the unexplored wilds of America, joining a band of intrepid *voyageurs* and pushing on westward and southward to the unknown lands beyond the Mississippi. Here Law beholds the boundless expanse of rolling prairie, of a fertility never yet put to the test; he sees some acres of maize, thinly sown by Indian women, a plant never yet seen by European eyes; and his far-seeing mind of economist and financier grasps at a bound the limitless possibilities of wealth spreading out before him—a dream since realised, of the West converted into a vast granary, rolling its flood of golden grain across the Continent and across the ocean to bring renewed prosperity to Eastern nations. This is the dream which the John Law of Mr. Hough's imagination carries back with him to France; it is this on which he bases his "system," his Mississippi Company and all the rest of the financial schemes which ended so disastrously. According to the author's conception, Law was an economist far in advance of his time; his methods were sound and should have succeeded, had not the Regent, in defiance of his advice, flooded the market with worthless paper and precipitated a panic. The chapter in which Law, foreseeing the bankruptcy of France, firmly tells the Regent that he refuses to take a further part in the finances of the kingdom, is told with a dramatic power that deserves recognition, suggesting, as it does, something of that audacious disregard of the majesty

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of sovereigns which was one of the most valuable stock-in-trades of Alexander Dumas, *père*.

The present review has intentionally dwelt upon one side of the story—that which concerns John Law, the reckless gambler, the bold financier, the soldier of fortune. Of the other side of the story, the love element, there is less to be said in praise. There were two women in the coach which bore John Law, ragged and penniless, to London town, and while he loved one only, not wisely but too well, both women fell in love with him. The one whom he scorns convinces him, during his imprisonment, of the falsity of the other, to whom he is betrothed, and plays her part so well that it is she, and not the other, whom he bears with him over seas to share his exile in the wilderness. In all frankness, it must be confessed that Mr. Hough's strength lies rather in his pictures of men, virile, dauntless men of action, than in his attempts to draw women—the dainty women of the days of the Regency. And it is questionable which is less convincing, the treachery of the woman whom John Law did not love and the success of her trick to win him, or the final chapter, in which the woman whom he did love through good and ill comes to him at last in his hour of sorest need. The public, of course, prefer a happy ending, and this Mr. Hough has conscientiously tried to give them. History, however, tells us a different story; that John Law, after the bursting of the "bubble," dragged out ten more lonely, unhappy years in Venice, where at last he died, haunted to the end by visionary, impossible schemes for regaining his prestige and assuring the prosperity of all Europe.

P. R: O'crast.

VIII.

Henry Harland's "The Lady Paramount."*

Another novel of exceedingly airy, flimsy, though not ungraceful proportions, has been produced by the author of *The Cardinal's Snuff-Box*, a book which was much praised in nosegay terms, one remembers, by its admirers. From *The Lady Paramount* there emanates also something akin to the scent of flowers—not of very wild posies, to be sure, but of the sophisticated variety that are picked from a basket on Twenty-third Street or at the Royal Exchange. It is, indeed, a pretty tale, most tastefully and cleverly put together; the reader marvels at the facility, the invention, and, above all, the inextinguishable spirit of merriment that are employed in the intricate elaboration of the little bit of whimsicality which constitutes the plot. It is a fair remark that scarce any one else could have made as much of it. To add that the reader's wonderment is chiefly speculative, being rather an interest in the process than in the results achieved, and that, in common with the reviewer, a good many people will doubtless feel a desire to toss *The Lady Paramount* into a convenient waste-basket because it fails to amuse—to say this is unnecessary; for there are, doubtless, as many others to find it delightful in every line.

The notion of the book is certainly piquant. "The Duchess" might have handled it enticingly under the title of *A Beautiful Girl's Caprice*. Susanna, Countess of Sampaolo—

> a little castaway island in the Adriatic . . . a little mountainous island, all fragrant of rosemary and basil, all grey with olive-trees,—all grey save where the grey is broken by the green of vineyards, or the white and green of villas with their gardens, or the white and red of villages, with their red roofs, and white walls and campanili,—all grey, and yet all blue and gold, between the blue sea and the blue sky, in the golden light,—the little, unknown, beautiful island of Sampaolo.

Susanna, the mistress of all, or most all of this marvel, a sumptuous Italian girl of twenty-two, who wears ropes of pearls, and delicate ball costumes from Paris, decides to journey to England in order to surprise with an offer of marriage her cousin, Anthony Craford, of Craford, a handsome young gentleman whom she has never seen. Craford is the rightful heir to the great estates of which the Countess holds adverse possession, but as he has not the ghost of a chance to regain his property and title, it is the lady's pleasure to thus gracefully right the wrong her ancestors committed. So

* The Lady Paramount. By Henry Harland. London and New York: John Lane, The Bodley Head, 1902.

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she goes to England disguised as a widow; in her own words, "a rich, charming, dashing, not too disconsolate widow," the Widow Torrebianca—after the island peak of that name.

Having hired Craford's house of him, she becomes a near and tantalising neighbour. There is nothing bold or unromantic about her methods. Quite the contrary. He does not know who she really is, and she meets him in "the hours immaculate," when

> the flowers, beyond there in the sun, the droning of the bees, the liquid bird-notes, the perfumes in the still, soft air, all seemed to melt and become part of his thought of her, rendering it more poignant, more insidiously sweet,

and she does not tell him, but permits him first to succumb to the glances of orbs which are described as follows:

> Her eyes were eyes you could imagine laughing at you, mocking you, teasing you, leading you on, putting you off, seeing through you, disdaining you; but constant in them was the miracle of womanhood; and you could imagine them softening adorably, filling with heavenly weakness, yielding in womanly surrender, trusting you, calling you, needing you.

The gentleman of Craford melts like wax.

> He pressed her nose to his mouth, crushing it, breathing in its scent, trying to possess himself of the touch her mouth had left upon it.

The rest of the novel contains numerous sentimental, and, withal, sprightly scenes between the two, the disclosure to Craford of the fact that Madame Torrebianca is Countess of Sampaolo, with all that this implies, and the happy consummation of her plans, being withheld quite cleverly until the end.

Carl Hovey.

IX.

Mr. Meakin's "The Assassins."*

This is a story of the Crusades from the Saracen point of view, and, as the title indicates, with the sect of the Hashashin (eaters of hashish) and the "Old Man of the Mountain" as its centre of interest. One may have an under-feeling that it is suggested work in several respects; that, but for *Richard Yea-and-Nay,* it might never have been written, and that the opening chapter—"The Assassins' Feast," is coloured closely after the somewhat similar feast in the corresponding chapter of *Salammbô;* still, this is, after all, only an impression, and the inside history of fiction makes it easily possible that Mr. Meakin never read Hewlett's and never heard of Flaubert's romance. Viewed generally, *The Assassins* is a pretty good story, and holds the romantic-loving reader very well. Naturally, its motives are superstition, battle, murder and sudden death, suitably stimulated and relieved by love. Saladin is introduced as one of the leading characters: a noble, beneficent and enlightened prince, who is followed with a devotion that borders upon worship. What little of Richard is seen, on the other hand, shows him a thoroughly disreputable barbarian, which is probably close enough to the fact. As for the Old Man of the Mountain and his subjects, we are inclined to believe the picture more accurate than Hewlett's, in whose book these appear as figures in a subsidiary and palpably imaginary episode. Altogether the possibilities of the story are great, for there is no setting in which so brilliant an atmosphere for mediæval romance of the stirring type can be conjured up. It is at this point that the book seems to fall short of our hopes. As a story of its kind it is, with one exception, which I shall note later, nearly all that can be desired, and this, no doubt, will be quite enough for the average reader. For one, however, who looks to find in historical romance something more than story—a certain verisimilitude of character and manners, and thought and speech, we fear there is much to seek. It is difficult to define what we call "local colour." In its highest form, it means truth (or seeming truth) in the picture of scene and men and deeds. Study and knowledge alone will not bring this; mere archaic phraseology will not bring it; in fact, stories in which conventionally archaic phraseology is deliberately ignored have sometimes voiced it best. On the other hand, a single jarring term or expression will often break

* The Assassins. By Nevill Myers Meakin. New York: Henry Holt and Company.

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the charm, as might a word spoken in Fairyland. In the matter of ideal local colour, then, I think *The Assassins* must be described by that much-used and abused word "unconvincing;" while, as for jarring terms, they are certainly much too frequent. I know of no authority for paraphrasing "Sheikh-al-Ajebal" as "Grand Master;" "Sire," as addressed to Saladin, strikes me as unhappy; while an allusion to the crusading army as being composed "for the most part of volunteers" seems to quite ignore the fact that the *entire* army was pre-eminently one of volunteers and that no regular troops, in any modern sense of the term, then existed in Western or Central Europe. These and slips like them are, of course, trifles; but it is only by the strictest scrutiny into just such trifles, as well as into more momentous matters, that the best historical romance can be written.

Perhaps the most practical objection to the tale, though, is its ending. I hold that murder may be done in fiction as in real life, and I maintain that an author has a right to kill only according to the dictates of literary art. To lead readers through four hundred pages of pure romance and to awake their interest in a hero and heroine only to have them "in at the death" needs a good deal of justification; and the slaughter of Hassan and Saida does not strike me as coming under the definition of justifiable homicide. An artistic reason for it seems to lie in a wish to emphasise the inexorable element of fate as decreed by The Lord of the Mountain, and, therefore, it is perhaps not murder; but Saladin escapes, Richard escapes, and altogether, I fear I must charge the author with literary manslaughter in some degree as the measure of the crime of his last page. That the book is interesting and not unsatisfactory despite these criticisms, speaks well for Mr. Meakin's ability to plot and narrate skilfully; in fact, unless he had succeeded in interesting us there would be no basis for a criminal charge. *Duffield Osborne.*

MOTHERHOOD

So still and wonder-rapt you lie, my sweet!
From your pale forehead to your folded feet
Seems such a little space, yet— Ah, mine own!—
Between them all my world and heaven meet.

Elsa Barker.

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THE DRAMA OF THE MONTH

April was a notable month at the Irving Place Theatre, for the plays presented and for the skill of three actors from Germany. Ferdinand Bonn appeared in a comedy of his own called *Kiwito,* which, in general idea, has a distant resemblance to Montesquieh's *Lettres Persanes.* A Japanese nobleman on a visit to Germany is amused by the contrast between the moral pretences and the actual motives of the Western nation. His comments are an accompaniment to scenes which satirise the Germans, at times lightly and at times severely, and his errors in the use of the language are often funny, and sometimes used by him for his own purpose, which is to bring about one marriage and prevent another. The plot is slight and conventional, although the play is fresh and lively, and, skilfully adapted, might be successful if played by an American actor like Mansfield, provided even he could look like a Japanese and act like one, as Herr Bonn, with his amazing versatility, does perfectly. Among the many failings which this play attributes to the Germans, the foremost are snobbery, avarice and pretence. The characters, people of the upper class, talk solemnly about morals, but act for selfish and even sordid ends. The worship of money and position is painted in extreme colours. A girl whom these people despise when they think she is poor they fawn upon when they imagine her to be rich. They talk about "the best families," and what is or is not done therein; they live pretentiously for the public and almost squalidly in private; and they are eager to have the heir apparent maintain an illicit connection with the girl who is expected to marry into their family. Their talk about "honour" vanishes before the name of a prince as readily as their ideas of a girl's refinement change when she has money. We are less snobbish, perhaps even less mercenary, than German society, but we have enough of these qualities to give the comedy a basis. Some years ago an obscure literary man was being praised by a friend to a society woman. After he had drawn a long catalogue of virtues, the woman asked: "But is he a gentleman?" "Oh, I don't know as he is exactly what you would call a gentleman, but he is a very good fellow." A few years passed and he became very famous. By dramatic chance the same friend, forgetting the former conversation, was praising him to the same woman. She remembered, and for experiment asked again if he was a gentleman. "Oh, a perfect gentleman!" exclaimed the friend. Herr Bonn is evidently a cultivated man, and his satire has much more ease and assurance than what we are given in the few American plays which pretend to deal with social conditions. *The Climbers,* for instance, *The Way of the World,* or *Soldiers of Fortune.* Much of it, however, is so local that it can be understood only by keeping purely German customs in mind.

Bonn is faultless in such comedy as *Kiwito,* so far as execution is concerned, although he seems willing to run into farce when it is unnecessary. The *Kean* of the elder Dumas gave him a harder test. Charles Coghlan successfully palmed off on a careless press and public a translation of that play as an original drama of his own, calling it *The Royal Box,* and he acted the title part inadequately, relying on mere polish to take the place of the impulses of disorder and genius which Dumas drew. Bonn also showed the limits of his art in the trying rôle, although he acted much of it with skill and charm. It was in the most dramatic scenes that he fell short, in the intensity of love, in the agony of jealousy and in the uncontrolled outbreak on the stage at Drury Lane. He did show with delightful veracity the histrionic nature, of which the play is so full. The artistic nature is a favourite theme for

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dramatists to-day. We have it treated in Sudermann's *Sodom's Ende,* where the artist's hunger for pleasure destroys all the soundest parts of human nature and leaves no basis for a decent social life. D'Annunzio has treated it twice recently, in a play and in a novel. Hauptmann's *Versunkene Glocke* and Ibsen's *When We Dead Awake* use it for poetry. The male actor has not been so much used as protagonist as the actress has, naturally enough, since the profession is one which emphasises the feminine nature and perverts or degrades the masculine. In *Kean,* however, the actor is a thoroughly sympathetic hero. The public probably does not grudge him his artistic freedom from the moral law, his heavy drinking, his caprices, his need of being in love with somebody always and having one face in the audience to which he can play as a lover, since in this comedy he is allowed to atone for his actor nature by a conventional marriage at the end, based on a sudden understanding of the superiority of true and lasting feeling to such currents as he has been accustomed to. Miss Annie Russell, addressing the students of Mr. Sargent's school at their graduation this season, said: "There is one real danger to character in our profession, which lies in our eagerness for emotional experiences which we imagine will help us in our portrayals. If we are not content to wait until they come into our lives, as they inevitably will, we risk falling into a habit of emotional exaggeration, affectation and insincerity." Her plea that for this "emotional intoxication" it would be well to substitute more interest in life and art was a wise one to make to actors, so many of whom acquire the habit of needing a love affair in each new cast and with each new season; but it is also true that for most actors, great and small, what Kean calls "artistic love," sympathetic, but often fleeting, is necessary; and in other details, apart from the end, the character is genuinely and brilliantly drawn, and is the most valuable part of the play, although there are a few excellent acting scenes. Bonn diminished the effect of the most dramatic episode by substituting Hamlet's soliloquy on suicide for the parting of Romeo and Juliet, but he acted and recited that soliloquy with admirable understanding and training, although without any great volume of emotion or imagination.

If the atmosphere of the stage in *Kean* is true in general, a novel which has recently been published is poignantly true in particular. Whether Yvette Guilbert received any help in writing *La Vedette* is not known; but the material, the atmosphere, the ideas and much of the expression must be hers. On the subject of whether she wrote her novel or not, her own book might be quoted, as she amuses herself in it by describing the habit which stage people have of acquiring literary reputations through the pens of others. Her hero, a music-hall singer, almost believes, after it has been sufficiently advertised, that he is the author of his songs—words and music—and it is a rude shock to him when, after four years of glory, the author, a poor and dissipated poet of Montmartre, in a drunken confidence reveals the truth. Yvette sees with pitiless clearness the effect of stage life on the character without ceasing to love the stage and its persons. It is the music-hall world that she describes, but fundamentally it resembles the legitimate theatre, or any other life in which publicity far exceeds importance; as, for instance, the life of a woman conspicuous in frivolous fashionable society. It is not a book, by the way, for the innocent to read. It is only for the hardy, but it breathes, as few other books do breathe, the very air of the show world. From Yvette's songs one would think that her keen satirical intelligence played mostly about love, on the seamy side; but in this novel, love has only the importance which it has in life, and the story is of the struggle to succeed and of the conditions of success and of failure. "The Headliner" himself is a creation, simple, yet full of qualities, attractive and ridiculous, and the minor characters live poets, managers, or music-hall "artists." The longing of these "artists" for their *semblant de petite gloire* is made delightfully real in every chapter. What does anything matter, *pourvu qu'on chante?* "Try to make a woman who does badly on the stage understand that she might do better in trade, or in any other occupation. She will never believe you. It seems impossible to her to make linen garments or millinery, but very simple to enact the dandy on the stage." What

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makes actors and the stage attractive, the frankness and simplicity with which human nature exhibits itself, without the ordinary constraints and veils—the spontaneity, the dreams of glory, the malice, the vanity, the love of pleasure, the pleasure of love—these things are in Yvette Guilbert's picture. There is none of the Shakespearean contempt, shown so often in the plays and so bitterly in the sonnets for the life of the men and women who make themselves "a motley to the view." She loves them while she laughs at them, "dispensing laughter and pleasure to a public which deems them happy and envies them." "Caper without cease, and caper again. . . . You are gaiety, which passes away." From garish paint to obligatory smile she understands, pities and enjoys, and she sympathises with the dissimulation, the concealment of suffering and failure. "It is, therefore, that we should esteem and love them, the brave mummers, and not jeer at their native vanities, their puerile pride, in which they forge some compensations."

Something like this appeared in a comic paper the other day:

English nobleman: "Will you marry me?"

American girl: "You must have made a mistake, I am not an heiress."

Nobleman: "I knew that. I wish to marry you because I love you."

Girl: "But I am not an actress."

There is at least some truth in it, in the charm of the mimic world and its artists among the sex which fits it best. Yvette speaks of the hats of part of the audience as "costing more than the women who wear them," and she never fails to give full justice to the frivolous side of her people, on the stage or off; only she is likely to say of her heroine, as that artist's companion did: *Elle aime avec un tel pien a faire.*

All women are alike. All demand stimulation for their sense. That *pierreuse* has just been howling with pleasure under the blows and the gross words of her lover. These ladies of society also feel the need of a language brazen enough to stimulate them. It is the same thing, the same animal at work in them. Licentiousness takes them all in the same manner. *Leur besoin de s'encanailler est intense.*

In the end the book is dismal, sad, almost terrible.

The histrionic fate and character also enter into the motive of one of the dramas played by Sonnenthal, Wildbrandt's *Die Tochter des Herrn Fabricius,* in which one character is a singer who has deserted her husband and little daughter in order to follow her "art." When she grows older she feels more human needs, and seeks her daughter, who tells her to find companionship in art if she can. As a little girl, hungry, deserted, the daughter had sought the house of her rich mother. She found lights streaming from the windows, for the singer was giving an entertainment. "You were singing a song about mother's love," the daughter says, "and about a 'sweet child.' You certainly sang very beautifully and all applauded, but to me the music that I heard was terrible! So I took myself to another door and resolved rather to starve than to go to you, and to forget you forever, as you had forgotten me, and motherless to remain, even until death. Go, sing in theatres, and concerts about mother's love and the 'sweet child.' On that night I buried you."

Hedwig Lange acted the daughter at the Irving Place so beautifully, with such artistic skill and emotional sincerity, that her departure at the end of this season seems more of a loss than ever. Sonnenthal's part is the husband of the singer. He had given up reputation, his future, his family, out of love for her. In one night she became famous. People called her "the heavenly nightingale." Then she looked over him as over a man of wood, to dukes and princes. She drove him away, and he became a criminal. This convict, released after twenty years in prison, was acted by Sonnenthal with wonderful simplicity and vividness. The scene between him and Miss Lange when they learn that they are father and daughter was acted with a power in reserve and in expression seldom to be seen on our stage, and Sonnenthal's own greatest acting was in the court room scene at the end, while he believed he was going back for another term in prison, and when he found that instead he was to have liberty and his daughter's love.

King Lear naturally aroused the most curiosity among Americans of the plays in Sonnenthal's repertory. Since Booth

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used to act it the tragedy has been banished from our stage. Germans could see it often; Americans and English never. We had to guess about it. We might imagine that the drama was so spiritual, so general in its significance, so purely imaginative, that it was unactable; that actual men and women and scenery would but parody the mental tempests of the mad king, the wildness and majesty of the scenes where human irony and woe cry out in harmony with the raging elements. We could imagine this, or the opposite of it, but there was no opportunity to find out for ourselves. Of the gloom which hangs so heavy over the play, we could not know whether it would be more or less oppressive on the boards for which Shakespeare wrote. There is a saying which is heard too often: "I don't care to see Shakespeare acted. I am too fond of the plays as I read them." The remark comes usually from persons whose reading of them is rare. Lamb was an exception. Many persons may like books who do not like the theatre, but most of those who care for the serious-acted drama must regret the infrequency with which the stage gives us our greatest dramatic poet.

There are pleasures of reading which do not belong to the stage.

> So we'll live,
> And pray, and sing, and tell old tales, and laugh
> At gilded butterflies, and hear poor rogues
> Talk of court news; and we'll talk with them too,
> Who loses and who wins, who's in, who's out;
> And take upon the mystery of things,
> As if we were God's spies.

Many of us, reading such a passage as that, after having almost forgotten it, would linger over it, re-read it, think of it for days. But the stage, not giving us all that reading does, gives many things which reading does not, and they are things for which Shakespeare's plays were written. To feel Shakespeare most we need the passion for the theatre added to the love of literature, for he is not all of himself without his theatrical greatness. Undoubtedly acting brings out less new strength and beauty from *Lear* than it does from *Hamlet* or *Othello,* and it is likely also to destroy more; but, nevertheless, it gives enough to add to a discontent with a stage which is divorced from dramatic literature.

One makes such statements with no arbitrary confidence, but Lear seems to me the greatest, as well as the most difficult acting part in Shakespeare, and consequently in the English drama. Hamlet and Iago can be played well with little more than intelligence added to histrionic ability. There is frequently a good Othello. Lear requires intelligence, like Hamlet; force, like Othello; and, far more than either, a sweeping imagination. Sonnenthal's Lear is beautiful. His sense of beauty is one of his finest attributes—the sense of beauty in its nobler forms. He takes his seat upon the throne in the opening scene, and the splendid, excitable, spoiled old man is a portrait by a master. He curses his daughter, and we do not forget the picture which the actor made in his impassioned, long, unbroken prayer. An embodiment of former imaginings was, for me at least, combined with new light when, after his madness, he appealed to Heaven to hear him. His sincere, direct communion with the powers, as if he was seeing them, addressing them from near by, with conviction and unconsciousness, was deeply and finely imagined. He was a noble sight, too, in his mere make-up,

> As mad as the vexed sea; singing aloud;
> Crown'd with rank fumiter and furrow-weeds,
> With burdocks, hemlock, nettles, cuckoo-flowers,
> Darnel, and all the idle weeds that grow
> In our sustaining corn.

Everything that Sonnenthal did was right, elevated, beautiful. Where he did not fill out the part, great actor as he is, was in giving the elemental feeling, in making Lear seem more than a man, in lending him the impressiveness of an upheaval of nature. He was noble, majestic; not as tremendous as the character might be. The weak old man side was perfect. In the surprise when Cordelia for the first time gives to the flattered monarch a taste of honesty, in the growing feebleness of the mouth as the strings of reason snapped one by one, in the caressing delight in the new companion, Edgar, and the accustomed love of his fool, in a hundred other touches, in

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everything except the volcanic, he was faultless, and what he lacked he did not seem to try for.

Bonn's fool was a thoroughly remarkable and memorable execution of a very attractive conception. His fool suffered, as he seems to most readers to suffer, tenderly, bitterly, unselfishly; but he did not attempt to cover his sincere meaning with his jests—in which Bonn stretched somewhat the evidence in the play on which he based his view; but the variety, intelligence and beauty of his interpretation made one of the finest Shakespearean performances seen in America in our day.

Helene Odilon added to the feast of the acting art crowded into a month at the German theatre by her facile and genial comedy in Fulda's original of the play which we have been seeing in English as *The Twin Sister,* in a translation of Bracco's *Infedele,* and in other parts from which an ocean voyage takes me unwillingly away. One for whom the stage, even at its American level, has a fascination, naturally enjoys beyond expression the higher class of plays acted by such visitors as Sonnenthal, Bonn and Odilon, and by members of a regular company so far above any of our own. If Hedwig Lange were an American she would be a "star" in about two minutes.

Performances in English have not competed seriously in interest with those in German. *The Importance of Being Earnest* proved to be amusing as acted, rather well on the whole, by the Empire Theatre Company. Although this "frivolous comedy for serious people," as the author called it, is as slight in plot and structure as an ordinary farce, the situations are handled with some of Oscar Wilde's theatrical skill, and the dialogue, in its kind, is well suited to the stage, the wit being successful when it is obvious without ceasing to be so when it has some subtlety. Some of the changes made were ridiculous, caused partly by virtue and partly by conventional ideas of dramatic technique; but in the main the text was followed, and, what was still more surprising, a majority of the actors played as if they felt what artificial comedy needed. Mr. Richman was the only one who tried to rely on methods suited to ordinary extravagant farces, whereas usually when a play depending on smart and artificial wit is produced here, all the players proceed to kill the language by exaggerated activity. The cause of this improvement may only be surmised.

The balcony scene from *Romeo and Juliet* played once at Wallack's served as an argument that Kyrle Bellew, who is well suited to cheap heroics like those in *A Gentleman of France,* is an evil sight when he struts and stamps and poses in a part like Romeo, in which his reading of the lines suggested that he saw them not at all as words with actual meanings, but as dead sounds to be used in any way that suited the way he wished to sound his voice at the moment. Of Eleanor Robson I should like to speak as enthusiastically as so brief a test would make safe. Her Juliet was young, gentle, natural; but above all it was poetical. The imagery in the lines was delivered as genuine feeling, and yet at the same time the pictures were kept, and the mood of the girl changed many times, quietly and sweetly, but clearly, in the few moments of acting. Miss Robson's work is so solid, so dramatic, so intelligent, that it would be pleasant to see her, young as she is, try the whole part, a tremendous task, but one to which—to hazard a surmise from a slight indication—she might prove more adequate than any actress who has played it here in many years.

Norman Hapgood.

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*FUEL OF FIRE**

By ELLEN THORNEYCROFT FOWLER

CHAPTER VI.

RUFUS WEBB.

O Lord, I knew Thou were austere;
And so my heart was filled with fear,
And dared not count Thy creatures dear
In awe of Thy great name:
And if my terror of Thy rod
Has left my heart a lifeless clod,
Untouched by love for man or God,
Dread Lord, am I to blame?

"I have no patience with Alicia Baxendale," said Mrs. Fairfax to her daughter that same afternoon.

"Why not, mother?"

"She talks so much nonsense."

"She does; but if it is any pleasure to her, I don't see why she shouldn't. She has precious little pleasure in her life, poor thing!"

"Not at all. She has a good son, and that is pleasure enough for any woman," argued Mrs. Fairfax, who had never quite forgiven Faith for having been born a girl instead of a boy: a youthful error which it is difficult to rectify in after life.

"But, mother, think of coming to live in that little farm-house after being mistress of Baxendale Hall and then of Drawbridge Castle!"

"Humph! That was a come-down, I admit."

"And she really bears it beautifully. It is always horrid to be poor; and most especially for a woman brought up as Lady Alicia was."

"Well, it is a great deal her own fault that she and Laurence are so poor now. If she had been less extravagant when she was first married, poor Alwyn would not have lived beyond his income as he did."

"Still, it wasn't altogether her own fault that she was extravagant. Remember the way in which she was brought up."

"Really, Faith, the way you have of always sticking up for the absent is most aggravating! I believe if any one said that the devil himself was not altogether a nice character, you'd find some excuse for him in the way he was brought up."

Faith smiled her sweet smile: "But as a matter of fact he was brought up among the angels; so I'm afraid I couldn't find much excuse for him on that score."

"Well, then, you'd say he had been too well brought up, which comes to the same thing nowadays. By the way, what are you going to do this afternoon?"

"I'm going to see Mr. Webb and to take him some flowers."

"You are a wonderful woman, Faith; you are always doing something for somebody else's happiness. I wonder if you ever think of your own, my child."

"It doesn't do much good thinking of one's own," replied Faith rather wistfully. She did not consider it necessary to add that hers was bound up in Laurence Baxendale; and that the truth was slowly dawning upon her that his, in turn, was bound up in Nancy Burton.

There is a good deal of "setting to corners" in this world.

"You would have made an ideal clergyman's wife," continued her mother reflectively; "you are energetic and capable and amiable and unselfish, and you have not the ghost of an idea how to dress yourself or to do your hair."

Faith only laughed.

"Unmarried women with energy," Mrs. Fairfax went on, "remind me of those horrid motor-cars, which, when some unforeseen obstacle stops their career, have no power of standing still, but plough up the earth all around them and dig their own graves. There are scores of single women in England digging their own graves with wasted and unappropriated energy."

"I am afraid there are, mother; but it isn't altogether their own fault, poor things!" And Faith left the room with a sigh.

Rufus Webb, for whom Faith had designed her flowers, lived alone in a little, white, gabled house in the lanes leading from The Ways to fairyland; but the gates of this latter were forever closed to him. Those who have once heard these gates shut-to behind them can never enter that magic territory again; but for them—as for all of us—there is still prepared some better country, which shall forever cast fairyland into the shade: a country of green pastures and living waters and cities whose foundations are of jasper and gold: in short, a country whereof fairyland at its best is but a type and an image, where we shall find as abiding realities the things of which in fairyland we only dreamed.

Rufus was a big, red-haired and red-bearded man of about fifty. Originally he had been a

* Co pyright, 1901, by Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler.

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missionary, but the great tragedy which spoiled his life had likewise cut short his career; and now he lived in the cottage at The Ways as a guide, philosopher and friend to all the poor people for miles round. He had a certain knowledge of medicine, which he had studied in his missionary days, and which he had practised successfully among his Chinese converts: and this knowledge he exercised for the benefit of all the cottagers in the neighbourhood, who were too poor to employ a doctor on their own account and too proud to do so at the expense of the parish. But he never preached now, nor had he done so since he left China, twenty years ago. He had passed condemnation upon himself as unfit for God's ministry, and no arguments could induce him to take up his sacred office again.

He was a man subject to terrible fits of religious depression and spiritual anguish when he believed that the heavens were closed against him and the face of God was turned away from him; but through it all he was faithful to the God whom he maligned. "Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him," was his cry; and he believed that God would indeed slay him were it desirable, and would have no pity. "I am willing to be eternally damned should my damnation redound to the glory of God," was his heartfelt confession; and he knew not as yet that such servile submission to Divine Power was an injustice toward Divine Love.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Webb: I have brought you some flowers," said Faith, as Rufus opened the door to her and showed her into his bare little sitting-room. "I know you are fond of them."

"Thank you, Miss Fairfax, I am," replied he, taking from her the bouquet which she had prepared for him, and sniffing its scent with the epicurean delight of the born flower-lover. For a moment his stern face softened as he gazed into the hearts of the roses; then suddenly it hardened again, as he threw the posy upon the floor and trampled its soft petals beneath his feet. "And because I am fond of them I destroy them," he cried, his voice metallic with suppressed suffering. "Is this a time to be gathering flowers, and going down into the garden of spices to see whether the pomegranates have budded? Nay, it is rather a time to be girding oneself with sackcloth and covering one's head with ashes: for the day of the Lord is at hand; and who shall abide the day of His coming?"

Faith looked pitifully at the bruised roses, and at the man who was yet more cruelly bruised. "And even if His day is at hand, is that any reason why we should despise His gifts?" she asked gently.

"He brings no wreath of flowers but rather a crown of thorns; and in His hands is a sword which shall pierce us to the quick. Child, be not deceived: it is only by self-repression and self-renunciation that men can attain unto salvation, and not all of them even then."

"Yes, Mr. Webb; self-repression and self-renunciation for another's sake, by all means; but not merely for the pain's sake. I can see that God would be pleased with you, who loved flowers so much, if you gave them up to some one whom you thought needed them more; but I cannot see that you will please Him by trampling them under your feet, and so spoiling them for yourself and everybody else."

"Child, blind not yourself by vain words: the God whom you serve is a jealous God, and He will brook no rival in the hearts of sinful men. Remember that those who love houses or lands, gardens or flowers more than Him are not worthy of Him; and from such He shall hide His face in anger."

Faith looked up with sweet severity: "No one would be so foolish as to love the gift more than the Giver; but it is for the sake of the Giver that one loves the gift—and the more so the more one loves Him."

"Do not tempt me," Rufus cried, walking up and down the small room, as was his custom when at all moved; "for His sake I have put away from me all pleasant things and have abjured the world with its many delights; in the hope that when He sees my anguish and humiliation He may turn again to me and forgive me my sin."

"You do Him an injustice, believe me. He did not make the world so beautiful only in order to torture us with unsatisfied longings: He gives us every good gift in order that we, in our gratitude, may love Him all the more. And it is because we love Him that we find His gifts so fair. I do not think that we ever properly enjoy a fair landscape or a beautiful sunset until we realise that He is in it all, and through it all, and beyond it all: just as we never enjoy any other books or pictures as much as we enjoy those that are written and painted by the hands we love."

Rufus was silent, so Faith—being a wise woman—changed the subject.

"I wish you would let me lend you some books, Mr. Webb. They would divert your mind and rest you altogether."

"I read no books but my Bible; that is

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enough for me, and it ought to be enough for all."

"We ought not to read other books instead of our Bibles," persisted Faith with sweet placidity; "but I don't see why we shouldn't read them as well."

"What sort of books would you wish me to read?" asked Rufus, and his voice was very stern.

But it took more than sternness to frighten Faith. "I would advise you to read novels," she calmly replied. "I think there are few things which rest one's mind and divert one's thoughts as much as reading good novels; and I am sure that just now you are sorely in need of such rest and diversion."

Again Rufus began to stride up and down the small room, like some caged wild animal. "Read novels, do you say? Why, I would rather pluck out my right eye than that it should offend by reading such trash as novels."

"But I would advise you to read such novels as are not trash," persisted Faith.

"All novels are trash—and, what is worse, they are vanity and lies. Child, do you not know that whosoever loveth and maketh a lie shall have part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone? Those who write novels make and love a lie; and those who read what they have written are like unto them."

"Then would you call all forms of art vanity and lies too—pictures and statues and poems, for instance?"

"I would; and if I had my way I would burn them all, so that they should not lure the souls of men to destruction."

"Burn books and pictures?" gasped Faith.

"Yea, every one of them on which I could lay my hand: for they are indeed the false gods and graven images which we are forbidden to worship. And is it not better that they should be destroyed by earthly fire than that men's souls should be destroyed by the fire which is never quenched?"

"But art would never destroy men's souls: it is a revelation, or rather, an interpretation, of truth; and so is meant to bring men nearer to God instead of driving them away from Him."

"Child, child, do not prophesy vain things. All false gods shall be destroyed, and likewise those who have set them up and worshipped them," persisted Rufus, growing more and more excited. "Look at that fine house yonder," he continued, pointing to the top of the hill where Baxendale Hall gleamed red among the trees; "is it not written that it shall once more be made fuel of fire? And blessed shall be the day that sees it reduced to ashes, and blessed shall be the hand that sets it alight! Rase it, rase it, rase it even to the ground, until not one stone shall be left upon another!"

"Mr. Webb, you don't mean what you say. Think of the trouble it would be to Mr. Baxendale if the home of his fathers, which is so dear to him, were to be burned to the ground; and surely he has had trouble and disappointment enough in his life already without your wishing this final blow to fall on him."

"I do wish it. My soul yearns over the soul of Laurence Baxendale, and I pray that whatever comes between his soul and God may perish forever? Have you forgotten that other young man who went away sorrowful because he had great possessions? And shall I sit still and see this young man also condemn himself to the outer darkness because he loves houses and lands better than the God who made him? No; Baxendale has once more to be made fuel of fire by something which is greater and stronger and higher than king or state, and that I hold to be the fear of God."

"I think there is no need for Baxendale Hall to be burned in order to teach Laurence to fear God and to keep His commandments; he has learnt that lesson already from God himself and his dead father."

"Maybe; but science, falsely so called, and pleasant pictures, and the sorcerer's spells which men call novels, are fast blinding his eyes to the hidden things of God's law, and are making him of the earth earthy; nevertheless, the Lord shall destroy them in His displeasure, and the fire shall consume them."

"You have no right to say such things of Mr. Baxendale," replied Faith, for the first time showing signs of a weak spot in her almost perfect temper; "he is the best and noblest and most unselfish man I ever met."

"The young man in the Gospels had kept every commandment from his youth up, yet his great possessions were the undoing of him. Child, listen to me: I love Laurence Baxendale, though I had sworn never to love mortal man or woman again. To my everlasting shame, I love him—I, who had abjured human love as a snare of the Evil One; and I pray that his house and his books and his pictures may be destroyed by fire before he has offended past forgiveness that God who hath said, 'Ye shall have none other gods but Me!'"

"There is no possibility of offending that God past forgiveness," said Faith softly.

"So I thought when I was your age," groaned the fanatic, sinking exhausted into a

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chair and burying his face in his hands; "but I fell away from my high calling—I loved the creature rather than the Creator—and now outer darkness is reserved for me for ever. And because I love Laurence Baxendale—love him against my will and against my vows and against my conscience—I would destroy my soul again, were it possible, to save him from the pit wherein I have fallen myself."

"You are unjust to Laurence, but you are still more unjust to God."

"Child, you know not what you say; did you ever hear my story?" asked Rufus, looking up; and Faith's anger against him died down before the abject misery of his face.

"No; please tell it to me," she said gently, seeing that silence and loneliness had well-nigh thrown Webb's brain off the balance, and believing that confession—even to her—would be good for his soul.

"I was the child of stern and godly parents, and was brought up by them in the fear of God, and in the knowledge that His all-seeing eye was ever upon me to mark iniquity should I do amiss. With all my heart I strove to obey His word and to fulfil His precepts and to keep His laws. Like the infant Samuel, I had been dedicated to His service from my birth; and when I was old enough I took holy orders, and offered myself as a missionary, so that I might go forth and make known His word among the heathen and among the kingdoms that had not called upon His name."

"Yes; I understand," said Faith; and, encouraged by her evident sympathy, Rufus proceeded:

"But a few months before I started for China—the spot to which the Church had seen fit to appoint me—I met a woman—a young and beautiful woman; and I—the man set apart by God to bear upon the mountains His tidings of peace—turned away from my high calling, and loved this one woman with all my heart and with all my strength and with all my soul and with all my mind: loved her as I ought to have loved my God."

"And as you would have loved Him if men had not lied to you about Him," added Faith softly—so softly that Rufus did not hear her, but went on:

"So I married her, and took her out with me to China. And I loved her—my God! how I loved her, my little Lettice; I, who had given up all human love for the sake of the Cross, having put my hand to the plough, turned back because of the beauty of a woman. Yes, I loved the curls at the back of her neck, and the dimple on one side of her mouth, and the way her eyelashes turned backward, making stars of her pretty eyes. And, to my shame, I remember all these things, and love them still; for the which God will bring me to judgment."

"Again I say you are doing God an injustice. Your love for her ought to have taught you something of His love for you; instead of which you turn His good gift into one of the nails whereby you have crucified Him afresh—for surely Annas and Caiaphas did not misjudge Him more terribly than you have done."

"But he punished me," Rufus went on, heedless of the interruption; "our God is indeed a jealous God; the idols which we worship instead of Him shall be cut down and cast into the fire; and wherewithal a man sinneth, by the same also shall he be punished. I let her deck herself with fine garments, though I ought to have known that a meek and quiet spirit is the only adornment which becomes a woman; I let her read novels, though I ought to have known that she who loveth a lie is no whit better than he who maketh a lie; and I let her laugh and sing all over my house, though I ought to have said of laughter: 'It is mad: and of mirth, What doeth it?' And for this also will God bring me to judgment."

"Then what became of this beautiful woman whom you loved and married?"

"Listen, and I will tell you; and then you will see what a terrible thing it is to fight against the living God."

"But you are fighting against Him still," argued Faith; "every good gift and every perfect gift comes from Him—be it the beauty of art, the glory of nature, or the joy of human love—and we are fighting against Him when we refuse to accept humbly His gifts, and to let them draw us nearer to Him."

Rufus did not seem to hear what Faith was saying. The memory of the past was so strong upon him that for the time being it effaced the present.

"I took Lettice out with me to China, and for a year we were ideally happy together—so happy that God was wroth with us for letting mere human bliss fill the place in our hearts which ought to have been filled by Him. Then there was a rising out there against the missionaries, and the mission house was besieged. I and my brethren held out for as long as we could; but our adversaries were too many and too strong for us, and at last we were overpowered and taken prisoners."

"And your wife? What became of her? Was she taken prisoner too?"

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"Do you think I was going to let her fall into the hands of those yellow devils? Not I. When I heard the walls crash in, and knew that our enemies were upon us, I shot her dead with my own hand; shot the tender heart which had lain upon my own, and dabbled the pretty hair in blood. For love of her, and to save her from a fate which I could not bear to contemplate, I broke God's commandment which saith, 'Thou shalt not kill;' and so lost my own soul in order to save her body from torture. And for love of her I would do the same again—yea, even were my punishment ten times greater than it is."

Faith was almost breathless with interest: "And you did not try to kill yourself as well?"

"No; I should have held it a cowardly act to save myself from the consequences of my disobedience to God's word. The Chinese made me and my comrades prisoners, intending to torture us to death; and I welcomed their tortures as some meet punishment for the sin I had committed. But God, in His justice, saw fit to make my punishment even greater than a lingering death at the hands of the Chinese: when two of us were dead and two dying—we were four in all—relief came, and we two survivors were rescued. And since then my soul has suffered agonies compared with which my bodily sufferings in that Chinese prison were as nothing."

Faith's grey eyes were full of tears. "Poor Mr. Webb, I am so sorry for you. I don't wonder, after all you have suffered, that you have formed false ideas of God; and I am sure that He doesn't wonder either."

But Rufus did not hear her; his eyes had grown dreamy and his thoughts were far away. "She had such pretty eyes," he murmured, half to himself; "and when she smiled she nearly shut them, which gave her a dreamy look, as if she were smiling at something which other people could not see. And she never could keep her hair neat, though she used to laugh and say that a clergyman's wife ought at any rate to be tidy; but how could I blame her when it went into such dear little curls at the back of her neck, as soft as silk and as yellow as gold? And as for the dimple in her cheek——"

But Faith did not stay to hear more; she felt that she was treading on holy ground, not intended for any feet save those of the woman who was dead. So she slipped out of the room and out of the house; and Rufus Webb never heard her go, being lost for the time in the memory of a dimple which had been dust for twenty years.

CHAPTER VII.

A WOMAN TEMPTS.

You took my life and filled it all;
Then turned its sweetness into gall,
And doomed me to despair, dear.
The life you spoiled is nearly done;
And if there be another one
In some strange land beyond the sun,
I hope you won't be there, dear.

That summer was a wonderful time for Laurence and Nancy—so wonderful that it would always stand out in their minds' eyes as long as they both should live in a sort of bas-relief against the ordinary winters and summers and seed-times and harvests of everyday existence.

For a while Laurence forgot his anxieties and poverty and the many trials which beset him, and gave himself up to the enjoyment of those repeated coincidences which so often brought himself and Nancy together: he deliberately shut his eyes, for the time being, to the lions in his way—of which there were in truth a veritable menagerie—and made the most of the beauty of Nancy's eyes and the music of her laughter. And it is but fair to Nancy to add that she in no way stinted his opportunities of enjoying these simple pleasures, but promoted the frequent recurrence of them by every means in her power.

As for her, she was radiantly happy: happier than she had ever been in her life before; and happier than she would ever be again, in the same irresponsible, light-hearted way. Locked up in a remote cupboard at the very back of her mind was the certainty that Laurence loved her, although he had not told her so; and she was never weary of weaving, for her own discomfiture, doubts of him and of his honourable intentions, which she enjoyed to the full, supported as they were by that locked-up cupboard in the background.

She and Laurence talked a great deal about their friendship, and pretended—both to each other and to themselves—that this was the correct name for the thing. But they would have been terribly disappointed in their own cases, and extremely disgusted in each other's, if the pseudonym had finally proved itself to be anything but the flimsiest *nom de plume*.

Laurence found it so easy to talk to Nancy. He had not found it easy to talk to any one since his father died; and there is a luxury in the rare unreserve of reserved natures which the habitually outspoken find it impossible to appreciate. Nancy, on the contrary, felt more shy with Laurence than she had ever felt with any one; in fact, he was the only

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person she had ever met who could give her an inkling of what the sensation called shyness really is: and the naturally shy person has no idea how exquisite is a faint *soupçon* of that (to him) most uncomfortable sensation, to the person who has hitherto but known it as a name.

"Isn't it funny," Nancy remarked confidentially to Laurence one day when he and she were walking in the lanes, "that it is so easy to say you are glad to see people unless you really are glad to see them; and that then it is impossible?"

"Is it?" replied Baxendale with a smile. "Then I am to conclude that you are always glad to see me save when you happen to mention the fact, and that then you are distinctly annoyed."

"I never do say I am glad to see you," said Nancy innocently; and then became rather pink when she had realised the inference which might naturally be drawn from her statement.

Laurence pretended not to notice the inference; though in going over the conversation afterward in his own mind (as he had a knack of going over all conversations wherein Nancy had taken a part) he treated that particular remark as if it had been the utterance of an inspired Sibyl. But at the time he merely said: "I thought, however, that you prided yourself on never making inane and conventional speeches, Miss Burton: although of course I am aware," he added, "that to pride oneself on not doing a thing is by no means the same as leaving it undone."

"That's true," agreed Nancy with a laugh: "do you know I pride myself upon being a good listener?"

"Ah!"

"And upon never saying indiscreet things?"

"So I should have supposed."

"And upon thinking too poorly of my own charms and excellencies."

"I can quite believe it."

"You are very rude, Mr. Baxendale."

"Far from it. I am merely avoiding the rudeness of contradicting a lady."

And then they both laughed, with the careless and delightful laughter of the young and foolish.

"But you are right in thinking that I can't stand the civil and obvious in the way of conversation," Nancy said: "there is a class of people who always make certain stereotyped remarks which almost drive me mad."

"As for instance?"

"Well, when you have been away from home for a week or two they invariably call you 'a bird of passage.' It is a most horrid expression, I think; but that type of conversationalist revels in it. And then they say, 'How the days are closing in;' and 'Christmas will soon be upon us;' as if Christmas were a movable feast, and as if the days hadn't closed in and lengthened out at the same rate since the time of Adam."

"And even before then, if science is to be believed."

"Exactly. Do you know it is such a comfort to talk to you, Mr. Baxendale, because you have what the Psalmist calls an understanding heart."

"You mean that I understand you pretty well? Perhaps I do. But I don't know that that presupposes any unusual perspicuity on my part."

"Because I am so prone to say what I think," suggested Nancy.

"Not altogether. As a matter of fact it is when you don't say what you think—when you go out of your way to say the exact opposite—that you are most enlightening and instructive."

"Then why doesn't the understanding of me prove your abnormal cleverness," Nancy persisted.

"Because even a fool can generally master one subject, when that subject occupies the whole of his thoughts and attention to the exclusion of everything else," was Laurence's reply.

Whereupon Nancy was seized with one of her delightful and inexplicable attacks of shyness; and consequently confined the conversation to most uneventful and ordinary grooves until she and Mr. Baxendale had parted at the iron gate which guarded the back entrance to Wayside.

When Laurence reached home that afternoon he found his mother as usual in a chatty mood. She was sitting in the little drawing-room, watching the haymakers at work in the meadow below the garden; and as the sweet scents and the sweeter sounds of summer filled the air, which was as yet vibrating with Nancy's laughter, Laurence felt that the world was indeed very good, and that life was abundantly worth the trouble of living. But Lady Alicia soon dispelled the golden glamour: she had a knack of spoiling the sweetest illusions and the most exalted moments with a rapidity and completeness which fell little short of genius.

"Isn't it a lovely afternoon, dear Laurence?" she began, as her son sat down on a chair beside her. "I think there is nothing that

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gives one such beautiful thoughts as the smell of new-mown hay—except perhaps the sound of a band in the distance. A few days ago there was a Flower Show at Tetleigh Wood, and as the wind was in that direction I could hear the band as I sat in the garden."

"I shouldn't have imagined that the band at a Flower Show was in itself a liberal education," said Laurence, in a voice out of which all the boyish ring had been suddenly eliminated.

"Ah! that is because you're so prosaic and commonplace that you never hear or see all the sweet and romantic things round you; but I cannot blame you for this, as you inherit it from your poor dear father—the most unpoetical and unromantic creature that ever lived."

"What sort of beautiful visions did this particular band call up before your mind's eye, my dear mother?" asked Laurence, wincing—as he always did—at his mother's way of speaking of the father whom he had adored.

"Oh! it made me feel so tender and softened and chastened (it was playing *Two Lovely Black Eyes,* if I remember rightly; or else *The Girl I Left Behind Me;* I'm not sure now which) that I felt I quite forgave your poor dear father for all the trouble and poverty and economy that he had entailed on me by his most unjustifiable marriage with a young girl brought up in luxury as I had been—too young, alas! to know her own mind."

Laurence did not speak. However trying Lady Alicia might be he never forgot that she was his mother; and this remembrance often obliged him to take refuge in silence, so that he might not offend with his tongue against that commandment which makes no exceptions in favour of those who have no sympathy with the idiosyncrasies of the father and mother whom they are bidden to honour.

Lady Alicia placidly continued: "The power of association is very strong in poetical natures such as mine, and that is why sounds and scents affect me so much. I remember dear Wordsworth said something very sweet about something—I forget what it was, but I fancy it was a pet lamb or a daisy—which made you think of things 'too deep for tears.' I so often feel like that."

"Indeed?" Laurence knew he was ungracious, but for the life of him he could not help it when his mother talked in this way.

"For instance," she went on, "I never smell mint-sauce without thinking of the day when dear Lord Watercress proposed to me. We were at a dinner-party at the time, and the lamb was just being handed round: and even yet, after all these years, the smell of mint-sauce always recalls poor dear Watercress—how beautifully he spoke, and how heart-broken he was when I refused him. Ah! I had such good offers when I was young; and it was the knowledge of how much better I might have done that made it so hard for me to forgive your poor father when I discovered that he was not so well off as I had been led to expect."

Then Laurence felt constrained to expostulate: "I am sure my father never deceived you as to his income. He was the most single-minded and upright and honourable man I ever came across. He was incapable of deceiving anybody—least of all the woman he loved."

"Well, he didn't exactly deceive me in so many words: and even if he had, my dear father would have ferreted out the truth about his prospects."

"Then what do you mean by saying that father was not as well off as you had been led to expect?"

"I was such an unsophisticated, romantic young creature—full of love and fire and poetry and things of that kind, don't you know?—that, when he told me he was poor, I imagined I loved him all the more for it. Even now, and although I am speaking of myself, I cannot help feeling that there was something very beautiful and touching in a young girl who had been brought up as I had been being ready to sacrifice the world for love. It is the sort of thing that one would read about in a novel, and think so very, very sweet."

"But, like the celebrated sacrifice to Baal on Mount Carmel, the fire from heaven was apparently wanting in your case," remarked Laurence somewhat bitterly.

Bitterness, like humour, was however lost on Lady Alicia. "Yes," she went on, in her well-bred, expressionless voice, "I can see how unspoilt and unsophisticated my nature was: and such simplicity was indeed beautiful in a girl who had never done her hair herself, or put on a dress worth less than twenty guineas since she was born. I can remember now how beautifully I spoke to Alwyn about caring more for him than for wealth or rank or any of the other necessaries of life; and how the tears came into his eyes when he kissed me, and said he hoped to God that he should prove himself in some measure worthy of such love. Oh! it was all so very, very touching and pathetic."

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"But if you said all that to him, how can you blame him for believing you?"

Lady Alicia sighed plaintively: "Ah! he was older than I was, and knew more of the world and of how very unpleasant it is to be poor; and he ought not to have taken advantage of my nobility and generosity. I blame him for taking me at my word; and I shall always consider it showed a sad selfishness on his part."

"Did you ever tell him that you blamed him?" asked Laurence quietly.

"Of course I did—over and over again. I think it is such false kindness to keep from people the consequences of their own folly and selfishness. We are put into this world to help other people; and how can we do this better than by pointing out to them their faults and their mistakes, and so helping them to correct them?"

"Ah!" murmured Laurence. His mother's garrulousness threw most instructive lights upon his father's character.

"But I grieve to say that your poor father never took his chastenings in the right spirit. When I used to tell him what a bitter disappointment my marriage had been to me, and how I regretted the too great sacrifice which he had demanded at my hands, instead of apologising, as he ought to have done for having exposed a woman of my rank to such inconvenience, he used to become quite sarcastic and say things which he apparently intended to be funny, though I never could see the point of them."

"I wonder if all women end by hating their husbands, unless those husbands happen to be rich," said Laurence, meditating as to whether —should he succeed in attaining his heart's desire and winning Nancy's love—she would finally break that heart as his mother had broken his father's.

"Of course they do—all nice-minded women, that is to say, who are too delicate and sensitive to put up with a hugger-mugger home and to do without the refinements of life. It is very beautiful to believe that love is everything when one is quite young—very, very beautiful—and it would pain me inexpressively to think that I had not believed it in my innocent girlish days: but as one grows older —and one does not mind growing older when one thinks of how beautiful the autumn tints and flowers are, and how attractive it is to grow old gracefully—one cannot but realise that a thoroughly capable butler makes a house more comfortable than the most devoted of husbands; and that one cannot really get enough to eat unless one has a cook who can make good *entrées* and savouries: the young may digest plain joints, but not the middle-aged."

A flood of pity for his poor silly mother rushed into Laurence's heart. He had not understood before how much she minded being poor. Like his father, Laurence would have believed that a man could make a woman happy quite apart from the question of money, if only they loved each other enough. And so he could, were the said woman's heart of the best quality. But many women have hearts not of the best quality; and these also have to be reckoned with. If a man build his house upon the sand, the plea that he mistook that sand for rock will in no wise avail him when the rains descend, and the floods come, and the wind blows, and the house falls; and great is the fall of it.

"I'm afraid our present circumstances are a bit rough on you, mother," Laurence said very gently; "I wonder if there is anything that I could do which would make things easier for you."

"Dear Laurence, what a dutiful son you are! You are more unselfish than your poor father, after all. I suppose it is the Portcullis strain in your blood which makes you superior to him and more like me and my people. The Moates are all peculiarly sensitive; and this poor Alwyn never could understand."

"Still, my father's family is a considerably older one than yours, if you come to that." Laurence had made up his mind to keep his temper, whatever his mother might say; but it was no easy matter.

"Yes; there is no doubt of that. Your ancestors were owners of Baxendale while mine, poor dears! were selling wool or leather or something equally unpleasant. Nevertheless, there is a refinement and delicacy of perception among the Moates which is sadly lacking in the Baxendales."

"Then, my dear mother, considering that—according to your own showing—my density is rather my misfortune than my fault; won't you take the trouble to point out to me, more clearly than would be necessary were I a Moate, how I can make life easier for you?"

"Ah! now you are reasonable, and remind me of my dear father, who was ever the most sensible and trustworthy of men. Well, you see—poor as we are, to begin with—this horrid fire insurance makes us still poorer. A hundred and fifty pounds a year is a large sum to pay out of an income of barely five hundred."

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"It is, mother; confoundedly large! No one knows that better than I do."

"Then, dear Laurence, couldn't you leave off paying it? We should be so much better off if you did."

"I know we should; and to tell you the truth—were I free to follow my own judgment—I should leave off paying it, and should take the risk of Baxendale being burned down for the third time. More than a quarter of one's entire income is a good deal to pay to insure oneself against an off-chance; for it is only an off-chance that the Hall should be burned down again, at any rate, in our time."

"Dear Laurence, you are a Moate at heart, though outwardly you resemble poor dear Alwyn. Then why not leave off paying that tiresome insurance money?"

"Because, unfortunately, I can't. It was stated in my grandfather's will that my father and his son only inherited the property on condition that we insured the house and the books and the pictures for a hundred thousand pounds. And if I fail to fulfil this condition I forfeit my claim on the estate, which then goes to the Hampshire Baxendales."

"You are sure of this, dear Laurence?"

"Perfectly sure. You don't suppose I should pay all that money without assuring myself that I was bound to pay it, do you? But I grant you it is a confounded nuisance."

"Then why not sell some of the books? There are lots of clever, interesting people who would only be too glad to buy some of the dear, dirty, old things."

"Because that tiresome old grandfather of mine only left his library to my father and his heirs in trust: we have no right to part with a single volume."

Lady Alicia was silent for a moment. So was Laurence, while his thoughts ran riot on what he would say to Nancy if only he were not so horribly poor. He did not believe that his mother was right, and that Nancy's love would be measured according to his riches; nevertheless, Lady Alicia's remark had conjured up an uncomfortable doubt in his mind as to how far Nancy was actually superior to the ordinary run of girls; and he ground his teeth as he realised that his poverty made it impossible for him to set this detestable doubt at rest, once and for ever, by putting a single question to her and reading the answer in her pretty blue eyes.

Then Lady Alicia began to speak again, in her sweetest and most ingratiating manner—that manner in which she used to clothe herself for the opening of bazaars and the giving away of prizes and such-like functions in the days of her prosperity, and which invariably elicited a very ecstasy of appreciation from the local newspapers, whose pleasing duty it was to send forth a report of her ladyship's graciousness to all such dwellers in outer darkness as had not enjoyed the privilege of beholding it for themselves with the eye of flesh.

"Does it never strike you, dear Laurence, what a good thing it would be if the Hall were burned down and we had that hundred thousand pounds to live upon?"

"But we couldn't use it for anything save rebuilding the house, mother; my grandfather's will sees to that."

"I know we couldn't touch the capital, my love; but we might live on the income. Or else we might spend half the capital on rebuilding and live on the interest of the rest. We could build a sweet house for fifty thousand pounds, or even less; a dear, lovely home, with all the refinements of life, and a green drawing-room carpet. I cannot tell you how I long for a green drawing-room carpet, Laurence; it has such a softening influence on the character, I think, and makes one feel as if one were living in the primeval forest, or the garden of Eden, or some other sweet spot near the heart of Nature, just as the sky-blue wall-paper seems to bring one nearer to heaven, don't you know?" For all her sentimentalism, the spirit of her commercial ancestors still lived and moved in Lady Alicia Baxendale; and she knew to a penny how that hundred thousand pounds should be invested, if only she could lay hands on it.

"I wish I could afford to buy you a green drawing-room carpet, mother." And Laurence sighed.

"Well, so you could, if you were not so absurdly careful—old-maidish, I should almost call it—in seeing after dear old Mrs. Candy. I have often heard you caution the good soul against carrying a lighted candle into the library. Now, why shouldn't she, if she wants to?—and if a spark did fall among the old books and manuscripts, all the better for us!"

"Oh! mother, you are not thinking what you are saying."

"Yes, love, I am, and I have often thought it. Sometimes, when I recall the old legend, it seems to me that it would be a positive duty, instead of a sin, to burn the Hall down for the third time and so fulfil the prophecy. It is really a duty to fulfil prophecy if one can: see how anxious Daniel and Isaiah and people of that kind were to do so; and they were re-

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markably good men, and have always been considered so."

"Nevertheless, those who do evil that good may come are not considered remarkably good men—or, at any rate, were not by St. Paul," replied Laurence, his lips tightening into a grim smile.

"Ah! dear child, it does not do to dwell too much upon St. Paul's sayings: I often think that he was a little hard and narrow, especially where women were concerned."

Laurence thought that the Apostle to the Gentiles had some excuse for his opinions, even if Lady Alicia's strictures upon him were correct; but he did not say so, and his mother went on:

"For my part, I think you would be quite justified in lighting your pipe in the library at Baxendale or in insisting upon Mrs. Candy keeping up the fires, or in putting up hayricks close to the house."

"Oh! mother, don't; I can't bear it," cried Laurence, an almost physical spasm of pain clutching his heart. He had always wondered why his father had been so glad to die—so glad to say good-by to the red earth and the green woods and the sunset glories of the western hills. Now he knew.

"You see, dear Laurence, the Hall has got to be burned down once again: we all know that; and it would be so much nicer if it happened in our time, while we were still able to enjoy the benefit of it. It isn't as if the Hall needn't be burned again: if that were so, I should say it was very, very wrong to do anything that could occasion the slightest danger, and you know I am the last person to countenance what I consider really wrong. But the Hall is obliged to be burned once again by something which is stronger than king or state. I so often wonder what that can mean."

"Avarice, according to you, mother," was Laurence's bitter rejoinder.

"Oh, no, dear child—something much more poetical and beautiful than that: perhaps the love of a son for a mother, or a mother for a son, or some other of those delightful and touching emotions which are so refining to the character. In fact, it seems to me that it would not only not be wrong—it would be actually right—to help to fulfil that strange old prophecy, and show one's faith in the supernatural; for there is nothing that elevates one's own mind and has such a good influence on the servants as belief in the supernatural. It keeps one from growing sordid or mean or commonplace."

Laurence fairly groaned. Never had the gulf which separated his mother from himself yawned so wide as it did now. And he knew it would be useless—worse than useless—to argue with her; he and she spoke different languages and moved on different planes.

"And then," she went on cheerfully, "think how nice it would be for you, dear Laurence, to have an income of two or three thousand a year. You might marry some nice girl, who would cure you of the somewhat morose and unsocial habits which are fast growing upon you. There is nothing like a charming wife for making a man sociable and unselfish; though, alas!" with a sigh, "his marriage never had that effect upon your poor father. I'm sure it wasn't my fault: I was always as agreeable and well-dressed as it was possible to be on our limited income; but he never seemed to appreciate my efforts to make his home attractive to other people—which I hold to be one of the chief duties of a wife."

Still Laurence was silent. A darkness which might be felt was enveloping his soul; it was all so hopeless.

His mother went on: "I sometimes think that Nancy Burton is attracted by you; and I don't know that she would be a bad wife for you, though you ought to do better. She is always well-dressed, and has quite nice manners for a person of that class. I feel sure she would jump at you, as people like that are always so glad to ally themselves with us; and no doubt Mr. Burton—dear, sensible creature that he is!—would allow his daughter a handsome sum in consideration of her making such a brilliant match. But I don't think his allowance would be sufficient to marry on, as of course you would have to keep up a separate home for me: you will understand that I—with my sensitive perceptions—could not possibly live in the same house with a girl whom——"

But this was too much for Laurence. "Excuse me, mother, but I would rather not discuss Miss Burton, even with you," he said, as he bounced out of the room and banged the door behind him.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE COURSE OF TRUE LOVE.

The course of true love never ran
Quite easily since time began:
So said our wisest Englishman.

Michael Arbuthnot, the vicar of Tetleigh, was a man of about five-and-forty, endowed with exceptional gifts. In the first place, he was extremely good-looking, having brown hair

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and eyes, excellent features and a pale complexion; in the second place, he was undeniably clever, owning an admirable knack in the compiling of sermons; and in the third and most important place, he was a very good man, being distinguished by unusual keenness of spiritual insight. He also possessed in full measure that uncommon sense known as common sense: but in one of the most important decisions of his life this sense had signally failed him. Fate and circumstance and the general fitness of things—and all such powers as go to the shaping of the ends of men—deemed that Faith Fairfax was the proper wife for Michael Arbuthnot. She was made and fashioned specially to fill the rôle of a clergyman's wife; she had sufficient intellect to appreciate his powers and attainments, and sufficient grace to help, instead of hindering, him in his duties as a parish priest. True, she was in love with Laurence Baxendale; but her affection was a very early growth and was not returned; and love—whatever poets may say to the contrary—is not a flower which flourishes in arctic regions.

Although the course of the truest love may be a stony channel with countless rocks ahead, the stream of inferior quality, which runs smoothly along neat and artificial canals, is not without its compensations. Real romance has its moments compared with which commonplace attachments become flat, stale and unprofitable: it opens the gate into a fairyland which must for ever put into the shade all the ordinary comforts of the dusty highway. Who that has once danced in a fairy-ring wants to jingle up and down the road in a tram-car?—and who that has once been dazzled by "the light that never was on sea or land," can go into ecstasies over incandescent gas? Nevertheless, tram-cars and incandescent gas have their uses; and for those people who have never caught glimpses of some better thing they are very excellent inventions indeed. It is not to be denied that when the world has been well lost for love, they who have thus lost it gain their own souls in exchange, and enter into life's Holy of Holies; but when love has been well lost for the world there are compensations likewise; the Parisian style of the trousseau and the solid nature of the wedding presents are capable of affording a joy which the more romantic lovers could in no way enter into or appreciate. So that the wise and the foolish are both happy after their kind: and which of them is wise and which foolish each man must decide for himself, and each woman also.

But Mr. Arbuthnot (either fortunately or unfortunately—that is a moot point) was of the romantic manner of man who is set upon the marrying of the woman of his choice, and not the woman whom his world has chosen for him; and consequently that rebellious heart of his inclined toward Nora Burton and not toward Faith Fairfax; and whither his heart inclined there Michael himself followed.

His world blamed him even more for loving Nora Burton than for not loving Faith Fairfax; as a matter of fact, it always does seem worse to do those things one ought not to have done than merely to leave undone those things one ought to have done; although the General Confession thinks differently and puts the two sins on the same level. And his world went even further; it decreed that if Mr. Arbuthnot must so far forget himself and his sacred calling as to fall in love with a Burton at all, Nancy rather than Nora was the one for him.

Nevertheless, it is possible—though it seems both ungrateful and presumptuous to suggest such a possibility when we consider how generous and unsparing our friends and neighbours always are in meting out condemnation upon our past and counsel with regard to our future actions—that Mr. Arbuthnot knew his own business best.

Now, it may be taken as an axiom that if a man is a good son—and, still more, a good brother—that man will be a good husband; and any woman is safe in entrusting her happiness to him until death them do part, with an absolute certainty that her trust will not be betrayed. But on the other hand, strange to say, it does not follow that a good daughter and sister will necessarily make a good wife: she may or she may not. In fact, very often the rôle is reversed. The reason for this lies in the deep-rooted difference between a ruling and a subject race. If a man has learnt to govern wisely and kindly the woman of his father's household, he will wisely and kindly govern the women of his own; but if a woman has submitted herself with all meekness for the first term of her natural life, she grows weary of subjection and wants to reign in her turn. Therefore, in all probability, the most dutiful daughter will make the most wilful wife; while the "revolting daughter," who has implicitly disobeyed all her father's commands, will be as tired of rebellion as her gentler sister is of subjection, and will settle down quite meekly into double harness. In the same way it is a noticeable fact that the naturally bad-tempered woman is amiable toward nobody except the men she loves; while the naturally good-tempered woman is amiable toward everybody ex-

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cept the man she loves: which proves that to the normal woman the world is divided into two unequal parts, to which she shows the two directly opposite sides of herself—the man she loves being the larger half, and everybody and everything else the other. But, after marriage, the real nature of the woman reasserts itself; thenceforward the naturally good-tempered woman is good-tempered, and the naturally bad-tempered woman bad-tempered, to the end of the chapter. Wherefore it behooves the man who is wooing to walk circumspectly and with wide-open eyes.

Although Nancy was the more amiable and adaptable sister in the home life, Nora was the easier to get on with from a lover's point of view. As far as in her lay, Nora provided that the course of true love should run smooth: but Nancy amused herself by making artificial little rapids and shallows, in case nature had not supplied sufficient excitement for her in this respect. She loved to tease Laurence in and out of season, and to rouse his jealousy; she was always inventing some excuse for a quarrel and making it up again; and he never delivered himself of the simplest statement that she did not openly dispute. Nora, on the other hand, sweetly obeyed the law Mr. Arbuthnot laid down; and contented herself and him by letting him make up for her that clever mind of hers. He had not yet told her that he loved her, but she was perfectly cognisant of the fact; and, having once grasped it, would never again doubt it, as Nancy would have done fifty times a day—and would thoroughly have enjoyed the doubts, too. No; Nancy was not altogether easy sailing; but she was great fun; and there are men who enjoy amusement more than ease.

"What are you thinking about, Mr. Arbuthnot?" Nora enquired of the vicar one afternoon, as he and she were walking together from Tetleigh to Wayside.

"Well, to tell the truth, I was wondering how far short of our ideal we may fall without being in any way to blame. One cannot always be at one's best; that is impossible; but I wonder how far below one's best one's daily walk and conversation may lie."

"I understand what you mean: you are wondering how many half-holidays we may take from the ideal without playing truant."

"Exactly," argued the vicar, with a smile.

"And half-holidays are absolutely necessary, aren't they?"

"They are; but, on the other hand, the ideal ought to tinge our half-holidays; if we have once seen the heavenly vision, we must never be disobedient to it, you know."

Nora was quick to catch his idea: "You mean that though we can't always be looking at the vision, we mustn't forget that we have once seen it," she said.

"Yes; that is exactly what I do mean. And I think it is a little difficult to hit upon the happy medium between disobeying the heavenly vision on the one hand and dwelling upon it in exclusion to our daily duties on the other."

"Which of the two evils do you think the least?"

"Undoubtedly the latter. If one has ever seen the best of anything, in love or life or art as well as in religion (for I believe the heavenly vision comes to us in innumerable ways), it is sin for us not to obey it. We need not be always thinking about it; but we must never be disobedient to it. Therefore, it seems to me, that the few among us to whom it is granted to see the best in any walk of life have duties entailed upon us from which ordinary men and women are exempt."

"Then we have to pay even for our heavenly visions," said Nora, with a sigh.

"We have. There is an old heathen saying that the gods give nothing—they only sell; and I believe there is some truth in it. We can get nothing for nothing in this world: and I think it is a very good thing that we can't."

Thus Michael taught and Nora listened; and in the process they grew to know and love each other better every day.

(*To be Continued.*)

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THE QUEERNESS OF HENRY JAMES

A year ago, when Henry James wrote an essay on women that brought to our cheek the hot, rebellious blush, we said nothing about it, thinking that perhaps, after all, the man's style was his sufficient fig-leaf, and that few would see how shocking he really was. And, indeed, it has been a long time since the public knew what Henry James was up to behind that verbal hedge of his, though half-suspecting that he meant no good, because a style like that seemed just the place for guilty secrets. But those of us who formed the habit of him early can make him out even now, our eyes having grown so used to the deepening shadows of his later language that they can see in the dark, as you might say. We say this not to brag of it, but merely to show that there are people who partly understand him even in *The Sacred Fount*, and he is clearer in his essays, especially in this last wicked one on "George Sand: The New Life," published in the April *North American*.

Here he is as bold as brass, telling women to go ahead and do and dare, and praising the fine old hearty goings-on at the court of Augustus the Strong, and showing how they can be brought back again if women will only try. His impunity is due to the sheer laziness of the expurgators. They will not read him, and they do not believe anybody else can. They justify themselves, perhaps, by recalling passages like these in the *Awkward Age:*

"What did this feeling wonderfully appear unless strangely irrelevant."

"But she fixed him with her weary penetration."

"He jumped up at this, as if he couldn't bear it, presenting as he walked across the room a large, foolish, fugitive back, on which her eyes rested as on a proof of her penetration."

"My poor child, you're of a profundity."

"He spoke almost uneasily, but she was not too much alarmed to continue lucid."

"You're of a limpidity, dear man!"

"Don't you think that's rather a back seat for one's best?"

"'A back seat?'" she wondered, with a purity."

"Your aunt didn't leave me with you to teach you the slang of the day."

"'The slang?' she spotlessly speculated."

Arguing from this that he was bent more on eluding pursuit than on making converts, they have let things pass that in other writers would have been immediately rebuked. He has, in fact, written furiously against the proprieties for several years. "There is only one propriety," he says, "that the painter of life can ask of a subject: Does it or does it not belong to life?" He has charged our Anglo-Saxon writers with "a conspiracy of silence," and taunted them with the fact that the women are more improper than the men. "Emancipations are in the air," says he, "but it is to women writers that we owe them. The men are cowards, rarely venturing a single coarse expression, but already in England there are pages upon pages of women's work so strong and rich and horrifying and free that a man can hardly read them. Halcyon days, they seem to him, and woman the harbinger of a powerful Babylonish time when the improprieties shall sing together like the morning stars. Not an enthusiastic person generally, he always warms to this particular theme with generous emotion.

His latest essay, discussing what he calls the "new life," cites the heart history of George Sand as "having given her sex for its new evolution and transformation the real standard and measure of change." It is all recorded in Mme. Karénine's biography, and Mme. Karénine, being a Russian with an "admirable Slav superiority to prejudice," is able to treat the matter in a "large, free way." A life so amorously profuse is sure to set an encouraging example, he thinks. Her heart was like an hotel, occupied, he says, by "many more or less greasy males" in quick succession. He hopes the time will come when other women's hearts will be as miscellaneous:

"In this direction their aim has been, as yet, comparatively modest and their emulation low; the challenge they have hitherto picked up is but the challenge of the average male. The approximation of the extraordinary wo-

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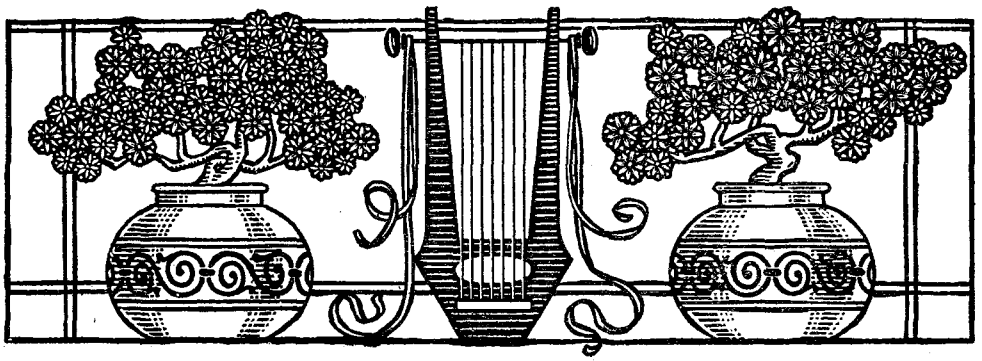
man has been, practically, in other words, to the ordinary man. Madame Sand's service is that she planted the flag much higher; her own approximation, at least, was to the extraordinary. She reached him, she surpassed him, and she showed how, with native dispositions, the thing could be done. These new records will live as the precious text-book, so far as we have got, of the business."

This is plain enough. Any other man would be suppressed. In a literature so well policed as ours, the position of Henry James is anomalous. He is the only writer of the day whose moral notions do not seem to matter. His dissolute and complicated Muse may say just what she chooses. This may be because it would be so difficult to expose him. Never did so much vice go with such sheltering vagueness. Whatever else may be said of James, he is no tempter, and though his later novels deal only with unlawful passions, they make but chilly reading on the whole. It is a land where the vices have no bodies and the passions no blood, where nobody sins because nobody has anything to sin with. Why should we worry when a spook goes wrong? For years James has not made one shadow-casting character. His love affairs, illicit though they be, are so stripped to their motives that they seem no more enticing than a diagram. A wraith proves faithless to her marriage vow, elopes with a bogie in a cloud of words. Six phantoms meet and dine, three male, three female, with two thoughts apiece, and, after elaborate geometry of the heart, adultery follows like a Q. E. D. Shocking it ought to be, but yet it is not. Ghastly, tantalising, queer, but never near enough human to be either good or bad. To be a sinner, even in the books you need some carnal attributes—lungs, liver, tastes, at least a pair of legs. Even the fiends have palpable tails; wise men have so depicted them. No flesh, no frailty; that may be why our sternest moralists have licensed Henry James to write his wickedest. Whatever the moral purport of these books, they may be left wide open in the nursery.

To those who never liked him he is the same in his later writings as in his earlier. There were always mannerisms in his work, and his hunt for the distinguished phrase was always evident. His characters never would do enough things, and he was too apt to make them stand stock-still while he chopped them up. He was too apt, also, to think that when he had made a motive he had made a man. And there were many then, as now, who loathed his little cobweb plots and finical analyses. He often hovered very near the outer boundary of common sense, and it was a wonder sometimes how he escaped burlesque; but, still, he did it. His world was small, but it was credible—humanity run through a sieve, but still humanity. Since then his interests have dropped off one by one, leaving him shut in with his single theme—the rag, the bone and the hank of hair, the discreditable amours of skeletons. They call it his later manner, but the truth is, it is a change in the man himself. He sees fewer things in this spacious world than he used to see, and the people are growing more meagre and queer and monotonous, and it is harder and harder to break away from the stump his fancy is tied to.

Frank Moore Colby.



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BOOKMAN BREVITIES

Ever since "Chimmie Fadden" first won his wide and long-lived popularity, there have been appearing from time to time in various places criticisms of the character in his different aspects, on the ground that he is a rude, coarse creature, who is constantly violating the rules of grammar, and who is utterly unfit to associate with people who deem themselves "genteel." These criticisms have been written in perfect seriousness. Mr. Townsend has seldom paid much attention to them, but to one written recently he replied in the following letter:

MONTCLAIR, N. J., March 4, 1902.

DEAR SIR:

Thank you for your good-tempered and personally friendly letter.

I shall not attempt to oppose your opinion of the "Chimmie Fadden" stories with my own; but out of an abundance of circumstances arising from judgments contrary to yours, I shall relate some which discredit the value of yours.

You sum up your objections thus: "My surprise is not that you write, but that *Harper's* gives you a place in its columns. If indulgence in street diction is ever justifiable, it might be in a sheet circulating upon the Bowery."

Let us see: The only publications for which I have written "Fadden" stories are the New York *Sun, Harper's Weekly,* and the *Century Magazine.* (My contribution to the latter, written by request, will appear, I believe, in April.) During their two years' currency in the *Sun,* their place in that paper's make-up was personally directed by the late Charles A. Dana. Whether the *Sun, Harper's,* and the *Century* address Bowery, or, to preserve your figure, Fifth Avenue readers, I leave you to judge.

In book form the "Fadden" stories have sold about 150,000 copies—and still sell. The publishers were curious as to what class of readers bought the book, and learned that it sold almost exclusively through dealers whose patrons were—preserving your figure—distinctively of a Fifth Avenue, rather than a Bowery, class. For example: at a time when legal complications threatened to take the book out of the market, Dodd, Mead & Co. leased the plates, printed a large edition, and sold it. Whether that firm did this to meet a demand from a Bowery, or—to preserve your figure—a Fifth Avenue patronage, your knowledge of book publishers will, of course, suggest.

In the three years' continuous use of the stories in dramatic form, "Chimmie Fadden" was played in every considerable city of the United States, and only in high-class theatres—twenty-six weeks in a Broadway theatre the first season—before audiences which were—preserving your figure—distinctively of the Fifth Avenue, rather than the Bowery, class.

I quote from a digest made—not by me—from about one hundred reviews of the book in leading American and English journals: . . . "Beneath the intentional solecisms of 'Chimmie's' speech lies the attraction of what, for want of a better term, people call 'human nature;' 'real' in goodness, not abasement; and endeared to the cultivated by the piquant contrast of its sturdy kindliness with those very solecisms in its expression."

However, sir, I have tested, and found true, the familiar remark that among London cab and coachmen you will never hear a favourable opinion of Sam Weller's wit.

Very truly yours,

E. W. TOWNSEND.

Mr. Charles Frederick Stansbury has compiled a number of anecdotes of the late Mr. Thomas Nolan of the New York Bar. These anecdotes have been brought out by the "Mab Press," of 116 Nassau Street, New York City, under the title of *The Barrister.* Mr. Nolan was a Tammany man, and evidently noted for his Irish wit. We should feel ourselves deeply indebted to the "Mab Press" and Mr. Stansbury for letting us know about him.

Mr. Harrison Robertson in *The Opponents* (Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons) just misses it. He wrote a first chapter tense with tragic possibilities, and suggestive of a plot complicated and dramatic. It gave promise of a story to come which would be far and away bigger and stronger than any of the author's previous work. But this promise was not fulfilled. The book, a story of present day politics in Kentucky, is pretty good, and if it had not been for that first chapter we shouldn't have felt so cheated. The opponents themselves are rivals in politics and in love, and the loser in the game is the one who has been cursed by perhaps the worst fate which can befall a man in his domestic relations.

In *She Stands Alone* (L. C. Page and Company), Mr. Mark Ashton has used for his heroine the wife of Pontius Pilate. It is what the publishers call a religio-historical novel.

Fables of the Elite (R. F. Fenno and Company), written by Dorothy Dix and illustrated by James A. Swinnerton, may be amusing enough, but the general impression that they make is that they are a vulgar imitation of Miss Josephine Dodge Daskam's *Fables for the Fair,* with a blend of George Ade.

Mr. Edward Fuller, who for the past ten years has been editor of the *Providence Journal,* is at work on a novel to be called *John Malcolm.* Messrs. Snow and Farnham of Providence announce that they intend to publish this book in the early autumn. Mr. Full-

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er was graduated from Harvard in 1882, and since that time he has been an active newspaper man, being connected with the Boston *Advertiser* and *Post* before removing to Providence. His novel will deal with a certain phase of New York life.

Mr. Francis W. Halsey, editor of the *New York Times Saturday Book Review*, is the author of *Our Literary Deluge, And Some of Its Deeper Waters* (Doubleday, Page and Company). He has much to say about the "Enormous Output," "Yellow Journalism in Literature," "Modern Editing," and so on. In his chapter on "Books that Live On Through the Years," Mr. Halsey takes an optimistic view:

> We may be absolutely certain that whatever is good will not die. Wherever exists a book that adds to our wisdom, that consoles our thought, it cannot perish. Critics may assail it with their hundreds of columns. Its own generation may neglect it. Fire may burn up the entire edition, save a handful of copies; and yet that book will live. Nothing is so immortal as mere words, once they have been spoken fitly or divinely. A good book die! We shall sooner see the forests cut away from every hillside, the volume of water in great rivers run dry; walls built of granite or travertine lying prostrate on the ground. Critics may go right or may go wrong. It matters not. There exists in the world that eternal tribunal, greater far than they, its verdicts final and infallible,—the central heart of cultured mankind.

A book which presents an attractive appearance, and which bids fair to be another worthy contribution to the fiction of the Civil War, is Mr. William Sage's *The Claybournes* (Houghton, Mifflin and Company). Of course, war stories must have a spy, and in this case the author has varied the monotony by making his spy a young and attractive woman. Mr. Sage is a son of Mrs. Abby Sage Richardson, and his former book, *Robert Tournay,* left an agreeable impression on the minds of those who read it.

Mr. William Ordway Partridge, the well-known sculptor, is the author of a book which he calls *Nathan Hale, The Ideal Patriot* (Funk and Wagnalls Company). Mr. George Cary Eggleston has written a foreword to the little volume, and the book is further enhanced by photographs of Mr. Partridge's statue of Nathan Hale.

Adelaide L. Rouse would probably never have written *Under My Own Roof* if a certain lady had not been responsible for *Elizabeth and Her German Garden.* However, these two books are not alike, except in the fact that the one suggested the other. Miss Rouse confesses to forty years of age, and many years boarding and lodging houses in New York have driven her to attempt to make a home for herself in a Jersey suburb. The story has a homelike flavour, and it will chiefly appeal to women. (The Funk and Wagnalls Company.)

Under the title, *Seven Great American Poets* (Silver, Burdett and Company), Beatrice Hart has written short biographical sketches of Bryant, Emerson, Poe, Longfellow, Whittier, Holmes, and Lowell.

The Catholic (John Lane), "a tale of contemporary society," is published anonymously. This is the third book which has appeared recently dealing with the influence of Roman Catholicism on the social life of the present time. The other two are *Casting of Nets* and *A Roman Mystery,* both by Richard Bagot. To the persons who have read these books it may be somewhat of a surprise to learn that Mr. Bagot himself is a Roman Catholic.

R. H. Russell is the publisher in this country of Gabriele D'Annunzio's play *Gioconda,* which is translated by Arthur Symonds. The dedication reads: "For Eleanora Duse of the Beautiful Hands."

Charles Livingston Bull, who has been working for some time on the illustrations for *The Kindred of the Wild,* Charles G. D. Roberts's new book of animal life, which L. C. Page and Company expect to publish in May, has taken up his residence in Boston temporarily, in order to devote his whole time and attention to the completion of the work.

Someone is responsible for another deadly comparison. It has been said, according to Messrs. A. S. Barnes and Company's "Literary Note," that the hitherto unknown Mr. Edwin Carlile Litsey has written a book which reminds one of *Paul and Virginia.* It seems to us rather a far cry from the love story of Paul and Virginia to *The Love Story of Abner Stone.*

The same publishers announce a "Second Series" of *Home Thoughts,* which appeared some months ago and which met with much success. The author, Mrs. James Farley Cox, held a position on the New York *Evening Post* for some time, to which paper the essays in *Home Thoughts* were previously published. The author's name will appear on the title page of her new book. We understand that Mrs. Cox has recently accepted an editorial position on the *Ladies' Home Journal.*

A really valuable book to housekeepers is Mrs. Seely's *Cook Book* (The Macmillan Company). Do not be misled by the impression that it is merely a cook book. It is far

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more than that. It is a complete guide for the proper management of a large establishment, with chapters on "Dinners and Dinner-Giving," "Rights and Duties of Servants," and "Don'ts to Servants." Mrs. Seely knows whereof she speaks, and the book should be looked upon as somewhat of a reference manual by women who wish to keep house properly. The publishers have brought out the book in an elaborate manner, with many illustrations.

Beatrice Whitby's *Flower and Thorn* (Dodd, Mead and Company) is a novel which teaches a lesson without appearing to do so. It is the story of a young married couple who start out with a large capital of love, but who squander it by the wayside. Then the demon jealousy steps in, and there is an estrangement. After much bitterness of spirit, however, there follows a reconciliation. The author has an easy style, and she handles her characters with nicety of feeling.

Messrs. Tennant and Ward are the publishers in this country of a little book entitled *The Lady Poverty,* which is described as a "XIII Century Allegory." It is translated and edited by Montgomery Carmichael, and contains a chapter on the spiritual significance of evangelical poverty by Father Cuthbert. The book bears this dedication: "To Dives, That He May Come to Bliss with Lazarus."

An interesting book of essays is Mr. Richard Burton's *Forces in Fiction* (Bowen-Merrill Company). It is readable as well as helpful. In his chapter on "The Fundamentals of Fiction," Mr. Burton says:

"The folk of fiction in the future will not be so much pegs to hang theories upon as human beings to associate with, to laugh and cry with, and to part from right unwillingly. And they will be more wholesome company withal than they have been, as a rule, of late. Novelists must so realise their characters that the bidding them good-bye means pain and loss to the writers themselves—as Dickens walked the streets of Paris the best part of one night in utter misery because little Paul Dombey had fallen on final sleep; or as Daudet was overcome when he had similar experience with his lad of the imagination, the Piteous Jack. The inexorable corollary to such feeling on the side of the creator is an affectionate faith in those characters on the side of the world of novel-readers. Let this not be forgotten in a day of the deification of technic and of an overweening desire to handicap the personages of fiction by making them more or less colourless exponents of a principle, a class, a theory."

Miss Jennette Lee's people in *The Son of a Fiddler* are real people, and the book, as a whole, is in advance of *A Pillar of Salt. The Son of a Fiddler* is an intensely interesting story of a group of people in a New England village, where the little tragedies of the commonplace life are borne with grim New England fortitude. There is something about the story which reminded the present writer of *The Road to Ridgeby's,* a book which received favourable mention in these columns. If Miss Lee continues to write up to the standard she has set for herself, Miss Wilkins will have a serious rival in the field.

Hildegard Brooks's novel, *The Master of Caxton* (Charles Scribner's Sons), is the story of a young Southern woman who, when a child, was adopted by a Northern family of money and position. After many years of separation, nostalgia makes her discontented with her lot, and she forthwith gives up everything and returns to the South. There she finds the family dwindled down to three brothers, who live as wild men of the forest. She shares their lot and helps to civilise them. In spite of the difference in their social position, however, the best families in Rolfe take up with them. The master of Caxton is, in himself, not especially fascinating. But the big, rough-speaking brothers, in their simplicity and tender love for their sister, redeem the story from mediocrity.

Mr. George Cary Eggleston's *Dorothy South* (D. Lothrop and Company) should appeal to the young person. It is sentimental and true to life as one sees it at eighteen. Further than this, it is a pretty and undoubtedly a faithful picture of Virginia before the war. There is a simple charm about the story, too, because Virginia, with its family traditions and aristocratic tendencies, affords a romantic setting for any story. Mr. Eggleston's books are always welcomed in certain circles, and his followers who enjoy a story of the old plantation days will find much to admire in *Dorothy South.*

Scarlet and Hyssop, by E. F. Benson (D. Appleton and Company), is not an agreeable book. It is a novel of London society life, where everybody vies with each other in exchanging machine-made epigrams. Marriage is scoffed at and ideals are jeered at. The whole tone of the book jars upon one, and a few platitudes dragged in at the last moment do not redeem it.

Messrs. Marlier and Company of Boston are the publishers of a book entitled *The Perfect Woman,* which is translated from the French of Charles Sainte-Foi by Zépherine N. Brown. This is not a novel, but a series of essays on how to perfect womanhood. The translator says in the preface:

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"As the original of this book in French has been a safeguard and help to many, so it is to be hoped that this translation may perform a like service for its English readers."

The Sin of Jasper Standish, by "Rita" (R. F. Fenno and Company), belongs to the type of English novel which one outgrows at a certain age. Writers of this sort of fiction have a trick of turning out readable stories, and "Rita" is no exception. *The Sin of Jasper Standish* boasts of a murder which is all that it should be, a villain who is consistently villainous, and an ending satisfactory to all concerned.

Another English novel, bearing the title of *Charlotte* (Longmans, Green and Company), is by L. B. Walford. This is the seventeenth novel to this author's credit, and yet how many persons in this country are familiar with his name?

Mr. Harris Dickson's *The Siege of Lady Resolute* (Harper Brothers) is good of its kind. The scenes of the story are laid in France and in America in the time of Louis XIV. Mr. Dickson's former story, *The Black Wolf's Breed,* met with a certain degree of success.

Among the recent publications in Messrs. D. Appleton and Company's Town and Country Library are *Love's Itinerary,* by J. C. Snaith, and *Love in Its Tenderness,* by J. R. Aitken. The first looks interesting; the second does not.

Mr. Guy Boothby has turned out another novel, *A Millionaire's Love Story* (F. M. Buckles and Company). It is sensational in character, and quite in keeping with Mr. Boothby's previous books.

Mr. Richard Bagot, author of *Casting of Nets,* has been living during the winter in Rome, where the scene of the new book he is now writing is to be laid.

Owing to the illness of Mr. Henry James, the publication of his new novel, *The Wings of the Dove,* has been postponed for some months.

Mr. Stewart Edward White's *The Blazed Trail* (McClure, Phillips and Company) is an American story dealing with the lumber-jack of the Northern forests. It is a book to which the stock phrase, "a rattling good story," will doubtless be applied many times. Mr. Thomas Fogarty, the illustrator of the book, has done some excellent work.

A players' edition of Clyde Fitch's fantastic *Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines* has been issued by Messrs. Doubleday, Page and Company. The sketches by Percy Anderson are amusing, and the photographs are attractive, but the cover design is decidedly bad. Miss Barrymore has sufficient ground for a grievance.

The success of Lucas Malet's *The History of Sir Richard Calmady* is no doubt responsible for the reappearance of *The Carissima,* by the same author. Messrs. H. S. Stone and Company are the publishers of the later book. Mrs. Harrison is already at work on a new novel, and hopes to have it ready for publication in the autumn of next year.

A book which is rather out of the ordinary in its theme is *The Thrall of Lief the Lucky,* by Otilie A. Liljencrantz. It is a romantic tale of Viking days. The publishers, Messrs. A. C. McClurg and Company, have brought the book out in an attractive manner with pictures in colour. The artists are Troy and Margaret West Kinney.

The Lover's Progress (Brentano's), as Told by Himself, is not to be recommended indiscriminately. It is dedicated to "All Who Love," and, incidentally, it should be read only by those who understand.

Mr. George Ethelbert Walsh's name became rather well known as the author of *The Mysterious Burglar.* He has now brought out another book, entitled *Allin Winfield.* This is a love story with plenty of adventure thrown in, judging from the illustrations. Messrs. F. M. Buckles and Company are Mr. Walsh's publishers.

Messrs. Frederick A. Stokes and Company will publish shortly a new novel by Miss Elizabeth Robins, *The Magnetic North.*

Abroad With the Jimmies (L. C. Page and Company), by Lilian Bell, is just about what the title indicates. The book contains a frontispiece, a duogravure of the author from the painting by Oliver Dennett Grover.

We are in receipt of a copy of the 1902 "List of Books for Township Libraries of Wisconsin." The list was prepared by Anne H. McNeil, Library Clerk, under the direction of the State Superintendent, Mr. L. D. Harvey.

Every time Mr. Paul Laurence Dunbar writes a novel we wish it had been a book of poems, for he is a far better poet than he is a novelist. The darkeys of his verse are picturesque types; the darkeys of *The Sport of the Gods* are bad "niggers." Mr. Dunbar shows the low and vicious side of life in New York among the coloured people, and the story is nôt a particularly pleasant one. Let Mr. Dunbar's admirers read and re-read his several books of verse and forget that he has written such a story as *The Sport of the Gods.*

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THE BOOK MART

EASTERN LETTER.

NEW YORK, May 1, 1902.

Publications of the month past proved to be of unusual number for the time of year, and in addition to a large list of new fiction included many titles, covering a variety of subjects of more or less interest. Fiction, however, is so pre-eminently the feature of the spring sales as quite to overshadow all else. *Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall,* by Charles Major, and *The Hound of the Baskervilles,* by A. Conan Doyle, both had a considerable sale in advance of publication, and have continued in such demand as easily to place them in the lead in point of sales for the month. Other April publications at once coming into popularity were *A Double-Barrelled Detective Story,* by Mark Twain, *None But the Brave,* by Hamblen Sears, and *The Mississippi Bubble,* by Emerson Hough. Such well known authors as William Sage, Cyrus Townsend Brady, William Dean Howells, and Joel Chandler Harris were also represented with new works, making altogether a notable output of fiction for the month. The demand as well for *The Leopard's Spots, The Lady Paramount, Audrey, The Valley of Decision, The Conqueror,* and *Kate Bonnet,* together with advance orders for *The Diary of a Goose Girl,* by Kate Douglas Wiggin, *Miss Petticoats,* by Dwight Hilton, *Stephen Holton,* by Charles Felton Pidgin, and other novels to be shortly published, only emphasises the phenomenal demand at this time for the popular fiction of the day.

In referring to works on miscellaneous subjects, but few can be mentioned as having any considerable demand, but *The Carpenter Prophet,* by Charles William Pierson, *Commonwealth or Empire,* by Goldwin Smith, and *In the Footprints of the Padres,* by Charles Warren Stoddard, of the month's publications should meet with fair sales, and *Field Book of American Wild Flowers,* by F. Schuyler Mathews, and *Nestlings of Forest and Marsh,* by Irene Grosvenor Wheelock, are additions to outdoor literature which may be expected to sell readily at this season of the year.

The falling off of sales in paper bound fiction noticeable in the past few years is more pronounced than ever this year, and there is practically nothing new of importance in this form, several of the formerly well known series having been given up entirely. European guide books and other distinctively seasonable lines seem also to be in less demand than usual.

Library business has kept up remarkably well, and the orders cover so large a variety of subjects as to make possible the publication of many books which without this field would be unprofitable. The last of the text-book trade in any volume before the opening of the fall terms is now over, and little may be expected from that quarter before the latter part of August. Some reports of dullness are heard, but on the whole the volume of business continues large for the time of year, no doubt much helped by the unusual amount of advertising and profuse publication.

The list of best selling books for the month past, composed entirely of fiction, follows.

Dorothy Vernon. Charles Major. $1.50.

The Hound of the Baskervilles. A. Conan Doyle. $1.25.

The Leopard's Spots. Thomas Dixon, Jr. $1.50.

The Lady Paramount. Henry Harland. $1.50.

Audrey. Mary Johnston. $1.50.

Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Alice Caldwell Hegan. $1.00.

The House With the Green Shutters. George Douglas. $1.50.

The Captain of the Gray Horse Troop. Hamlin Garland. $1.50.

The Right of Way. Gilbert Parker. $1.50.

The Valley of Decision. Edith Wharton. $2.00.

The Conqueror. Gertrude Atherton. $1.50.

The Man from Glengarry. Ralph Connor. $1.50.

Kate Bonnet. Frank R. Stockton. $1.50.

The Crisis. Winston Churchill. $1.50.

D'ri and I. Irving Bacheller. $1.50.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

NEW YORK.

American Book Company:

Little Stories for Little People. A. W. McCullough.
Europe. Frank G. Carpenter.
A Writer of Attic Prose. Isaac Flagg.
Graded Work in Arithmetic. S. W. Baird.
Civil Government in the United States. G. H. Martin.
Mon Oncle et Mon Curé. Jean De La Brete.
Story of China. R. Van Bergen.

Appleton and Company:

Many Waters. Robert Shackleton.
A Damsel or Two. F. Frankfort Moore.
The Outlaws. Le Roy Armstrong.
Morchester. Charles Datchet.
Deep Sea Plunderings. Frank T. Bullen.
T' Bacca Queen. Theodora W. Wilson.
Heralds of Empire. A. C. Laut.

Baker and Taylor Company:

The Evolutionary Philosophy. L. T. Chamberlain.

Barnes and Company:

The True Aaron Burr. Charles B. Todd.

Bonnell, Silver and Company:

The Man in the Moon. B. Dendron.

Century Company:

The Rescue. A. D. Sedgwick.
Chimmie Fadden and Mr. Paul. E. W. Townsend.

Dodd, Mead and Company:

Lord Alingham, Bankrupt. Marie Manning.

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Works and Days. H. W. Mabie.
Fashions in Literature. C. D. Warner.
The Autobiography of Sir Walter Besant.
The Sport of the Gods. Paul Laurence Dunbar.
At the Back of Beyond. Jane Barlow.
The Buried Temple. Maurice Maeterlinck.

Doubleday, Page and Company:

Spiritual Heroes. David S. Muzzey.
The Reasonableness of Faith. W. S. Rainsford.
The Empire of Business. Andrew Carnegie.
The Coast of Freedom. A. M. Shaw.
The Misdemeanors of Nancy. Eleanor Hoyt.
Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines. Clyde Fitch.
An Introduction to the Study of English Poetry. Mark H. Liddel.
The Brook Book. Mary R. Miller.

Fenno Company:

When Love is King. W. Dudley Mabry.

Funk and Wagnalls Company:

Nathan Hale. William Ordway Partridge.
Daniel Everton. Israel Putnam.
Tales from Gorky. R. N. Bain.
The Rustler. Frances McElrath.

Harper Brothers

A Double-Barrelled Detective Story. Mark Twain.
Philip Longstreth. Marie Van Vorst.
Margaret Vincent. Mrs. W. K. Clifford.
The Kentons. W. D. Howells.
William Black. Sir Wemyss Reid.
A Tale of True Love, And Other Poems. Alfred Austin.
Her Serene Highness. David G. Phillips.
Hardwicke. Henry E. Rood.
Meditations of an Autograph Collector. Adrian H. Joline.

Houghton, Mifflin and Company:

The Claybournes. William Sage.
Openings in the Old Trail. Bret Harte.
Social Salvation. Washington Gladden.
In the Days of Giants. A. F. Brown.
Education and the Larger Life. C. H. Henderson.
Roman Biznet. G. W. Pangborn.
An American at Oxford. John Corbin.
Daniel Webster. Samuel W. McCall.
The Diary of a Goose Girl. Kate Douglas Wiggin.
To the End of the Trail. Frank L. Nason.
Bread and Wine. Maude E. King.
John Kenadie. Ripley D. Saunders.

Jenkins:

Le Morceau de Pain. François Coppée.
Maid of Montauk. Forest Monroe.

Lane:

The Lady Paramount. Henry Harland.
Garden-Craft. Old and New. John D. Sedding.
The Catholic. A Tale of Contemporary Society.
India's Love Lyrics. Collected by Laurence Hope.
Florilegium Latinum. Edited by Francis St. John Thackeray and Edward D. Stone. (Volume II.)
The Spanish Conquest in America. Sir Arthur Helps.
Flowers and Gardens. Forbes Watson.

Longmans, Green and Company:

Seventy-One Days' Camping in Morocco. Lady Grove.
A Ride in Morocco. Frances Macnab.
Pen Pictures from Ruskin. Caroline A. Wurtzburg.
The Old Royal Palace of Whitehall. E. Sheppard.
Some Unpublished Letters of Horace Walpole. Edited by Sir Spencer Walpole.
Little Engravings. Albrecht Altdorfer. (No. 1.)
Little Engravings. William Black. (No. 2.)

Mab Press:

The Barrister. Anecdotes of the Late Tom Nolan.

Macmillan Company:

Michael Ferrier. E. Frances Poynter.
Main Currents in Nineteenth Century Literature. G. Brandes. (In six volumes. Vol. II.)

Maynard, Merrill and Company:

American Literature. J. W. Abernethy.

Ogilvie Publishing Company:

More Ex-Tank Tales. Clarence L. Cullen.
Messages from Mars. Robert D. Braine.

Oxford Press:

Companion to English History. Edited by F. P. Barnard.

Putnam's Sons:

Field Book of American Wild Flowers. F. S. Mathews.
The Memoirs of François René. Vicomte de Châteaubriand. Volumes III. and IV.)
The Naturalness of Christian Life. Edward E. Keedy.
Labour and Capital. John P. Peters.

Scribner's Sons:

Shakespear. W. Carew Hazlitt.
A History of English Literature. W. V. Moody and R. M. Lovett.
Bridge. J. B. Elwell.
Fragments in Philosophy and Science. James M. Baldwin.
The Opponents. Harrison Robertson.
American Citizenship. David J. Brewer.
At Sunwich Port. W. W. Jacobs.
A History of English Literature. William V. Moody.
When Old New York was Young. C. Hemstreet.
Music in the History of the Western Church. Edward Dickinson.
The Barbarian Invasions of Italy. Pasquale Villari. (Volumes I. and II.)

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Silver, Burdett & Co.:
Poems. Charles G. D. Roberts.

Stokes Company:
Margaret Tudor. Annie T. Colcock.
Sarita, the Carlist. A. W. Marchmont.

Stone and Company:
The Carpenter Prophet. C. W. Pearson.

BOSTON, MASS.

Ginn and Company:
Nature Study and Life. C. F. Hodge.

Goodspeed:
Bacon and Shakespeare Parallelisms. Edwin Reed.
Francis Bacon Our Shakespeare. Edwin Reed.
University of Pennsylvania. Compiled by G. E. Nitzsche.

Lee and Shepard:
King for a Summer. Edgar Pickering.
Lot on the Orinoco. Edward Stratemeyer.

Little, Brown and Company:
The Heroine of the Strait. Mary C. Crowley.
The God of Things. F. B. Whitehouse.
In the Country God Forgot. Frances Charles.

Page and Company:
Abroad With the Jimmies. Lilian Bell.

CHICAGO, ILL.

McClurg and Company:
The Book Lover. James Baldwin.
Letters to an Enthusiast. Mary C. Clarke.

Stone and Company:
Mazel. Richard Fisguill.
The Story of Mary MacLane. By Herself.

EVANSTON, ILL.

Lord:
A Book of Epigrams. Gathered by Ralph A. Lyon.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Lippincott Company:
The First and Second Books of Samuel. Edited by J. Sime.
Deuteronomy. Edited by G. Wilkins.
Old Saint Paul's. Harrison Ainsworth. (Volumes I. and II.)
Guy Fawkes. Harrison Ainsworth. (Volumes I. and II.)
Star Chamber. William Harrison Ainsworth.
The Architectural Annual. 1901. Edited by Albert Kelsey.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

Neale Publishing Company:
Poems of Frances Guignard Gibbes.

BALTIMORE, MD.

John Hopkins Press:
A History of Slavery in Virginia. J. C. Ballagh.

PARIS, FRANCE.

Librairie Centrale:
Le Premier Livre des Cachets, masques et monogrammes dessines. George Duriol.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

Bowen-Merrill Company:
The Mississippi Bubble. Emerson Hough.
Julius Cæsar. Edited by Michael Macmillan.

SYRACUSE, N. Y.

Bardeen:
Scientific Sloyd. A. Molander.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

Brooks:
Poems by Arthur Upson and George Northrop.

LANSING, MICH.

Santanelli Publishing Company:
The Law of Suggestion. Santanelli.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Elder and Morgan Shepard:
The Antigone of Sophocles. Translated by H. R. Fairclough and A. T. Murray.

San Francisco News Company:
Ragtime Philosophy. Fred W. Stowell.

LONDON, ENGLAND.

Chapman and Hall:
The Wessex of Romance. Wilkinson Sherren.

Bell and Sons:
Gerard Dou. W. Martin.
Line and Form. Walter Crane.

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH.

New books in order of demand, as sold between April 1 and May 1, 1902.

We guarantee the authenticity of the following lists, as supplied to us, each by leading booksellers in the towns mentioned.

NEW YORK, DOWNTOWN.

1. The Hound of the Baskervilles. Doyle. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.25.
2. The Lady Paramount. Harland. (Lane.) $1.50.
3. Audrey. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
4. The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.

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5. The Conqueror. Atherton. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. Dorothy Vernon. Major. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

NEW YORK, UPTOWN.

1. Dorothy Vernon. Major. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Lady Paramount. Harland. (Lane.) $1.50.
3. The Mississippi Bubble. Hough. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. The Hound of the Baskervilles. Doyle. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.25.
5. The Lover's Progress. (Brentano.) $1.50.
6. The Blazed Trail. White. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.

ALBANY, N. Y.

1. The Hound of the Baskervilles. Doyle. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.25.
2. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
3. The Lady Paramount. Harland. (Lane.) $1.50.
4. None But the Brave. Sears. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
5. The Banquet Book. Reynolds. (Putnam.) $1.75 net.
6. The Conqueror. Atherton. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

BALTIMORE, MD.

1. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
2. Audrey. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
3. The Battleground. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
4. None But the Brave. Sears. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
5. The Crimson Wing. Taylor. (Stone.) $1.50.
6. The House with the Green Shutters. Douglas. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.

BOSTON, MASS.

1. The Hound of the Baskervilles. Doyle. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.25.
2. The Conqueror. Atherton. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. My Lady Paramount. Harland. (Lane.) $1.50.
4. Letters of James Murry, Loyalist. Tiffany and Lesley. (Clarke Co.) $2.25 net.
5. None But the Brave. Sears. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
6. The Methods of Lady Walderhurst. Burnett. (Stokes.) $1.50.

BOSTON, MASS.

1. The Hound of the Baskervilles. Doyle. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.25.
2. Dorothy Vernon. Major. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Leopard's Spots. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
4. The Lady Paramount. Harland. (Lane.) $1.50.
5. Audrey. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
6. Rockhaven. Munn. (Lee & Shepard.) $1.50.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

1. The Hound of the Baskervilles. Doyle. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.25.
2. Audrey. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
3. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
4. The Man from Glengarry. Connor. (Revell & Co.) $1.50.
5. The Conquerors. Atherton. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. The Valley of Decision. Wharton. (Scribner.) $2.00.

CHICAGO, ILL.

1. José. (Brentano.) $1.25.
2. The Conqueror. Atherton. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Kate Bonnet. Stockton. (Appleton.) $1.50.
4. The Valley of Decision. Wharton. (Scribner.) $2.00.
5. The Lover's Progress. By Himself. (Brentano.) $1.50.
6. The Hound of the Baskervilles. Doyle. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.25.

CINCINNATI, O.

1. The Hound of the Baskervilles. Doyle. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.25.
2. Dorothy Vernon. Major. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Audrey. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
4. The Battleground. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
5. The Conqueror. Atherton. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. The Leopard's Spots. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.

CLEVELAND, O.

1. The Hound of the Baskervilles. Doyle. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.25.
2. The Leopard's Spots. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
3. Audrey. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
4. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
5. The Captain of the Gray Horse Troop. Garland. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. The Blazed Trail. White. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.

DALLAS, TEX.

1. The Leopard's Spots. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
2. Audrey. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
3. Graustark. McCutcheon. (Stone.) $1.50.
4. The Cavalier. Cable. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. The Man from Glengarry. Connor. (Revell Co.) $1.50.

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6. The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.

DENVER, COL.

1. The Hound of the Baskervilles. Doyle. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.25.
2. Audrey. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
3. A Double-Barrelled Detective Story. Twain. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
5. The Conqueror. Atherton. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. The Battleground. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.

DETROT, MICH.

1. The Strollers. Isham. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
2. The Hound of the Baskervilles. Doyle. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.25.
3. The Blazed Trail. White. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.
4. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
5. Audrey. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
6. The History of Sir Richard Calmady. Malet. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

1. The Mississippi Bubble. Hough. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
2. The Strollers. Isham. (Bowen - Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. The Hound of the Baskervilles. Doyle. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.25.
4. The Thirteenth District. Whitlock. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
5. The Thrall of Lief the Lucky. Liljencrantz. (McClurg.) $1.50.
6. The Leopard's Spots. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

1. Audrey. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
2. Dorothy Vernon. Major. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Leopard's Spots. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
4. The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
6. Kate Bonnet. Stockton. (Appleton.) $1.50.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

1. The Rubaiyat (comparative edition). (Parker.) 75 cents.
2. Audrey. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
3. The Hound of the Baskervilles. Doyle. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.25.
4. The Fifth String. Sousa. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
5. The House With the Green Shutters. Douglas. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.
6. The Valley of Decision. Wharton. (Scribner.) $2.00.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

1. The Opponents. Robertson. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. The Battleground. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
3. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
4. The Fighting Bishop. Hopkins. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
5. The History of Sir Richard Calmady. Malet. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
6. The Hound of the Baskervilles. Doyle. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.25.

MEMPHIS, TENN.

1. The Battleground. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
2. The Siege of Lady Resolute. Dickson. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. None But the Brave. Sears. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
4. The Hound of the Baskervilles. Doyle. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.25.
5. Dorothy Vernon. Major. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. Kate Bonnet. Stockton. (Appleton.) $1.50.

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

1. The Hound of the Baskervilles. Doyle. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.25.
2. The Lady Paramount. Harland. (Lane.) $1.50.
3. The Battleground. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
4. Dorothy Vernon. Major. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. The Conqueror. Atherton. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

1. The Leopard's Spots. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
2. Audrey. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
3. The Hound of the Baskervilles. Doyle. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.25.
4. The Siege of Lady Resolute. Dickson. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. Kate Bonnet. Stockton. (Appleton.) $1.50.
6. The History of Sir Richard Calmady. Malet. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.

NORFOLK, VA.

1. The Leopard's Spots. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
2. Audrey. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
3. The Battleground. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
4. The Hound of the Baskervilles. Doyle. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.25.
5. The Conqueror. Atherton. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. None But the Brave. Sears. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.

OMAHA, NEB.

1. Audrey. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.

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2. The Fifth String. Sousa. (Bowen-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. The Marble Faun. Hawthorne. (Grosset & Dunlap.) 25 cents.
4. Bitter Sweet. Holland. (Grosset & Dunlap.) 25 cents.
5. None But the Brave. Sears. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
6. The Hound of the Baskervilles. Doyle. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.25.

PITTSBURG, PENN.

1. Audrey. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
2. The Hound of the Baskervilles. Doyle. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.25.
3. The Conqueror. Atherton. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
5. Western Civilisation. Kidd. (Macmillan.) $2.00 net.
6. Truth Dexter. McCall. (Little, Brown & Co.) $1.50.

PORTLAND, ME.

1. Dorothy Vernon. Major. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Rockhaven. Munn. (Lee & Shepard.) $1.50.
3. The Battleground. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
4. None But the Brave. Sears. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
5. The Hound of the Baskervilles. Doyle. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.25.
6. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.

PORTLAND, ORE.

1. Audrey. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
2. The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The Thrall of Lief the Lucky. Liljencrantz. (McClurg.) $1.50.
4. Birds of Oregon and Washington. Lord. (Gill Co.) 75 cents.
5. The Conqueror. Atherton. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. The House With the Green Shutters. Douglas. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

1. The Hound of the Baskervilles. Doyle. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.25.
2. Dorothy Vernon. Major. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Mississippi Bubble. Hough. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. Kate Bonnet. Stockton. (Appleton.) $1.50.
5. The Misdemeanor of Nancy. Hoyt. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
6. The Strollers. Isham. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

1. Dorothy Vernon. Major. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Hound of the Baskervilles. Doyle. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.25.
3. Audrey. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
4. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
5. The Lady Paramount. Harland. (Lane.) $1.50.
6. The Valley of Decision. Wharton. (Scribner.) $2.00.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

1. Audrey. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
2. Dorothy Vernon. Major. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Hound of the Baskervilles. Doyle. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.25.
4. The Lady Paramount. Harland. (Lane.) $1.50.
5. The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

1. In the Footprints of the Padres. Stoddard. (Robertson.) $1.50 net.
2. The Conqueror. Atherton. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Valley of Decision. Wharton. (Scribner.) $2.00.
4. The Lady Paramount. Harland. (Lane.) $1.50.
5. Audrey. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
6. The Hound of the Baskervilles. Doyle. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.25.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

1. The House with the Green Shutters. Douglas. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.
2. Audrey. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
3. The History of Sir Richard Calmady. Malet. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
4. A Double-Barrelled Detective Story. Twain. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. The Hound of the Baskervilles. Doyle. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.25.
6. The Leopard's Spots. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.

ST. PAUL, MINN.

1. Audrey. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
2. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
3. The House with the Green Shutters. Douglas. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.
4. The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. The Hound of the Baskervilles. Doyle. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.25.
6. The Leopard's Spots. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.

TOLEDO, O.

1. Dorothy Vernon. Major. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

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2. Audrey. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
3. The Hound of the Baskervilles. Doyle. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.25.
4. The Thirteenth District. Whitlock. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
5. The Leopard's Spots. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
6. The Conqueror. Atherton. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

TORONTO, CANADA.

1. The Hound of the Baskervilles. Doyle. (Morang & Co.) $1.25.
2. Audrey. Johnston. (Morang & Co.) $1.50.
3. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Briggs.) 75 cents.
4. Arms and the Woman. McGrath. (Copp-Calrk Co.) 75 cents and $1.25.
5. The Red Chancellor. Magnay. (McLeod & Allen.) 75 cents and $1.25.
6. The Battleground. Glasgow. (Mussar Book Co.) 75 cents and $1.25.

TUCSON, ARIZ.

1. Audrey. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
2. The House with the Green Shutters. Douglas. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.
3. The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. Lives of the Hunted. Thompson. (Scribner.) $1.75.
5. The Conqueror. Atherton. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. When Knighthood Was in Flower. Major. Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

1. The Conqueror. Atherton. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Hound of the Baskervilles. Doyle. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.25.
3. The Crimson Wing. Taylor. (Stone.) $1.50.
4. The Battleground. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
5. A Double-Barrelled Detective Story. Twain. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. The House With the Green Shutters. Douglas. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

1. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
2. Dorothy Vernon. Major. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Lady Paramount. Harland. (Lane.) $1.50.
4. Audrey. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
5. The Crimson Wing. Taylor. (Stone.) $1.50.
6. The Hound of the Baskervilles. Doyle. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.25.

WORCESTER, MASS.

1. The Hound of the Baskervilles. Doyle. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.25.
2. If I Were King. McCarthy (Russell.) $1.50.
3. Audrey. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
4. Nature Study. Hodges. (Green & Co.) $1.75.
5. The Lady Paramount. Harland. (Lane.) $1.50.
6. Rockhaven. Munn. (Lee & Shepard.) $1.50.

From the above lists the six best selling books are selected according to the following system:

					POINTS.
A book standing	1st	on any list		receives	10
"	"	2d "	"	"	8
"	"	3d "	"	"	7
"	"	4th "	"	"	6
"	"	5th "	"	"	5
"	"	6th "	"	"	4

BEST SELLING BOOKS.

According to the foregoing lists, the six books which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:

		POINTS.
1.	The Hound of the Baskervilles. Doyle. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50....	240
2.	Audrey. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.....	206
3.	Dorothy Vernon. Major. (Macmillan.) $1.50.....	203
4.	Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.....	100
5.	The Conqueror. Atherton. (Macmillan.) $1.50.....	89
6.	The Lady Paramount. Harland. (Lane.) $1.50.....	73
	The Leopard's Spots Dixon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.....	73

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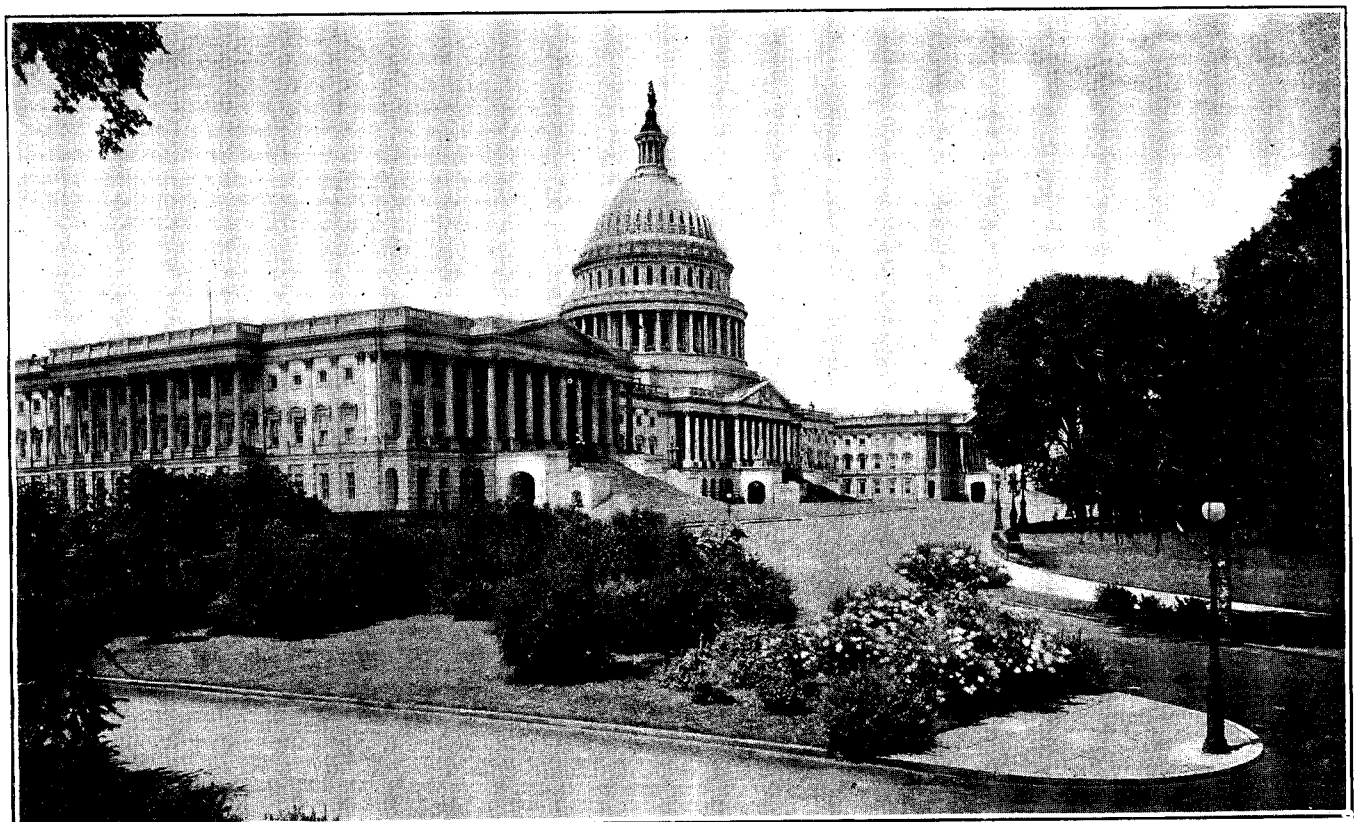

"The lordly front of the Capitol with its imposing colonnades, its projecting, graceful wings and its long terraced ranges of steps."—*Mark Twain and Charles Dudley Warner's "The Gilded Age."*

(See article "Washington in Fiction.")

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